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LAKE O'HARA
Near Lake Louise, Alberta.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 1

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON



THE house in which I was born in the township of Stanley, in Huron county, stood in a "clearing" of a few acres, and all around was bush, in which no axe had ever swung. As a child I often wandered among thick underbrush and picked wild flowers along streams that ceased to murmur long ago. The trees were beech and maple, ash and elm, basswood and hemlock. But chiefly that was a maple country, where the sap ran in the spring and sugar-making was a happy, if mysterious, festival. In the summer there was something intimate and companionable in the forest. One thinks of climbing moss and trailing vine and tangled thicket. The woodpecker beat his tattoo. The squirrel chirped and gambolled in leafy branches. Plaintive voices whispered from the underbrush or came faintly from the tree-tops. The birds sang the songs that are never new nor ever

old. There were open spaces where the sun shone upon a stretch of natural meadow or shimmering water. Near was the great tamarack marsh where we gathered cranberries. We knew that the bush could be loud and angry, for we had heard the great trees wail and seen them thrash their arms in the storm. But for the most part we looked into deep and friendly silences. We saw the earth, unspoiled by human artifice, as when "God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good".

In those days the sound of the axe was heard all through the winter. The great trees were felled, the brush piled in heaps for burning, and the trunks cut into "lengths" for logging. Blazing brush heaps across many acres like "the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps", revealed as did nothing else the ruthless warfare of the pioneers against the forces of nature. In the "logging bee" there was as much of sport as of conflict. "The

captains of tens" strove against one another, and that "gang" which first logged its width across the field turned homewards in triumph.

I fear there was a "grog boss", whose jug was not neglected. Rude times, perhaps, but men were neighbourly, limbs were strong, and hearts were sound. How women bore and reared children, and did the cooking and choring, the making and mending of those days, only God who pities and strengthens understands. This is not so much a man's world as it was, and no doubt men toiled long and hard to make homes in the bush, but when one thinks that women nursed babies, washed dishes, swept and scrubbed, cooked and served, milked cows and fed calves and pigs, spun and wove, made and mended for all the household, and sometimes helped with the harvest, one feels there was an unequal division of labour and bows the head in reverence for the women of half a century ago. But whether men or women, the pioneers of Upper Canada fought the battle of the wilderness with high courage, endured and conquered. They sleep well in their quiet beds on the hill-sides, and we "enter into their labours".

But one may love the woods and the fields and not like farming. I got away from the farm as soon as I could, and I have not wanted to return. Nor have I ever heard that there was any desire that I should. It is often said that a good farmer has been spoiled to make a poor lawyer or a poor doctor. Whether or not I am a good journalist, no one who knows will suggest that I was likely to become a good farmer. The fashion changes. It is a sure word of prophecy that the movement towards the cities has spent itself. Moving pictures, rural mail delivery, good roads, motors, bathrooms, house furnaces, and many other devices to save labour, enhance comfort and relieve isolation make the country ever more desirable, and better prices give the

farmers an increasing but still inadequate return for their labour. In a democracy rooted in the soil lies the sanity and the stability of human institutions. But we cannot all be farmers, and to many of us a call comes that will not be denied. And whether we go to town or country, still blessed is he that findeth himself.

For thirty-six years I was engaged in political journalism in Canada. During all that time my pen was my only means of income. All my earnings were derived from reporting, editorial writing, or the editorial direction of newspapers. I have never bought a share of stock "on margin" or speculated in real estate. I have never received payment for any service done for a political leader or a government. So far as I know I have had no unholy alliance with "the interests". It is not pretended that there is any demand or justification for these Reminiscences. They are an intrusion, but they may be entertaining, possibly instructive. At least no journalist can have any ground of protest. All journalism is more or less of an intrusion, and even writers of history have no commission from the state or the public. But neither journalists nor historians need to justify themselves any more than do those who paint pictures or fabricate ornaments. If it be said that only great men may write Reminiscences it may be pleaded that a close, even if accidental, relation to great men or great events may give equal or better qualifications for dispassionate dealing with the forces by which events are directed or controlled, social and political institutions fashioned, and the destinies of peoples determined.

Unless Reminiscences have the flavour of egotism they illuminate nothing. Such a book must be a "human document", much as I dislike the phrase, and gladly as I would punish the author if one knew where he could be found and how put to shame and silence. There is a tradition that one must not write the life of a man

still living. This is why there is truth in the old judgment that "history is a lie". In time we shall discover that contemporary writers speak with such knowledge and authority as later historians cannot possess. Many of the decisive facts and incidents which determine the course of human affairs are not contained in any documents that go down to posterity. There is much that the contemporary writer cannot divulge; but he is less hampered by reticence than will be the writer of fifty years hence by ignorance. I think of events **with in my own knowledge** of which I can say little or nothing. Of the real pith, motive and bearing of these events neither this nor any other generation can have full or exact knowledge. What is not disclosed by contemporary writers will never be disclosed. Hence history never can be a true record, and the exact relation of public men to the causes in which they are concerned never can be determined. If there is reticence in the present and ignorance in the future, at best we can have only light in the darkness. The law from which no man can escape is that what he learns in a confidential relation he may not disclose to the discredit or injury of men still living, and that he is bound to observe a decent discretion even when death has removed the actors from the stage where we all appear so often with painted faces and borrowed costume. Subject to this law these Reminiscences will be frank and open, but, I trust, free from temper or malice, from detraction or adulation.

As long ago as 1872 I attended my first political meeting. I had walked four miles from my home near Hills-green, on the boundary between the townships of Hay and Stanley, in Huron county, to the village of Varna. I was just fifteen years of age, and to me Varna, with two general stores, a shoemaker, a blacksmith, a wagon-maker, a tavern, two churches and an Orange hall, was a considerable community. This day a rough

frame hustings stood at the cross-roads by the village tavern. A group of men sat upon the platform, and in front and around were a crowd of people with eyes fixed upon a man who was speaking.

I knew at once that it was not a camp-meeting, for there was no suggestion of the fervour and solemnity which distinguished such events. There was occasional laughter and cheering, but I thought that some of those who listened did not like the behaviour of their neighbours. I was interested in the statement of the speaker that wherever he had gone throughout the county he found that someone else had been there, and that many calves and steers had been bought at very high figures. Who was this mysterious person? Why should he buy calves and steers? Why should he pay such high prices? Finally the speaker sat down to much clapping and cheering. Another man arose, and there was even more cheering. As he spoke it was remarkable that he agreed with nothing that the first speaker had said, while those who had been silent now became happy and demonstrative. But the light was breaking. I recalled many a fireside controversy, and almost instinctively I knew what game they were playing.

Before the second speaker had finished a buggy, turning from the Bay-field road in a cloud of dust, stopped on the edge of the crowd, and a heavy figure, with flowing mutton-chop whiskers, under a wide soft hat, jumped to the ground and made his way to the platform. In a moment there were wild shouts of "Speak now", "Big Thunder", and a tempest of booing and cheering. When he rose to speak the cries of "speak now" were renewed with noisy and angry vehemence, and apparently by those who did not seem to be willing that he should speak at all. I could not understand, but probably I alone among those who stood around the hustings needed enlightenment. I gazed at the bulky figure on the plat-

form, I noticed that he had lost one arm, that his dusty white vest was buttoned unevenly so that one side hung below the other, and that in the teeth of the shouting he was indomitably calm and unperturbed. Finally the man who had first spoken made an earnest appeal to the meeting to give the obnoxious stranger a hearing, and the clamour subsided. And he spoke. His voice thundered out over the cross-roads. His words came with stormy fluency. There was tremendous volume and vigour. The conquest was complete. He had not gone far before there was tumultuous cheering. He seemed to sway the crowd as he would. Instead of division, there was unity; instead of dissent there was eager assent and a fervour of enthusiasm. Even "Big Thunder" could have had few greater personal triumphs on the platform.

The meaning of all this I had to learn later. But not so much later. From the day that I stood in the cross-roads at Varna forty-six years ago I have loved political debate. I have had no interest in life comparable to the study and discussion of public questions. It seems to me that I had an instant birth into "politics". From that hour I saw the way along which I must go. Even now I can recall as many sentences spoken at that meeting as at any other that I ever attended, and no other political event is so clear and vivid in my memory. The man whose voice I first heard from the platform at Varna was Mr. Thomas Greenway. He was standing as the Conservative candidate for the House of Commons for South Huron in the second election after Confederation. The Liberal candidate was Mr. M. C. Cameron, for so long the chief political figure of Huron county. In later years I knew both men well, and we were comrades in many a political contest. Mr. Cameron, who was returned for South Huron at Confederation, defeated Mr. Greenway in 1872, and again in 1874. He was, however, unseated, and in 1875

Mr. Greenway succeeded to the representation of the constituency. Although he was a Conservative candidate in two contests, and is described in *The Parliamentary Companion* for 1875 as an "independent Conservative", he gave a guarded support to the Mackenzie Government, and gradually established a working relation with the Liberal party. In fact, there was an agreement before he was returned by acclamation that he would support the Administration. He was one of the leaders in the movement of population from Huron and Bruce to Manitoba. Unable to resist the lure of politics, he entered the western Legislature and eventually became leader of the Liberal party and Premier of the Province.

In 1882 I met Mr. Greenway in London. He had established a weekly newspaper at Crystal City, in Manitoba, and was looking for an editor. The negotiations terminated when it was intimated that the editor would be required to furnish some capital. I met Mr. Greenway again in 1895 when he was Premier of Manitoba and I was editor of *The Globe*. For a day or two he was my guide throughout southern Manitoba. At his side I first looked wide and far across leagues of wheat yellow to the harvest, and knew that the confusion of the pessimists was at hand. For it was the year of the first "great crop", and the efflorescence of faith in the West. By the way, during that visit to the West my wife and I had to stay over night in a village near the "end of the track". Mr. George Ham told us at Winnipeg that there were two hotels in the place and that "if we stayed at either we would wish we had stayed at the other". He was right. There were flies enough around the supper-table for a second visitation to the children of Egypt.

The third speaker at the Varna meeting, so long ago, I never saw again. But I soon came to understand the significance of "speak now" and "Big Thunder". The orator whose

swift and sounding sentences reduced the hostile element in the meeting to subjection was Honourable E. B. Wood, of Brantford. He had been Treasurer in the Sandfield Macdonald Administration, which held office during the first Legislature under Confederation. But for reasons which have never been fully disclosed, perhaps partly personal and partly political, but not necessarily discreditable, he joined hands with Honourable Edward Blake against the sardonic, intractable, petulant, obstinate, incorruptible politician, who was incautious enough to meet the House with a group of constituencies unrepresented and confident enough in his own integrity to neglect the "fences", which, if properly guarded, would have protected the citadel against successful attack. Defeated by one vote on the Address, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald sought to adjourn the Legislature for a fortnight, but he could not prevail against the forces which had manœuvred so dexterously to accomplish his destruction.

During the contest in Ontario Sir John Macdonald was engaged in the negotiations which produced the Treaty of Washington. The Conservative leader was anxious to have the election delayed until his return to Canada, but Sandfield would not be advised, nor would he delay calling the Legislature together until the vacant seats were filled. In Pope's "Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald" there is a letter from the Federal leader, which shows how fully he understood the situation in Ontario. "I hope," he said, "that nothing will happen to Sandfield or his Government. I am vain enough to think that if I were in his place just now, and had his cards, I could carry him through the first three weeks of the session (wherein alone there is any danger) triumphantly. I am not so sure that he will be able to manage it himself." Sir John Macdonald would have used the surplus which Sandfield had accumulated, have created two or three

new portfolios, and have delayed the session until he had a complete Parliament. But his advice was not taken. Mr. Sandfield Macdonald resigned, Mr. Blake took office, and for more than thirty years thereafter the Liberal party enjoyed an unbroken ascendancy in Ontario. All this because the counsel of the most consummate political strategist in Canadian history was rejected.

We do not know the exact relation of Honourable E. B. Wood to these events. We do know that he broke away from Sandfield Macdonald and united with Blake and Mackenzie to bring in a Liberal Administration. During the debates preceding Sandfield's downfall, a vigilant Conservative collected and pieced together the torn fragments of a note which Mr. Blake had sent across the House to Mr. Wood, and which said only "speak now". There is no need to elaborate an incident with which students of the period are familiar. It is clear there was an understanding between Mr. Blake and Mr. Wood and that Wood was ready to take the floor when his speech would be most destructive. He spoke, as has been said, with tremendous power and volume. Hence the sobriquet of "Big Thunder". It is curious that so many of the orators which Brant has produced or harboured had voices hardly less powerful than that which Mr. Wood possessed. Honourable A. S. Hardy was known as "Little Thunder". Honourable William Paterson could thunder as loudly as either Mr. Wood or Mr. Hardy. It is said that when Mr. Paterson first spoke in the House of Commons he was eager to have a word of commendation from Honourable Alexander Mackenzie. No man could have had less vanity than Mr. Paterson, but he courted his leader's approval. When the House rose he got alongside Mr. Mackenzie and whispered, "Do you think they heard me?" "Aye," said the Prime Minister, "they heard you at the Russell House." The Russell House was three blocks away.

With that doubtful compliment Mr. Paterson had to be content. Mr. Mahlon Cowan, who died the other day, with distinction at the Bar and in public life riper than his years, had, too, the voice and manner which seemed to be the peculiar product of Brantford. In this characteristic, however, they have no immediate successors. For the time the Grand River keeps its secret.

Many stories cluster about the name and fame of Mr. E. B. Wood. He lived in a less arid time and was not always neglectful of his opportunities. It is said that he and Mr. Edward Farrer were once opposing speakers at a series of political meetings. At one of these meetings a voice shouted as Mr. Wood was going in the full sweep and majesty of deliverance that he had been "drunk" the night before. Mr. Wood paused and uttered a grave and feeling protest against the accusation. Turning to Mr. Farrer he said: "There sits the man who has been opposing me from many platforms. He cannot desire to shield me, but I have faith that he will not do me injustice. After last night's meeting we spent the time together until we retired. We are opposed politically, but we respect each other and have friendly personal relations. I ask Mr. Farrer to answer my accuser." Mr. Farrer arose and declared with adequate emphasis that Mr. Wood had been just as sober as he was. The story, which may be purely apocryphal, although it is supported by the probabilities, is not revived to the discredit of either. Those days were not as these. It is true, too, as Dr. Johnson says, that all dealers in anecdote are tainted with mendacity.

Mr. E. B. Wood's speeches were freely garnished with Scriptural references and sounding passages from the orators and poets. He was not without learning, but his speeches gave an impression of learning greater than he possessed. Still, behind his roaring sentences and furious fluency there was diction and logic

that was moving and effective. When Mr. John Charlton was elected for North Norfolk, in 1872, he sent this congratulatory message: "Sing unto the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

There is a vagrant story that Mr. Wood and Mr. Charlton were once holding meetings in Norfolk. For some days they had been in hostile territory and were depressed by the hardness and impenitence of the unbelievers. Argue and appeal as they would they felt that all was as "a wind that passeth away and cometh not again". Driving outward from this inhospitable neighbourhood after midnight one cold, dreary morning, over roads deep in mud and behind a horse as weary as the passengers, Mr. Charlton was struck in the ribs by the stump of Mr. Wood's missing arm and roused from fitful, uneasy slumber by the shout, "Wake up, John, wake up! We're back in God's country. Here's a Baptist church". Thus they were refreshed and proceeded on their journey. During one of the elections in South Ontario, in which Honourable T. N. Gibbs was the Conservative candidate, Mr. Wood is reported to have said from the platform: "I entered my bedroom and went down on my knees, and before the open Bible declared that justice would have departed from the earth if T. N. Gibbs should be elected."

Mr. Wood was appointed to the office of Chief Justice of Manitoba by the Mackenzie Government. It is, however, as an advocate rather than as a judge that he is distinguished. He was an incident rather than an influence in the life of Canada. But one feels that he had the native strength to rise higher and the gifts to achieve a more enduring reputation.

During the general election of 1874 I lived near the village of Greenwood, in South Ontario. I had begun to read *The Globe* and *The Mail*. At home we "took in" *The Toronto Lead-*

er, which had all the respectability and at times all the dullness of orthodox Toryism, and *The Daily Telegraph*, which was neither so dull nor so respectable. In *The Daily Telegraph* Mr. Phillips Thompson appeared as Jimuel Briggs, a graduate of Coboconk University. For a time he reported the proceedings of the Police Court in verse. Here is a sample which I cannot forget:

John Brown
Went down
Thirty days;
Couldn't raise
Three dollars,
Peeler hollers,
You 'clear
Out of here;
In that room
Wait your doom.

What curious fag-ends repose at the back of one's memory. As parliamentary correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, Jimuel Briggs described a debate on prohibition. He said that when the House rose the members descended to the restaurant below, where they "put down the curse of the country with great success". *The Daily Telegraph*, which ran from 1866 to 1872, was one of Mr. John Ross Robertson's ventures, and during its too short life displayed vigour, courage and originality. When I returned home in 1876, after an absence of four years, my father said that he was glad to have me back, but the fact that I brought a copy of *The Globe* did not add to his pleasure. This I submit as definite and final evidence that my father was a Conservative.

I found a treasure-house in the Greenwood Mechanics' Institute. Looking backward to those days, I have wondered if Mr. Andrew Carnegie would not have served the world better if he had endowed village and township libraries. We are too willing to carry water to the springs when it is needed in the parched places. From the Mechanics' Institute at Greenwood I had all the English poets, and no one ever read Pope and

Dryden and Campbell and Goldsmith, Tennyson and Longfellow and Whittier, and even Mrs. Hemans and Eliza Cook more faithfully or with greater reverence of soul. There, too, I had Don Quixote, and that was a task; Dickens, whom I still love, sneer the intellectuals as they may. Thackeray, who is not for youth, and Scott, who is for all ages and for all time. This village library had also a few standard biographies and histories, and somewhere I got Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew" and Samuel Smiles's "Self Help". Upon that last book we now bestow a smiling and tolerant patronage, but many a thirsty youth has had the first draughts of the water of life from its pages. I recall, too, that at this time I found in an upper room of the farm-house where I lived two or three volumes of *Harper's Weekly*, with Nast's cartoons, much serious and instructive reading, and a noble poetical tribute to Garibaldi, verses of which never have been erased from my memory. One doubts if there is now a weekly periodical in America of higher standard than was *Harper's Weekly* under the editorship of Mr. George William Curtis fifty years ago. This at least I know, that none of its issues ever were read more greedily than those which I discovered in the farm-house at Salem's Corners. Henceforth *The New York Ledger* and the dime novels of Beadle and Munro were treated with "salutary neglect". But who would forget "Hardskull, the Avenger" and "The Terror of the Guleh" or the dread fascination of desperate adventures in "The Dark and Bloody Ground". Who would deny his devotion to Richard Lewis, and Mrs. Southworth and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior: to Fanny Fern and John G. Saxe. Milk for babes and meat for strong men. If we do not take the milk the appetite for meat may not develop.

There was a happy day, long ago, while I was still under my father's roof, when with a dollar in my pocket I walked fourteen miles to Clinton,

bought ten dime novels, had another "thrown in" because I took so many, and walked all the way home again, richer than I have ever been in all the years that have since settled on my head. As was his habit, my father scolded his erring son, made his choice out of the collection, and one by one read first all the "trash" that I had accumulated. This is a digression, but Reminiscences are chiefly digression and disconnection. No man serves a youth so well as he who lures him into reading what wise men have said, and foolish men have thought and vain men have dreamed. I think with gratitude of Mr. Fred. Meen, who established the Mechanics' Institute at Greenwood, as I confess a lasting debt to Honourable David Mills and Mr. Edward Farrer, who opened to me the books out of which they drew strength and inspiration, and which at least I have loved for their solid counsel, their beauty, authority and integrity.

In 1874, when I lived at Greenwood, the country was convulsed by the "Pacific scandal". Even the village school was broken into factions. Reared in a Tory household, and in worship of John A. Macdonald, I clung to the faith as it was received from the fathers. But I fear that I wavered as I found life-long Conservatives falling away from the standard. At school those who held to the Conservative leader were denounced as "Charter-sellers". I cannot recollect that the taunt was supported by fact or argument. Nor was there any better support for the resort of youthful Conservatives that all Reformers were "rebels". But if there was comedy in the schoolyard, there was an element of tragedy in the position of many Conservatives. Grieved to the soul over the "scandal", they turned sadly from the leader who had commanded their complete sympathy and devotion. This was long before we had manhood suffrage and many of those who deserted Sir John Macdonald were old men whose loyalty

to the leader and the party had become a tradition and almost a religion. Not only did they forsake the old allegiance, but they became active working members of Liberal committees. There is nothing in the political history of Canada to justify the notion that Conservatives submit more readily than Liberals to the bondage of party.

The Conservative candidate in South Ontario in 1874 was Honourable T. N. Gibbs, who had been admitted to the Cabinet in 1873, a few months before Sir John Macdonald resigned office. Of fine presence and high character, and with influential social and business connections throughout the riding, he was formidable in the canvass and on the platform. It was Mr. Gibbs who defeated Honourable George Brown in 1867, in a contest in which, if rumour was not unjust, there was expenditure of money as lavish as ever fertilized a Canadian constituency. The charge of corruption always lies against the victor, but there is reason to think Mr. Brown was not empty-handed. Thought of that achievement still brings a flush of pride to the furrowed cheeks of Conservative veterans in South Ontario. But I think of more than one gray-haired Conservative who resolutely resisted Mr. Gibbs's personal appeal, and of at least one woman who shed bitter tears over the contumacy and recreancy of her husband. Honourable Malcolm Cameron, of Perth, famous in early political battles in Lambton and Kent, was brought into the riding to oppose this strong local candidate. He was called "The Coon" in contemporary political writing. Once when Honourable George Brown appeared as a candidate in Kent, Mr. Cameron wrote a letter urging the "clear Grit" wing of the Liberal party to give Mr. Brown "a coon-hunt on the Wabash". From this he was "The Coon" while he lived. A pioneer temperance agitator, Mr. Cameron had many anecdotes which he told with good effect. At Brough-

am, referring to the regard in which Mr. Gibbs had been held by Conservatives throughout the riding, and declaring that he had forfeited this esteem by adherence to an unworthy leader, the Liberal candidate emphasized the contention by the story of a shepherd who had two sons, one wise and one otherwise. The foolish youth had a pet lamb, and when the shepherd came to divide his flock he put the pet lamb in one enclosure and all the rest of the sheep in another. Then he called upon the foolish one to choose between the lamb and the flock. At once "the saftest of the family" ran to the lamb, put his arms about its neck and sobbed, "I loved you, Billy. We have had happy days together, and parting is painful. But you have got into bad company and I must leave you there." And he chose the flock.

Mr. Gibbs was not unequal to the occasion. Recalling that Mr. Cameron had been imported from outside the constituency and brought back into public life from a retirement which became his years, to contest South Ontario, Mr. Gibbs said he was reminded of the farmer who sternly but unsuccessfully opposed the construction of a railway across his farm. He had a favourite bullock, which, under the impulse of instinctive sympathy, got on the track and braced himself to meet the inaugural train as it came rushing across the country. The consequence, as Mr. Gibbs said, was "a dead bullock". The farmer solemnly contemplating the carcase and looking sadly after the disappearing train, said, "Buck, I glory in your spunk, but d—— your judgment". Mr. Gibbs reminded the meeting that the people of South Ontario had not heard Honourable George Brown, and as long ago as 1854 had rejected Mr. Abram Farewell, of Whitby, and he quoted St. Luke, 16:29-31: "But Abraham saith: They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them. And he said, Nay, father Abraham; but if one go to them from the dead they

will repent. And he said unto him, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded if one rise from the dead".

But they did hear him who rose from the dead, and Mr. Gibbs, with many another gallant man, fell on that cold 22nd of January, 1874. It was not long, however, before he recovered his kingdom. Mr. Cameron died in 1876, and in a memorable by-election Mr. Gibbs defeated Mr. J. D. Edgar and returned to the House of Commons. I was among those who gathered in the telegraph office at Greenwood on the night of the general election of 1874, when the Mackenzie Government carried the country by an overwhelming majority. It was known at an early hour that all the Toronto seats had been taken by the Liberal party and until midnight disaster followed disaster. There was a faint cheer from the stricken Conservatives when it was announced that Sir John Macdonald had carried Kingston. The incident of the night which I chiefly remember was the picturesque declaration of a gloomy and profane Conservative when this news was received, that he hoped not another candidate of the party would be elected since "John A." alone would be a match for all the d—— Grits that could be crowded into the Parliament Buildings. It is curious now to recall the settled conviction among Liberals that Sir John Macdonald never could rise again. For the moment he was discredited, and almost dishonoured. There is reason to think that his removal from the position of Parliamentary leader was considered. But he had the patience, the wisdom and the resource to repair his broken fortunes. He had not wholly alienated the affection for himself which lay deep in the hearts of Conservatives, while among the stable elements of the country there was always a strong reserve of confidence in his prudence and patriotism. In Canadian history there is no other such illustration of the charm of a man, the resource of

a politician and the camaraderie of human nature as the restoration of Sir John Macdonald affords.

In the summer of 1875 I drove alone from Greenwood to Markham, across twelve miles of country, to attend a Conservative demonstration. Since I had begun to think that I was a Liberal I was not inspired to make the journey by devotion to the Conservative party. But among the speakers announced were Dr. Charles Tupper and Honourable William McDougall, and I was anxious in those days to hear the political leaders of both parties. As I stood in the street at Markham and for the first time saw the leaders ride by in cabs, followed by marching men and bands of music, I have no doubt I felt as did Tom Sawyer at church when the minister told of the blessed day when the lion and the lamb should lie down together and a little child should lead them, and Tom said to himself that he wished he could be that child if it was a tame lion. I remember nothing of what was said that day by either Dr. Tupper or Mr. McDougall. I have no better recollection of what was said by Mr. T. N. Gibbs or Mr. Matthew Crooks Cameron, the leader of the Conservative party in the Legislature, who were also among the speakers. Dr. Tupper had come from Nova Scotia to address the meeting, and I do remember *The Globe* said next day that there was nothing surprising about the event, except that the "War-horse of Cumberland" should have come so far to say so little. These were the only political speeches that I ever heard from Mr. McDougall or Mr. Cameron, although a year or two afterward I heard Mr. Cameron, who had become Chief Justice of Ontario, charge the jury at Guelph in a famous trial for abduction. It was not the fortune of Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron, who was a high Tory, nor of his successor, Sir William Meredith, who was a progressive radical, to command a majority in the Legislature, but for private virtue and pub-

lic integrity there are no more shining names in the political annals of Ontario.

The speech at Markham which made the chief impression upon my mind was that delivered by Honourable William McDougall. In his comparatively unfruitful career I have had a deep and enduring interest. His contemporaries agree that he was a speaker of singular charm and lucidity. He had distinction of style; he was clear, impressive and logical. Those who read his address before the Reform Convention at Toronto in 1867 must admit that he gave reasons for remaining in the Cabinet of Sir John Macdonald, after Confederation was accomplished, as convincing as the arguments which Honourable George Brown advanced to justify his own withdrawal. But in a convention hostile to Macdonald, embracing Liberals who at best gave a sullen sanction to the project of union, exulting over Brown's separation from Macdonald, eager to reunite all elements which had constituted the Liberal party before Brown entered the coalition, and submissive to the great personal authority which Brown exercised, it was, perhaps, inevitable that judgment should go against McDougall. Still even if George Brown was right, McDougall was not necessarily insincere nor guilty of any deliberate betrayal of the Liberal party. Sir John Macdonald himself admitted in Parliament that Brown and McDougall were among the first advocates of the incorporation of the Northwest Territories into the Dominion. They were influential advocates of Confederation before Macdonald regarded the project as politically practicable, and there is ground for thinking that Brown saw the light through the clearer vision of McDougall. Much of the legislation of the Mackenzie Government was foreshadowed in *The North American*, which McDougall edited before he and the paper were absorbed by *The Globe*. George Brown said that McDougall

was indolent and unreliable; Edward Blake said that he was unstable. But he was more of a prophet than either, and like other prophets was not greatly honoured in his own time and has had scant justice in history. Even if one feels that McDougall made the bed upon which he rested so uneasily the notion persists that there is quality unrecognized and honour withheld. It is the fate of the journalist, and McDougall was pre-eminently a journalist, to praise Caesar and feed Caesar and take the crumbs and the boards.

Forty years ago joint political meetings were common throughout Canada. I have understood that Honourable Edward Blake, after he succeeded to the leadership of the Liberal party, set himself against the custom. He issued no edict, but the impression became general among Liberals that he doubted if such meetings produced the best results. Even if he was right, one may still envy the fathers who were less grievously afflicted by the amenities of a higher civilization. I remember "one crowded hour of glorious strife" in South Ontario. Upon the death of Honourable Malcolm Cameron, a bye-election became necessary. Honourable T. N. Gibbs, as I have said, was again the Conservative candidate, while Mr. J. D. Edgar, later to be Speaker of the House of Commons and to receive knighthood, was the choice of the Liberal Convention. In the throes of a severe commercial depression, the country was disposed to hold the Mackenzie Government responsible for the ordinances of Divine Providence. The Conservative party was moving towards the "National Policy", and all the conditions were favourable to the propagation of protectionist teaching. A Government upon the defensive is a Government in distress. The Opposition, under Sir John Macdonald, displayed singular resource and energy. There has been nothing in Canadian politics more effective than the "demonstra-

tions" which the Conservative leaders organized throughout the country. They were continually on the platform, exploiting the "existing discontents", establishing or manufacturing "scandals", charging extravagance and maladministration, and producing unrest among the industrial and agricultural classes. "Reciprocity of trade, or reciprocity of tariffs", which was the Conservative watchword, made its appeal to the workers with low wages and scarcity of employment, to the farmers whose products were fetching low prices, to the manufacturers who were exposed to the destructive competition of American industries, and to the producers who were excluded by high duties from access to American markets. Whether or not the Government understood, the "Conservative reaction" was flowing strongly when Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Edgar appeared as the protagonists of the parties in South Ontario.

But I am not so much concerned with the issues which entered into the contest as with a joint meeting in Whitby, at which the speakers were Honourable Alexander Mackenzie and Honourable Dr. Tupper. As arranged, each spoke for an hour, while the Liberal Prime Minister, who spoke first, had fifteen minutes in which to answer the arguments of his opponent. On the night before the meeting at Whitby Dr. Tupper had met Honourable L. S. Huntington at Oshawa and achieved a signal triumph. Mr. Huntington had a face and head as classic as the model of a sculptor. His voice was melodious and resonant. He had a gracious dignity, the language of a scholar and the studied deliverance of an actor. Except Sir Wilfrid Laurier I have seen no finer or more impressive figure on a political platform in Canada. But Mr. Huntington's addresses were laboured and polished. He was as concerned for the form of the message as for the message itself. He was not supple in controversy. He was easy in smooth water, but troubled in the rapids. Over such an op-

ponent, before an eager and excited meeting, the vehemence, confidence, daring and energy of Dr. Tupper were bound to prevail. Moreover, Conservatives never forgot that Mr. Huntington had secured the private letters which produced the "Pacific scandal", and they pursued the man with savage joy and merciless ferocity. How often in politics the author of an "exposure" dies, while the victim survives.

Many of those who saw Mr. Huntington overcome at Oshawa attended the meeting at Whitby. The Conservatives were happy and exultant, the Liberals depressed and anxious. But Mr. Mackenzie had resource in debate such as few men of his time possessed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has said that when he was "on his legs" he had no peer in the House of Commons. There was little or nothing of the finish of oratory in his speeches. There were few ornate or elegant sentences. There was no elaborate preparation or dependence upon memory for felicitous phrases or orderly sentences. His strength was in facts, simplicity of statement, and complete knowledge of the subject. Of stern aspect and without natural gaiety of spirit, he yet had a penetrating humour and was fertile in illustration and anecdote. If he was austere he was just, and seldom sour or intemperate. Mr. Mackenzie's first speech was a quiet, orderly, logical defence of the acts and policies of his Administration. There was frequent cheering, but the Prime Minister's statement did not lessen the desire to hear Dr. Tupper. Nor did Dr. Tupper face an audience in which there was a predominant feeling of personal or political hostility. He was well received and quickly won the favour of the meeting. In those days Dr. Tupper was in full physical vigour. He spoke with tremendous energy. His vocabulary of denunciation was equal even to his own conception of the ineptitude and depravity of his opponents. On this occasion he was—him-

self. He held the Government responsible for drought and blight, for excessive heat and extreme cold, for the blasted corn and the barren fig-tree. The Conservatives warmed by degrees into sympathy, jubilation and confidence. Long before he had finished the meeting seemed to have gone hopelessly against Mr. Mackenzie. But the Prime Minister had fifteen minutes for reply. As the last word fell from Dr. Tupper's lips he sprang to the front of the platform. He stood, stern and unsmiling, while the long cheering for the Conservative spokesman died away. Then with swift, impetuous sentences he fell upon Dr. Tupper. He wasted not a word or a moment. He struck blow after blow with such direct force that the whole structure which Dr. Tupper had reared with such superb assurance and confidence seemed to fall column by column into ruin. I have heard many speeches since that day, but nothing so trenchant and destructive. Of what was said by either speaker I have little recollection. I know that Dr. Tupper was merry over the inconsistencies and "broken pledges" of the Government, and that Mr. Mackenzie met the accusations with the history of a measure that Dr. Tupper had fathered and abandoned. He was guilty, Mr. Mackenzie said, of "the horrible crime of infanticide". He had "not only slaughtered his own child, but trampled on the remains". I was young when Mr. Mackenzie and Dr. Tupper met at Whitby so long ago. To youth wonder and enthusiasm come easily. But, I repeat, that I have heard nothing since from any platform as powerful, destructive and overwhelming as Mr. Mackenzie's reply. Conservatives around me who never had and never would cast a vote for a Liberal candidate rose to their feet and cheered with delight over the performance. That I have seen once only. Recalling such a glorious encounter one regrets that joint political meetings have been abandoned.

Dim is the rumour of a common fight,
Where lost meets host, and many names
are sunk,
But of a single combat fame speaks clear.

Once again I heard Mr. Mackenzie before the day of his strength had passed. I drove—again alone—from the home of my boyhood to Clinton to hear the Prime Minister, Honourable L. S. Huntington, Honourable Oliver Mowat, and Honourable T. B. Pardee. Two things said at that meeting have lived in my memory. Mr. Huntington, then Postmaster-General, was defending Mr. Mackenzie's purchase of steel rails on what was thought to be a rising market, and out of which transaction the Conservatives developed a "scandal", when a voice from the audience asked with rough asperity, "What about the post-office?" Mr. Huntington retorted to the confusion of the heckler and the joy of the Liberals, "The post-office is an organization for the transmission of intelligence to men who can read and write. I don't suppose you can do either". Justifiable, perhaps, but the blow that wounds is best withheld. I remember also Mr. Mackenzie's grave warning, spoken so the elect would not be misled, that "the heart of the average Tory was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked". I knew Mr. Mackenzie well when his frame was wasted by disease, and a faltering tongue could seldom give expression to the strong and restless spirit which the eye revealed. But during the years that I was in the Press Gallery he did not utter half a dozen sentences in Parliament. There was pathos in his patient, faithful, enduring attendance upon debates in which he could not engage.

Mr. Mackenzie was attacked with unrelenting vigour and often with sheer malignity. Of all the charges urged against his Government not one will command the respect of posterity or would now receive serious consideration by any dispassionate judge or jury. No matter how confident he

may have been in his own patriotism and integrity, the Prime Minister must have been deeply wounded by the tongue of slander that would not be still and the vindictive savagery of continuous attack. But the Mackenzie Government, like all other Governments in Canada, had greedy mercenaries hanging upon its skirts, bent upon pillage and crafty beyond the wit of man in devising means to get at the treasury by dubious contracts or skilful alienation of the public resources. In 1896 *The Globe* published a letter by Mr. Mackenzie, to Mr. Thomas Hodgins, master at Osgoode Hall, and the Liberal member for West Elgin in the Legislature from 1871 to 1879, whose name, however, was not disclosed, which shows how sorely he was beset by the spoilsmen and how sternly he resisted their demands.

"Friends (?) expect to be benefited by offices they are unfit for, by contracts they are not entitled to, by advances not earned. Enemies ally themselves with friends and push the friends to the front. Some attempt to storm the office. Some dig trenches at a distance and approach in regular siege form. I feel like the besieged lying on my arms night and day. I have offended at least twenty parliamentary friends by defence of the citadel. A weak minister here would ruin the party in a month and the country very soon."

Mr. Mackenzie did guard the treasury, but the struggle was unceasing and the strain beyond endurance. The fault of the Liberal party was valuable virtue. It actually believed that it was the "party of purity". All its organs and leaders pursued Sir John Macdonald as the arch-master of electoral corruption, but after 1874 twenty or thirty Liberal members who had cried to the gods against the "Pacific scandal" were unseated for improper practices. Men scoffed and forgot that the masses of the Liberal party were wholesome and sincere people and their leaders able and faithful public servants. But Mr. Mackenzie's letter reveals that in the Liberal party, as in the Conservative party,

the forces of interest and plunder are never asleep and the records of the courts show conclusively that one party is as good or as bad as the other. It was not because the Liberal party was excessively virtuous that Canada had honest government from 1874 to 1878, but because its leader had the resolution and the courage to require honest administration by the public departments and frugality in the public expenditures.

For his resistance to protection Mr. Mackenzie gets more praise than he deserves. He was ready to raise the duties from seventeen and one-half to twenty per cent. So were Honourable George Brown and Sir Richard Cartwright and Honourable Edward Blake, and other leading Liberals of Ontario and Quebec. Principle does not concern itself with percentages. If Honourable A. G. Jones and the near-sighted, contumacious, anxious Liberal group from the Eastern Provinces, who were possessed by the delusion that they could not carry their constituencies if duties were increased, had not gone into revolt against Mr. Mackenzie he would have raised duties to twenty per cent., and once committed in Parliament and on the platform to the defence of higher customs taxation who can be certain that the Canadian Liberal party would not have become entrenched in the fortress of protection. There is reason to believe that if the Mackenzie Government had committed itself to higher duties the Conservative Opposition would have adhered to low tariff. The common story is that when Sir Richard Cartwright arose to deliver the budget speech of 1876 it was not known if he would declare for or against higher duties, while Sir Charles Tupper, who was to follow, knew only that he would not agree with Cartwright.

In a speech at St. Mary's in 1893, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy said: "There is no doubt in the world that we were out of power and by going in for the National Policy and taking the wind

out of Mr. Mackenzie's sails we got into power. We became identified with the protection policy, but if Mr. Mackenzie had adopted the protective policy we should have been free-traders." Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., whose father was one of the most convincing writers of protectionist literature at this period, has said that Sir John Macdonald was "timid unto death of protection", and "had to be bullied into it, led into it, committed to it by others". Mr. Goldwin Smith declares that when he warned Sir John that "Protection would never do for Canada" he was assured, "You need not fear that I am going to get into that hole". One does not understand how Mr. Goldwin Smith could give any such warning, for he was opposing the Mackenzie Government, petting Honourable Edward Blake as the repressed believer in a more liberal commercial policy, and cultivating close personal and political relations with the Conservative leader. In a letter to *The Toronto News* in 1901 Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin said:

"Now as regards Sir John Macdonald's opinion, he is on record quite early in his career on the side of protection. On the other hand, in 1876, I was in 'The Mail' office talking to the late Mr. Charles Belford, who was then editor under Mr. Patteson, who was manager and editor-in-chief, when Sir John Macdonald entered and said: 'Belford, what do you mean by that article on protection? I'm not a protectionist.' Belford replied: 'It doesn't commit you or the paper. It is marked "communicated"'. But that policy is taking hold of the public mind, and that is the question on which you will have to go to the country.' The policy of protection was preached on platforms and advocated in 'The Mail' before Sir John Macdonald took it up heartily. He had undoubtedly gone over to free trade with the Disraelian Conservatives, and was fully aware what a hold belief in it had taken of the public mind. He, however, took to studying protectionists' books, and when he began to advocate protection he brought to bear on its popularization his fine power of illustration, sometimes homely, sometimes whimsical, always effective. It is the good fortune of the leading statesmen to get credit not only for the work, but the idea, whereas they are never the first to conceive the idea."

What Mr. Davin, Mr. Maclean and Mr. McCarthy have said Mr. T. C. Patteson, who was the editor of *The Mail* during that period, often admitted and emphasized. But if it was the fortune of Mr. Mackenzie to take the wrong turning, this was not so much through devotion to low tariff

as through submission to a wing of the Liberal party which by high concern for principle or through zeal to save itself gave the whole position to the enemy. After the turnover in 1896 the common injunction among Liberals was to remember "Macenzie's mistakes".

In the June number Sir John Willison will write about "Early Days in Journalism".

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

By GORDON STACE SMITH

THAT stumpy farm—I see it now—
My sturdy father at the plough;
In crooked drills the virgin soil
Would register his daily toil.
Old Dox, the cow, in the corral,
The startled tinkling of her bell—
Her calf—contrary, gorged and plump—
Tethered to a birchen stump.
The wooden trough wherein I'd keep
Great water-creatures that do creep;
With brothers there, on business terms,
For hours I'd sit and barter worms.
Ten slimy leeches I would trade
For an Indian arrow-head;
And, should it have a double prong,
A beetle full three inches long.

My mother and her old sun-bonnet
(A theme itself to weave a sonnet!),
From peep of dawn till dewy eve
Her little tasks she'd never leave.
While we, not dreaming of her cares,
Excelled in mischief unawares;

Or in the river's shallow wave
All day our youthful limbs we'd lave;
Or by some pool whose limpid cheek
Would mirror towering Granite Peak,
We'd run about, with naked toes,
And sun-tanned shins and unkempt clothes,
Save once a week, when we were dressed
And polished in our decent best—
Perhaps on Saturday or Monday,
Uncertain just which day was Sunday.
Wild, primitive, obscure, remote
From carriage, thoroughfare, or boat;
A little world all of our own,
Where visitors were things unknown;
A stranger passing by the gate,
A nine-days' wonder to relate.

The old log house, all ivy-green,
Through twining leaves the doors half seen,
Within whose walls each night (not late!)
To-morrow's plans we would debate;
And when the clock struck drowsy nine,
The good-night kisses passed in line;
On bended knees, around our chairs,
We'd race and rattle through our prayers,
Too thoughtless to know just what about,
Too innocent to dream a doubt.
Then tripping lightly up the stairs
To popped sleep that knows no cares!—
The attic where, in dreams, I'd span
The period 'twixt boy and man—
A vision, when attained, we find,
Has left a paradise behind.





DAFFODILS

From the Painting by
Elizabeth A. Stanhope Forbes,
Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada



AN ACCOUNT OF A LEISURELY CRUISE ON THE NILE

BY HELEN M. EDGAR



OUR new dock was near the Zoo, and at night the roaring of the lions made us feel that we were indeed in Africa.

On the afternoon of the 25th of January we literally sailed through the bridge, for a most exciting collision with it occurred. Fortunately our damage was slight, but from the uproar you would have thought all Egypt was involved. It was certainly owing to our bad seamanship, though the Rais had voluble excuses. We carried off a beam of the bridge, which became jammed in our galley, nearly pinning the cook to the opposite wall. Three bridge officials leaped on board, but as we had no name painted on our ship and owned no flag, as the Rais had conveniently forgotten the owner's name, and C. for the time being knew no Arabic, they could not identify us. In lieu of information, copious draughts of coffee and endless

cigarettes seemed to adjust matters, for the officials departed, with every sign of respect, at our next stopping-place. Fortunately we were not responsible for damages, but all the same we were relieved to know that we would not have to pass another bridge for some time.

On the eve of the 25th we anchored above Gizeh and watched our men climb the 150-foot spar to furl the sail. They looked like an assortment of gaily-coloured beetles as they swarmed aloft holding the hem of their skirts between their teeth. Coffee and light refreshments finished the crew's work, and we partook of dinner on deck, watching the spires and minarets of old Cairo picked out in gold by the light of the setting sun. The famous rubbish heaps formed a fine background, topped as they were by windmills that Napoleon had built. A letter written home on the 27th will best describe our progress:

Dahabeah Dodo,
Sixty-five miles from Cairo,
January 28th.

We have now had four days, I was going to say straight sailing, but when I consider that three collisions have already taken place I can scarcely call our journey a direct one. The day we passed the second bridge initiated us into Egyptian seamanship.

We rested for the night near Gizeh and continued our journey with a light wind about 11.30 on the 26th. It was delicious, the air balmy, the awnings toning the sun's rays to just a genial warmth. We passed old palaces with sinister staircases leading to the river's brink, and over which many a sack had been carried with its human freight and sent on its unwilling journey to the sea. Nests of villages

captain, who calls on Allah with uplifted hands and lets the ropes look after themselves. Our second night we rested under a most lovely grove of palms, through which the full moon played hide-and-seek. We dined literally by the light of the moon, for the awning was taken off the shore side and we sheltered ourselves behind the other two and enjoyed the view as well as a very good dinner. Afterwards we wandered through the grove and towards an inland village, but did not attempt to enter, as C. said it would not be safe at that time of night. In the morning the place looked even more beautiful, for added to the scenery was the human interest of watching all the women of the village carrying their huge jars, poised with perfect grace on their heads, to the river to fill and incidentally do their washing.



Some of the Countless rifled tombs along the Nile

with low stone or mud buildings were linked together by the never-ceasing journey of laden camels, slow-moving buffalo and veiled and fluttering figures, all silhouetted against the saffron sky. This "frieze" is broken from time to time by a "sakiyeh" with a blindfolded buffalo walking forever round and round. Day and night the wheel is turned and the clay pots dip and rise with soothing monotony. Palm trees, graceful and serene, group themselves at every available spot. To our left stretches the Arabian desert bounded by great limestone cliffs, which we can see pierced by the openings of countless rifled tombs. To our right the Libyan waste is spread, but the immediate bank is green and bountiful with crops of wheat and sugar-cane.

Our second collision occurred rhythmically on our second day, and was a mere trifle, but shook our confidence in our Berberee

Camels came laden with sugar-cane which gave them an ostrich-like appearance, and were unloaded with many groans and snorts of contempt, only to be reloaded with large panniers of Nile mud. In isolated spots stood solemn figures with their best garment spread out before them, kneeling, and sniting the ground from time to time with their heads. This praying seemed to occupy a large part of the native time. Our crew are great adepts, and generally choose the top of the fore-castle (or kitchen) to perform their rites. On the palm grove at night, being full moon, we were entertained by an elaborate ceremony, the crew squatting round their Rais and acting chorus to his elaborate compliments addressed to the sky.

Our third day was heavenly. A light breeze had borne us safe and sound to another moon-lit anchorage, over which the



A "Sakiyeh" of the Nile

comet seemed to wave its tail almost to the zenith. We slept like tops, and this morning, a brisk north wind arising, we were off by 7.30. I thought a gondola the most perfect mode of travel, but a dahabeah (when not in collision) is nearer pure delight. We breakfast always on deck. P. and I face the Libyan side, and the C's face the Arabian way. Our morning, Mrs. C. now says, was too boastful. We were so sublimely pleased with ourselves and the universe, that we were bound to suffer. A harmless felucca laden with stone was sailing in the opposite direction and, as apparently there are no navigation laws on the Nile, both boats decided to take the same channel. The felucca sails got tangled in our rigging, our upper deck awnings and stanchions were torn away. Our Rais and his helmsman both tugged at the rudder different ways. Don Juan's shipwreck was nothing in volume of sound to what we went through. The Rais spent most of his time describing the ancestry of the helmsman and crew, and a few extra genealogical facts were hurled at the stone-weighted felucca. With C. and P. doing valiant work we finally got free. Then the Rais, in spite of the wind, furled his sails, said his prayers on the poop, thanked Allah for his deliverance, smoked a cigarette and allowed the wind to blow us gently on. His nerves were completely shattered and he wanted to land us at once on a desolate shore, saying he was sure his mast was broken, but as we knew nothing of that kind had happened, we allowed him time to compose his feelings and he then decided to unfurl again. For the next two hours we progressed, and C. induced the shattered crew to take heart and begin repairs. The element of danger on our journey was minimized by the fact that at almost any spot we could wade to shore. The current would be our chief difficulty. We also have a comforting clause in our contract that all damages to the dahabeah while under the Rais's control we are not liable for. That is the reason why even in emergencies the tiller is left in his hands. We do not wish to own the pieces of a dahabeah at the end of our trip.

On the 28th of January we were beyond the Meridan Pyramid. On the opposite bank Aphroditopolis in the distance marks the spot where St. Anthony, the anchorite, took desert refuge. We rested all night by a mud bank in mid-stream and our nervous crew said it was a bad place. Conscious of our revolvers, we slept in peace and had no cause for alarm.

Saturday, the 29th, dawned as beautiful as ever, and the terrifying brigands resolved themselves by daylight into picturesque and apparently harmless fellahin. Men and children sat on their haunches and regarded us for two solid hours in an equally solid way, twisting and twirling camel hair on quaint and tiny spindles.

Late in the morning the Rais consented to set sail, and our only mishap was the forgetting of one of our crew. He, however, ran along the shore and finally reached us *via* a sand-bank and the chicken-boat. His costume had rapidly diminished on his run, his turban and a shred of shirt remaining as tokens of decency. All else was tied up in a blue handkerchief, which contained, I regret to say, our greens, which he had been despatched for. He also had some subtle treasure in a cup which he bestowed on his fellowmen. It must have had miraculous adhesive qualities to remain intact during Abdul's swift run.

The morning was quite uneventful. Hopes were held out of reaching Beni Souef after luncheon, but by reason of the Rais having a nervous attack and letting down his back sail we did not reach the town till 7 p.m., and it was then quite dark. All afternoon we had passed between banks low-lying, and on the Arabian side most desolate and arid. C. and his wife landed for a brief visit to his beloved desert, while the Rais was steadying his nerves with coffee before our start. They returned with humanly worked flints, showing that prehistoric man had journeyed through that spot.

Though it was seven o'clock when we reached Beni Souef, we decided to postpone our dinner hour and visit the town before it was too late to do our marketing. The town lay about a mile from our moorings, and as a preliminary we climbed a steep sand-bank and waded for at least a quarter of the distance through the same substance. A rolling stone may not gather moss, but a few tourists marching in



The Mud Transport



The Rais sulking

double-file will soon collect all the native population and its accompanying smells and dirt. By the time we reached the post-office we looked like an invading army. A silent but most inquisitive crowd surrounded us, and as many as could squeezed into the post-office to see our stamps affixed. Our next stop was at the bakery, and here the crowd became so dense that the native police had to be summoned. They did not improve matters, for their own curiosity as to our purchases absorbed most of their attention. We had brought our favourite bodyguard, Achmet and Mohammed, to carry provisions, who, however, were so seized with the dignity of the

occasion that they hired a native on their own account, piling his basket full of bread and oranges. The bread looked most tempting, for it was in the form of delicious French loaves, and after our week of stale crusts we quite appreciated it. Our procession continued its way to a tinsmith. Our numerous repairs and purchases induced intense excitement in the crowd and volunteers were numerous for the honour of carrying our parcels. The butcher's shop was the first "stand" against the encroaching enemy. The help of another official clad in a long brown garment, holding a wooden wand of office and bearing a huge brass chest-plate, was now enlisted.



A Felucca on the Nile

At this point, for some occult reason our hired bearer was ordered by the policeman to unload, and departed with howls, swathing his turbaned head. The crowd had now become so attentive that P. had to stimulate the policemen's energies by offering them cigarettes. The effect was magical, and a real effort was made to disperse our curious attendants.

Beni Souef has a history reckoned by thousands of years, and now owing to the railroad enterprise is a striking example of ancient and modern Egypt. A café with brilliant lights greeted us as we turned a corner, its patrons sipping their Turkish coffee and reading their papers in

most European fashion. In spite of the qualms of the Rais, we remained unmolested all night, except by the fleas, which seemed to have extra strength and energy after our land excursion.

Next morning, the thirtieth, we were greeted by many volunteer protectors, who assured us they had guarded us through the entire night and would now like their bakshish. Their feelings were not at all hurt when we doubted the veracity of their statement, for they finally departed in uncomplaining peace. We unfortunately did not. Till half-past ten we waited for the Rais to marshal his crew (seven was officially our time to



Doubletoes

start), and to our eyes they seemed fairly busy with the stern sail. Suddenly a suspicious quietness occurred, and C. discovered that the Rais and his twelve "merry men" were seated on the lower deck round a most savoury and filling stew. This at ten-thirty, and nothing done towards our departure, was too much. C. insisted on immediate action, so with sulky faces our crew forsook their fleshpot and condescended to unfurl our sails and start us on our way. All went uncommonly well and we were now congratulating ourselves on the magnificent record we would make, when, as luck would have it, the Rais in one of his periodic panics insisted on furl-

ing his sails, saying he was afraid of the "gale". We drifted for a couple of hours, and then the Rais's courage returned and we were once more slipping through the wonders of the banks teeming with the life and movement of sugar factories and potteries. We sailed all afternoon, and late at night we drifted to our anchorage opposite Maghag, 106 miles from Cairo. We made an early start and breakfasted as the *Dodo* slipped her moorings. We negotiated some difficult spots, and the usual dispute between the Rais and helmsman broke out. At one time the danger became acute, for a roving felucca complicated matters which were already bad enough with



A Crowded Anchorage on the Nile

the Rais and the Walrus (as we have named the pilot) wrestling with fierceness for the helm. All thoughts of sand-banks and felucca vanished till one or other was master of the situation. How we avoided a shipwreck no one knows. I think it was the forcible language that gave the *Dodo* impetus at the critical moment. We had reached the marmalade stage of breakfast when the excitement happened, and for a time our digestions were the only things that suffered. The Rais was gently removed to the roof of the galley by Mohammed, while the steersman was succeeded in office by Abdul Aziz. The Rais and the Walrus plunged into a wordy con-

flict which it was lucky for us we could not follow. After a quarter of an hour of vituperation the Rais descended from the forecastle and sat cross-legged on the rail of our deck, looking more than ever like a discontented ape. The Walrus curled himself up on a sail and quietly made up a cigarette, but slow rumblings of smothered thunder still made themselves heard.

That afternoon we passed two large villages, one buried in a palm grove and the other quite a metropolis. As we docked, the felucca ferry was landing some pilgrims from the palm grove, who, with their donkeys, were about to visit their *vis à vis*. A large



A Water-carrier of the Nile

crowd of squatting figures were awaiting their arrival, so that they might pay in turn a palm grove visit. Everyone was successfully landed, the dear little donkeys cleverly jumping on shore. Just as the felucca set sail to return to the palm grove village, a figure emerged from the town wall a mile away. We sympathized immensely with his disappointment. Our concern for him was wasted, for the ferry, though heavily laden, awaited with flapping sail his and his donkey's slow approach. Now, we thought, they are off, but no, another figure was seen running across the sand, followed a quarter of a mile back by two other eager passengers. The felucca started, but in a half-hearted way, and drifted about fifty feet from

shore. The first fellah had reached the water's edge, and language, not being sustaining, he proceeded to wade. He waded and waded until the felucca decided to stop midway between its belated patrons and induced them all to wade out to the craft. I was told by C. that this is positively rapid transit for Egypt. The ferryman often tells his passengers when they arrive on board that he would rather not cross until the following day. Our afternoon sped tranquilly, and we passed many a thriving village sheltered under waving palms, the fellahin gathering binding and loading camels with huge bundles of sugar-cane.

Towards sunset we neared the flourishing town of Sheik el Fadhl.

Our intelligent Rais directed our anchorage to a spot where the *Dodo* could just fit in between hundreds of dirty feluccas and the teeming filth of the shore. Native life is interesting, but not under such circumstances. Orders were given to tow us to the opposite bank, or below the town. The Rais and steersman had their usual dispute, which nearly occasioned our most serious collision. As it was, scraped paint and unvarnished language was the only outcome. Our final resting-place was beside a bank from which we could view the inhabitants of Sheik el Fadhl cook their evening meal by the flame of the sugar-cane leaves.

We had now passed into a new province and were reminded of the fact by two of our crew coming to C. and, after delivering the usual string of superlative blessings, demanding £1 as bakshish to be distributed among them. C. compromised on a gift of sugar-cane, and the deputation departed gleefully to purchase it. When they returned we were all treated to an experimental taste of it. P. said his first mouthful was a surfeit, and mine, too, satisfied me, but the others enjoyed a long and luscious suck of the sticky sweet juice.

We awoke on February 1st to be greeted by the usual lovely sky and soft-toned colours of the shore, the desert gleaming like gold in the distance. No wind, so the C.'s and ourselves decided to have a nearer view of the town. We were ferried across the dividing canal by two of our crew. Doubletoes, and the Egyptian. Mohammed. Both, we were pleased to see, had taken advantage of a gift of soap and outwardly were clean. We walked along the busy waterfront, where we saw all manner of strange customs. One man was beating out cotton. He used a harp-like instrument against which to rest a bundle of cotton, and struck the single wire with a wooden hammer, making the cotton fluff and fly against the sunny wall. We made various

purchases of fruit and vegetables and refused an equal number of offers to buy uninviting comestibles. A fierce dispute between a party of sailors about a mast greatly amused us and struck a familiar chord to our accustomed ears.

We could not go over the large sugar factories, not having provided ourselves with passes at Cairo, but the polite French official was quite willing to telegraph to headquarters on our behalf. We did not test his kindness. As we passed the sugar factories we noticed bundles of filthy rags, which seemed to have a rhythmic movement. Seeing an occasional dusty foot protruding we realized that we were gazing on thirty or forty fellahin taking a siesta. Huge bags of sugar flew down a shaft to a waiting barge, their journey regulated by an Egyptian hanging by his arms so that his feet could reach a bag and hold it there till the quick descent of the next one shoved the first bag into the barge, an acrobatic feat more interesting, I should imagine, to watch than to perform. On our return to the *Dodo* an hour later the sailors still raged furiously about their slip of a broken mast and the method of mending it. *En route* I stopped in front of a booth made of sugar-cane and shaded by an acacia, to watch a little withered woman arrange her most unsavoury wares. Her jewellery consisted of a pair of silver bracelets and an elaborate nose-ring, a crescent and a star. C. joined me, but when he came the wizened little coquette drew her black veil across her face, leaving only roguish eyes to show us her amusement. P. and I were a little in advance, while the C.'s bargained for soap at one of the shops under a long arcade. As we passed a tiny shop in the same arcade we heard a monotonous murmur of children's voices, and, stopping to listen, we saw the jet black head of a little Soudanese just on a level with the counter and holding in his hand a sheet of tin covered with Arabic figures.

He was reading in a most absorbed manner. His little swaying body was encased in a wide red and white striped cotton garment, which made him look like an animated sugar plum. When his lesson was finished he disappeared through a black hole, from which immediately issued another infant scholar, who in his turn recited, but not with such self-effacing interest. So the procession continued, but the little Soudanese with his jet black face and red tarboosh had won our hearts and we asked for an encore. After a short delay he reappeared to display his prowess in writing. So absorbed did he get in this accomplishment that flies walked up and down his face and perched on his nose without even causing a wink. His writing finished, he returned his piece of tin to his teacher, who, we trust, gave him much credit, in spite of the inky fingermarks that graced it. We distributed largesse in the form of sweets. Little blackie without his tin slate proved very shy and timidly extracted one sweetmeat from the pile. We insisted on a handful, which he received in an embarrassed way, and immediately disappeared through an enlarged mouse-hole under the counter, that led into the open colonnade. The usual crowd had col-

lected, interested in our interest, and several natives tried to explain the inexplicable, producing brass writing apparatus and reed pen to illustrate some subtle point.

A light wind arising, on our return we decided to set sail. We first rescued the Rais, who, owing to a quarrel with the helmsman, had marooned himself on a neighbouring felucca and was sitting in a gloomy mood on top of a pile of sugar-cane. The wind was light and the sun strong, so we lunched on a canvas-sheltered deck. All afternoon we passed slowly by fertile fields and laden barges of sugar-cane. An impromptu concert from our crew diversified our progress. The songs were weird, yet pleasing, and the voices were accompanied by the beating of a drum made of a skin tightly stretched across a water-jar. Dancing also was provided, a hip dance and a jumping one being the favourites. Out of compliment to us they ended their entertainment with a well-imitated hip-hip-hurrah and a jabbered "thank you very much". We now recognized a phrase that we several times had heard when the crew had greeted us on our return to the *Dodo*. "Thank you very much" had been this polite form of address.

(To be continued).





The City of Montreal, showing the River St. Lawrence, the Victoria Bridge, and the Dome of St. James's Cathedral

MONTREAL

ONE OF THE GREAT BILINGUAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

BY CHARLES W. STOKES



“GEE! GUY!” cries the Montreal street-car conductor—both g’s hard—and the mono-lingual visitor is puzzled until he recognizes that, the street-car having arrived at Guy Street, the conductor is calling its name in both French and English. If unaware of the fact till then, he realizes that he is in the most markedly bilingual city in the western hemisphere. Montreal is not only the headquarters of the French race in North America: it is also, with all due deference to its detractors, the most successful city in Canada, and bilingual at that.

There are a number of bilingual cities in America, of course. Amongst those of Canada, Quebec and Sherbrooke contain an actual preponder-

ance of French-speaking people. Certain New England cities have large French-Canadian populations. St. Boniface, which faces Winnipeg across the Red River, has a not inconsiderable bilingual element that has lingered since the days of Louis Riel; and New Orleans proudly cherishes its French ancestry and traditions. But St. Boniface and Fall River, Massachusetts, are to a great extent isolated geographical curiosities, and even New Orleans, Montreal’s nearest rival, has only 100,000 French people in 350,000. Quebec and Sherbrooke stand a little aside from the impulses of growth. Montreal preens itself as the really successful bilingual city of the new world. More than that, it has a high status amongst the French cities of the world. Seventy per cent. of its population is French; and, ac-



Place D'Armes, showing Notre Dame Church and glimpse of the Maison-Neuve Monument

cepting the estimate of Montreal's very rapidly increasing population at 673,000, a calculation reveals about 470,000 Montrealers whose mother tongue is akin to that of Molière and Rostand. Brussels, a somewhat bigger city, is divided between French and Flemish in somewhat the same proportion of seventy per cent. in favour of the former; so that, after Paris, Brussels, Lyons and Marseilles, Montreal ranks as the fifth French city of the globe. This is an item that the Canadian booster frequently overlooks.

A highly successful bilingual city, one repeats, bearing in mind that Montreal still outstrips any other Canadian city in size, population, wealth and trade. The scorn of Torontonians at everything that appertains to Montreal is, of course, enormous, but the Queen City cannot shake itself free of the shackles of second place. Bilingualism, perhaps, has its drawbacks as well as its pic-

turesqueness and humours; it undoubtedly adds to the cost of doing business. Bilingual signs upon a display of groceries in a shop window, for instance, strike one as going to extremes; but—there is that seventy per cent. who prefer the French language as their medium of expression, and even dislike the alternative. It should be recalled that a French evening paper published in Montreal has the largest circulation of all daily newspapers in Canada. This may be an appropriate place to suggest that, apart from politics, the French-speaking majority of Montreal and the English-speaking minority exist side by side on terms of perfect harmony and understanding. Their mutual feelings may not be violently enthusiastic, but so long as Ontario, Borden, Sam Hughes, Orange Leagues and other popular effigies are omitted from the discussion, there is peace. In commerce, at any rate. French and English dovetail with noticeable ease.



Victoria Square, Montreal, showing in the background an outline of the Mountain

Bilingual bitterness is practically unknown in the biggest centre of bilingualism; any attempt to create dissension originates outside Montreal. Shamefacedly, the English Canadians are the ones who display the least alacrity to master the tongue of the other race.

But in one way, Montreal justifies Kipling. Its East will never meet its West, for, broadly speaking, the east is the French section as the west is the English. Notwithstanding their lack of actual antipathy, the races are not quite so friendly as to exchange visits. It requires more than a high school knowledge of French syntax for the Anglo-Saxon to stray very far east of Bleury Street, just as it involves a greater sacrifice of his militant nationalism than he is prepared to make for the French Canadian to live in Westmount. Westmount is a snug little suburb that enables the English-speaking Montrealer to live exclusively with his own kind: and,

oddly enough, although surrounded on all sides by Montreal, it is a separate city, with a charter, a mayor, a city hall, and the standard city departments. Five miles from the Place d'Armes, you are still in Montreal; but two miles away, you are not there—you are in Westmount, and pay different taxes. For Montreal, during its growth, has submerged neighbouring municipalities without being able to suffocate their corporate existences. Within its city limits, Montreal includes the autonomous cities of Westmount and Outremont, and the undefined municipality of St. Jean de Dieu; adjoining it are the cities of Verdun and Lachine, and various towns and parishes, with all of which its relations as to public utilities and so forth are somewhat cryptic. Montreal, in fact, is a veritable archipelago of municipalities.

The word archipelago recalls that Montreal itself is situated upon the island of the same name formed by



The Waterfront, at Montreal

the diversion of the St. Lawrence around it. Famous for its "Famense" apples, the Ile de Montreal is seventeen miles broad by thirty long, and there is yet another—the Ile Jésus—between its northern shore and the mainland. For all its width, however, Montreal grows east and west rather than to the north—to the south being impossible because of the St. Lawrence. But to grow towards the north, Montreal has to climb Mount Royal, which, though easy enough, is blasphemous. Far be it from me to speak frivolously of Montreal's celebrated mountain! It is only about twenty feet less in height, anyway, than the Woolworth Building, New York, and certainly has been responsible for more sentiment. The climb up the southern face of Mount Royal, past the reservoir, is sufficient to satisfy anybody short of an Alpinist, even though there is a much easier way that everybody takes. There is also the inclined railway, where you can

experience all the sensations of an ascension to heaven for the moderate price of five cents. Once at the top, there is a really splendid view from an observation point on the brow of a sharp declivity that cuts off all the near foreground. Thus poised in mid-air, you can contemplate all Montreal from Beersheba to Dan., or, in other words, from Dominion Park to Lachine.

From this look-out you will perceive an architectural specialty of Montreal's, peculiar to it amongst Canadian cities—its many domes. Biggest of them is that of St. James's Cathedral, a replica of St. Peter's at Rome, but otherwise undistinguished. Coming down from Mount Royal, you will notice another feature of Montreal—its lesser streets. Close to the mountain, they are the hushed steps on which live the *grand monde*, until aristocratic Sherbrooke is crossed; farther into the city, they become the most fascinating and foreign of



The Tandem Club on the Mountainside, at Montreal

all side streets in Canada. At times they degenerate into slums, of which Montreal unfortunately has a plethora; but, by and large, one could spend an interesting holiday speculating on the past of the staunch old buildings that line these narrow and cobbled thoroughfares.

A source of some astonishment for the stranger in Montreal is the confusion of its elements. Big buildings and little buildings adjoin one another indiscriminately. Regal Sherbrooke Street West, which, with its ivy-clad clubs, McGill University, skyscraping apartment blocks, and the homes of the really rich, remind one distantly of Piccadilly crossed with the High Street of Cambridge, with a dash of the Boulevard Haussmann of Paris, tails out into Sherbrooke Street East, appropriated by the Jew and the foreign rooming-house. St. James Street, on one side of Victoria Square, is Canada's Wall Street; on the other, it is a Little Italy and a

Little Ruthenia. This olio affords queer contrasts. The non-Montrealer's artistic taste will be outraged by the excessively ugly French "flats", with their flights of outside stairs leading to the second and even third storeys; but it will be soothed by the countless squares, leafy and quiet, and the epic statuary that adorns them. In the last, the French tie is revealed. Montreal has, apparently, a statute limiting the height of its buildings to ten floors, which may or may not be a blessing in disguise; but any modern office building is a striking background for the skirted priests who pass its doors. The Montrealer becomes so accustomed to seeing nuns or monks in his street-cars that only the visitor feels that this is somehow an anachronism. There is a profusion of churches in Montreal. Churches, big and little, face one another from opposite corners as "public houses" do in London. Besides the famous Catholic three—Notre Dame, St.



• Dominion Square, Montreal, showing St. James's Cathedral

James's Cathedral and Notre Dame de Bonsecours—there are a number of very notable Protestant churches, including the Anglican Christ Church, said to be the finest example of Gothic architecture in America, and the Methodist St. James.

And since it seems impossible to resist the guide-book style in suggesting the curiosities of this bilingual metropolis, Montreal's renowned cabs must not be forgotten. Montreal is the only big city that I can remember where the horse-cab has not gone into the discard—indeed, here it seems to be one of the most popular methods of locomotion. Three sides of Dominion Square can be seen lined, at almost any hour of the day, with these atavistic high-seated gondolas, waiting in queue; and the fact that in winter the thousands of these vehicles are converted into sleighs tempts one to forget that Montreal is in the same latitude as Venice.

Montreal has no store like Eaton's, but then Toronto has no street like St. Catherine. A twelve-mile ribbon that threads narrow Montreal like beads, St. Catherine at its western end bursts into a luxuriance that is strikingly reminiscent of Old Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix. Such a jumble of the smartest, brightest, expensivest little shops, purveying the latest and most costly of hats, shoes, jewels, furniture, you never saw elsewhere in Canada. Yonge Street is dour in comparison. Torontonians, however, reply with contempt concerning the scattered ensemble of Montreal. Accustomed to a mixture of everything at once, centering round their City Hall, they say that Montreal has no centre.

In this they are approximately correct. Montreal has no centre because it has three—each sharply different. One is English, the corner of St. Catherine West and Peel—the heart



Bonsecours Market, Montreal, with a glimpse of Jacques Cartier Monument

of the shopping district and the true "up-town". A second is French, the corner of St. Catherine East and St. Denis—jocularly known, because of its proximity to Laval University, as the *Quartier Latin*. The last is Business—the real "down-town" of the Place d'Armes. In many ways, the Place d'Armes, a rectangle between Notre Dame Street, St. James Street, St. Sulpice Street, and another unnamed, is unique for a business centre. On two sides of the busy square are examples of Montreal's suppressed skyscraperism; on the third is the massive head office of the Bank of Montreal; on the fourth, faced by a statue of Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal, is the twin-towered Notre Dame.

The biography of Montreal is written in this square, its vicinity, and its names. This was where Jacques Cartier, exploring the St. Lawrence in 1535, found an Indian settlement call-

ed Hochelaga, where Champlain landed in 1611, and Maisonneuve in 1642. At one corner of Maisonneuve's statue is the figure of an Indian—an Iroquois. No name so dreaded in those misty days of Canadian history as "Iroquois"! Montreal was the pivotal point in the long struggle for supremacy with these fierce, implacable aboriginals, just as, later, it was here that the final scenes in the struggle between English and French were enacted. One very interesting survival of the French régime is preserved in the Château de Ramezay, which, built for the residence of Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal, in 1705, has, after many vicissitudes, ended as an antiquarian museum. Benjamin Franklin, coming with other envoys to Canada to influence the French Canadians to join the American colonies in the revolt against British rule, stayed at this château in 1776; and a very diverting story is told that

he published a newspaper—as would have been expected from him—for propaganda purposes. This newspaper was *The Montreal Gazette*, of which the present great daily of the same name is the direct descendant. You can see the room where the press stood, anyway, even if B. F.'s editorials have gone the same way that yesterday's have already taken. His errand, of course, was fruitless, and Montreal gradually wresting the leadership of Canada from Quebec, became the most important strategic point in the warfare between the Americans and British, which ended, so far as Canada was concerned, in a *status quo ante*.

Notre Dame Church—it is only a parish church, whilst the smaller St. James is a cathedral—is the pride of all French Canada. This vast and imposing edifice, built by the priests of St. Sulpice, who in pre-Single Tax days took the precaution to possess themselves of all the real estate that was then available—which was considerable—has a seating capacity of ten thousand, and is decorated in a most lavish if somewhat gorgeous style. Notre Dame, incidentally, recalls the pleasant custom of building down-town churches which flourished in a past decade. It illustrates, naturally, the accretive gregariousness of past generations, who preferred to cluster round the parish church rather than spread themselves more thinly over the thousands of acres they might have chosen; but our newer communities are not able to lift their eyes from their ledgers to the church spire across the street. They banish their big churches to the ostentatious residential suburbs.

Life in Montreal is expensive. In that regard it is said to be surpassed only by New York—where, in fact, life can be as cheap as anywhere in the world if the liver restrains his appetite for white lights and the usual trimmings, whereas in Montreal there are no substitutes. Either you pay the highest conceivable rents and the highest comprehensible prices for all

commodities, or you must relinquish your ambition to live in Montreal. There is a tendency on the part of Montrealers to boast of this—Heaven knows why.

Montreal's population increases more quickly than any other city's in Canada. One reason for this, obviously, is the amazing fecundity of the French Canadian, which, celebrated in song and story—especially in story—needs no elaboration here; another is Montreal's situation as the setting-off point for immigrants. It is inevitable that a certain percentage of immigrants, arriving in Canada with the vaguest plans and the thinnest purses, repeat in Montreal the process which operates in New York and remain where they land. Statistics of Montreal's foreign-born population, in fact, stabilize this theory. The sharply ascending curve of Montreal rents suggests that a price has to be paid for cosmopolitanism.

There is a smaller contributory to Montreal's rapid growth, insignificant in volume but not without interest as to its quality. Montreal is the headquarters of Canada's two leading railways—one of them one of the biggest railroads in the world. All first-class Canadian railway men regard Montreal as their ultimate goal. Sooner or later they who make their reputations "down the line" achieve their hopes; and once arrived, they are permanent. They rent apartments in already tightly packed Westmount, or houses on Pine Avenue, according to their new salaries, and, after a six-month period of drawing invidious comparisons between their adopted home and "out west", they become worse "Montreal fans" than the native-born.

A final word as to Montreal's rich. Montreal seems to adhere rather to the old tradition of wealth as a thing to which nobody has a right except the wealthy. It contains a number of men who control enormous economic interests and can set in motion exceedingly powerful influences; but the big



Interior of St. James's Cathedral,
Montreal



Interior of Notre Dame Church,
Montreal

things are not done in Montreal, as they are in business literature and the West, with "pep" and "ginger". They are done in the old-fashioned style by men who, coming down to "work" from ten-thirty to three—including a two-hour lunch with other Big Interests at the club—say "No" in the exact knowledge that the result will not be "Yes". For a city of recently new millionaires, Montreal assuredly has an aristocratic atmosphere. "Well groomed" is nowhere else so entirely appropriate as of Montreal's rich business men. One will meet here a larger pro rata number of white or iron-gray moustaches and spats than elsewhere in the Dominion—and white or iron-gray moustaches and spats, as everyone knows, are the infallible signs by which the rich always can be recognized in middle age.

Montreal's millionaires break out in one particular direction. They become art patrons, the favourite dissipation of the powerful since the days of the Medicis. They establish

extensive private collections of the most expensive masters, whether old or new being immaterial so long as they are masters, like their owners. Or, buying these for themselves for the price of a coal-mine or a branch railroad, they lend them in quasi perpetuity to public exhibition. The donors of Montreal's art gallery have become almost a roster of Canada's financial dukes. To recur to the note struck at the beginning, it may be pointed out that art is bilingual, or perhaps, poly-lingual. Montreal is artistic in its leanings, whilst Toronto is literary. Montreal has produced practically no literature: but it is a very generous patron of painting and of sculpture. Perhaps in this can be found the true difference between it and Toronto. Literature, to a great extent, implies discipline and dogmatism, whilst painting implies relaxation. Toronto, in the matter of personal liberty, is inclined to bigotry and surveillance; Montreal is tolerant, and its moving picture theatres open on Sunday.

SPRING IN SASKATCHEWAN

BY H. H. PITMAN



IT is difficult to fix a definite date on the prairie as the first day of spring, but as a rule during March King

Winter's strength begins to wane, although he is often loth to abdicate, and makes many attempts to regain his former power. But towards the end of the month these struggles are noticeably weaker, and in April we may confidently say, "Spring is here!" Occasionally March is fine all through, but generally mild days and stormy ones alternate, though the temperature gradually rises, and the low places fill with snow-water. The term "many weather" has been applied to this month, and is very suitable, for every day is different. Of the many old sayings connected with it the truest of all is that "if March comes in like a lion it goes out like a lamb".

After so many months of snow, it is pleasant to feel bare ground under foot again, to see the first blades of new grass, the awakening insects and animals, the arrival of birds and other things which go to build up the pageant of spring. Not only on the prairie, but everywhere where migration occurs on a large scale, the country-man derives one of his greatest pleasures from watching the return of the birds, and in listening to their notes. One of the earliest songs in our own language of which we have any record deals with the arrival and singing of the birds in springtime.

The first indication of better times

to come is the singing of the prairie horned-larks, which sometimes starts as early as the third week in February, for these little birds are very hardy and delightfully optimistic. By March 10th they are singing from every knoll, so that this is the first—and so the most important—of our songs. It is quickly followed by the calls of the sharp-tailed grouse, which, in the early mornings, lend a cheerful touch of life to the sunrise.

During the last week in March some new shoots of grass show in places that have been grazed over. Although they come so early, it will be summer before the prairie is green, because the dead grass of the previous season is thick and tall. This, perhaps, is why the females of many of our birds are so soberly clad, their neutral brown colour harmonizing with the surroundings. The males are gayer and conspicuous, because their work is to draw attention away from the nests. Most of our animals, too, are brown of one shade or another, so there is no doubt that on the plains this is the colour which gives greatest protection when protection is most needed. If the end of March is warm enough, the first Richardson's gophers appear, but not in the numbers that will be about the following month.

April is one of our pleasantest months, for the weather is mild, and there are none of the insect pests which are sometimes so troublesome later on. New birds arrive almost every day, some to stay with us and others on their way to more northerly



The Virginia Rail



The Striped Gopher



Wild Ducks at Rest

homes. New flowers and butterflies appear, and the farmer is able to start work upon the land again. The earliest birds are the wild geese, but, as there is no large body of water to tempt them where I am writing these notes, they are merely passers-by. They are closely followed by the ducks, great numbers of which stay with us, taking advantage of every slough. The brilliant pin-tails and shovellers look very beautiful when watched standing beside some little snow-water pool on ploughed land.

The crows come next, and then hawks of several kinds. The great sandhill cranes follow, sometimes in flocks of several hundreds. They stay on the cultivated land in large parties, feeding in the stubble, before pairing off and scattering to breed. Small flocks of western tree sparrows and slate-coloured juncos appear everywhere, sheltering by the buildings and brush-piles during the occasional

storms. Western meadow-larks arrive during the first week, singing sweetly from the fence-posts, whatever the weather, as though glad to be back. Then we get the Brewer blackbirds, and by the 10th the vociferous kill-deers are everywhere, and the frogs have started their merry chorus round the sloughs. The bush-rabbits and jack-rabbits are still white, although the latter are beginning to change colour.

Up to April 12th a note-book would chiefly have contained references to the weather and the birds, but now one has other interests. By the 13th we find our first flowers, the beautiful pale-blue prairie anemones, or crocuses as we call them. By the middle of the month these flowers, which spring up everywhere, are plentiful, and by this time the early butterflies which have hibernated from the previous year are about. The bush-surrounded sloughs have a striking red-



Richardson's Gopher



The Jack Rabbit (young)

dish brown tinge—just as if a mist of this colour hung over them—due to the swelling buds, while the so-called pussy-willows are everywhere. Nature has awakened! The air is filled with the songs and calls of birds, and the cheerful trilling notes of the frogs. The plants hasten to thrust up their leaflets, and the earth is carpeted with anemones.

By the 21st the second flowers are found; small yellow buttercups, and then new ones may be seen daily. About the 24th the dainty striped gophers come out. They seem more

delicate than the common species, and do not awaken until nearly a month later. Then the sleek sedate cowbirds arrive, and one notices that many farmers have finished sowing wheat. The weather is generally mild, but variable, frosts at night are common, and there are often powerful winds and a little rain, but on the whole, this is a month during which one feels that it is good to be alive.

In May the weather is more settled. The days are long and sunny, flowers are plentiful and birds in every bush. Surely there is no one whose pulses



The Pintail



The Marsh Hawk



The Swallow

would not be stirred by a drive across the prairie in mid-May. Music is everywhere, for both birds and insects contribute and try to voice their happiness, and one cannot help a feeling of elation in response.

The swallows, black terns and delicate nighthawks come this month, now all danger of frost is past, but not before the sandhill cranes and crows have eggs. The small birds pair and commence building, and the great plains are merry with their calls.

"Every tongue of nature sings,
The air is palpitant with wings!"

Shortly everything will quieten down, for once the young are hatched the males of many species cease singing. The rabbits have resumed their brown coats, and both young bush-rabbits and young jack-rabbits can be found.

But now with the arrival of the nighthawks our pageant is over. Princess Spring has developed into Queen Summer. The prairie is becoming green, the little trees and bushes are in leaf, many birds have nests, and everything is gradually settling down to the peacefulness of summer. Not

to have passed a spring on the prairie is to have missed one of the pleasantest of experiences. The very immensity of everything creates a feeling of awe and peace which those accustomed to life upon a smaller, narrower scale never know. The following lines which I quote from memory express well the sentiments of the average dweller on the great plains:

"Would I change with my brothers in office chairs?

No! Not for their gold would I."

For every one of us there are a few days at this season when the hands of time seem to have turned back, and for a little while we feel as we did twenty years ago, recapturing for a brief period the exhilaration of youth. Children are especially susceptible to this spring influence, getting into extra mischief and shouting and whooping with sheer joy of living. Among their elders the thoughts of every second person turn to a garden, and seeds and tools are purchased and plans made with an enthusiasm which, unfortunately, is only too frequently of short duration. The air is filled with



The Killdeer



The Great Canada Goose

pleasant scents and sounds and there the prairie which awakens a response
is an indescribable subtlety about on in every living creature.

"THE WRONG 'UN"

BY MARK ALLERTON



CROSS the desk in his private office Austin Caird stared gloomily at his confidential clerk. He was a big, heavily-built man with a massive head and an aggressive chin. He might have been a retired prize-fighter instead of a company promoter and share-touter, and at the moment his expression was not one to inspire confidence.

His clerk was a thin wisp of a man with very sharp, black eyes and a hooked nose.

"Looks uncommonly like as if we must put up the shutters", said the clerk.

Austin Caird grunted savagely.

"We've still got a chance," he said.

"It's a mighty poor one."

"Still, it's a chance." He picked up a letter which lay before him and read it again. It bore the address of a vicarage in Somerset.

Dear Sir:

Some years ago I bought, on the advice of your circular, a few hundred Mosquito Oil shares, which I afterwards sold at a good profit. I wrote to you at the time expressing my thanks, and I now venture to ask you if you can advise a young parishioner of mine, Mr. Richard Lavery, as to another safe purchase. By the death of his father he has come into a fairly large sum of money, which he is anxious to invest to the best advantage. I have told him of the success of my dealings with you and he would be glad of your advice. He is spending a few days in London and I have told him to call on you. Perhaps you will accept this letter as an introduction.

I am, your faithfully,

William J. Somming.

"Has Somming bought anything from us since this oil deal?" asked Caird.

John Melford, the clerk, shook his head. "He came out of that dashed well," he replied. "But, hang it all, we've nothing to put this Lavery on to."

"There's Amalgamated Concessions," suggested Austin Caird, looking at his desk.

His clerk made a clicking sound.

"I should say that you'll have the devil's own job to sell him any of those, unless he buys them on the nail," was the reply. "They're one of the jokes in the city just now. I wish you'd never touched them."

"They cost me a cool four thousand, too," put in Caird. "And they're to blame for all this trouble. By James! to think that I allowed myself to be taken in by a plausible old fool like Fisher!"

The two men relapsed into a moody silence. Luck was running against Caird. At the time when people with money seemed to be keeping it in their stockings and refused to be tempted by the safest of gilt edged securities, Caird found himself with only the wildest of speculative concerns on his hands. His former successes were forgotten. When his name was mentioned in the City a laugh of ridicule was the result. Caird's hide was thick, and he was affected only by the financial tightness that embarrassed him. In his luxurious office he was like a spider suddenly bereft of the supply of flies that were necessary to his existence.

"Have we had any applications for

"Amalgamated Concessions?" he asked abruptly.

"Not one," was the prompt reply. "Not likely either. With all those beastly paragraphs in the financial papers."

"And it's ten to one this chap Lavery has read them," growled Caird. "Every fool with money to invest wallows in the financial press. However, let's hope he calls."

Austin Caird dismissed his clerk and applied himself to the worrying consideration of how to raise the wind.

Shortly before lunch time Mr. Richard Lavery made his appearance. He turned out to be about thirty years of age, clean shaven, with the sunburnt complexion and frank eyes of a countryman. His manner was charmingly ingenuous. He opened the conversation by saying that he was awfully obliged to Mr. Austin Caird for seeing him.

Austin Caird motioned him gravely and courteously to a chair. His expression was no longer aggressive. He was business-like in a quiet, benign fashion. He begged to be excused while he spoke into the telephone. Into the instrument he gave instructions for the purchase on his own account of three thousand pounds' worth of Great Westerns! John Melford, who was at the other end of the wire in the next office, received the instructions.

"Now, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Caird briskly.

"Well, Mr. Somming told me to come to you about investments," began Richard Lavery. "I've consulted him, and after considering everything he can suggest nothing like those oil shares you put Mr. Somming on to."

"What interest do you want?" demanded Caird.

"As much as I can get," was the laughing reply.

"I see. And how much money do you want to invest?"

"I've got six thousand all told, and I've got to live on that. If I could get ten per cent. I could do that easily in the country."

Mr. Caird began a discursive review

of the situation. He elicited the facts that Richard Lavery had no occupation, that he was engaged to be married, that his tastes lay in the direction of hunting and golf, and that he was unwilling to engage in any business that might interfere with those pursuits. Austin Caird suggested that his client ought to select some fairly safe concern for his money.

"I can think of nothing that is absolutely safe at the moment," he said. "Look how even Consols have gone down. And what yield do they afford? Hardly anything. Now, let me think."

Richard Lavery waited anxiously and in silence while Caird thought.

Austin Caird raised his head suddenly.

"There's Amalgamated Concessions, of course," he said. "They're dirt cheap at present. There's a small fortune waiting for the man who is sporting enough to buy them at present."

Richard Lavery was all eagerness to hear about them. Caird explained in highly technical language the resources in minerals, timber, water power and so on possessed by Amalgamated Concessions of Canada. He admitted that the bears had been at work and that the company was rather under a cloud at present.

"That's bound to come all right," he concluded. "I reckon that in a year's time those shares will have trebled in value, and they'll pay a handsome dividend."

"But why don't you buy them?" asked Lavery artlessly.

"Only wish I could," said Caird darkly. "But I daren't. I'm in a rival concern, and if it leaked out that I was interested in Amalgamated Concessions—well, you understand, of course."

Richard Lavery said that he did. He also said that he would like to buy the shares. Caird's heart leapt within him as he explained that the entire issue could be secured for ten thousand pounds.

"That's cheap, isn't it?" asked Lavery.

"Dirt cheap."

"But I've only got six thousand."

Austin Caird leant forward confidentially.

"You leave it to me," he said, with a wink, "and now," he felt in his waistcoat pocket as he spoke and was relieved to find two sovereigns there, "what do you say to a little lunch?"

"I should be delighted," replied Lavery. "Only I'm lunching with Miss Forester—I think I told you I was engaged to her? But if you lunch with us . . .?"

He was pressing and Caird agreed. He had no wish to be bored by the company of a sentimental young couple, but he wanted to clinch the deal.

Edith Forester proved to be a charmingly attractive girl. It was at once evident to Caird that Lavery's visit to him had been the subject of earnest speculation. He adopted his most benevolent and paternal air towards her. She, he was told, was the daughter of a clergyman in the East End; she had been engaged to Dick for six months; they had met in Somersetshire; that now that Dick had all this money everything was plain sailing; that they were going to have a good time for ever and ever; that Dick wasn't really lazy, but when they could live on their money it would be only greedy to seek to earn more.

Austin Caird told himself that the man who starved in a world where there were two such fools to be plucked deserved his fate. He watched them with a fat, complacent smile on his face and he thanked heaven for the Rev. Mr. Somming and his lucky speculation in oil.

When he left to hurry back to his office he wrung their hands and truthfully assured them that he could not remember being more pleased to meet two young people. He was also to make an appointment with Dick Lavery for the following morning.

When his clerk heard his news the little man's eyes shone.

"I do believe you've done it again, Mr. Caird!" he cried, admiringly.

"You're a wonder, you are! Six thousand will just pull us out of this mess. It's an act of Providence."

Austin Caird permitted himself to smile self appreciatively. The gods are kind to those they love, and Austin Caird, in the course of his adventurous career had proved again and again that Mr. Micamber's trust in something turning up was justified.

His first caller the next morning was not Dick Lavery, but Miss Forester.

"Has Dick been here yet?" she cried excitedly, as soon as she entered the private office, and when she heard that he had not, she looked much relieved:

"I've been trying all morning to catch him," she explained. "I want to ask him not to buy those shares."

For a moment the room, with its bright red carpet and leather chairs and the maps and plans on the walls, danced before the eyes of Austin Caird. With a mighty effort he pulled himself together.

"What's that you say?" he cried, harshly.

"Yes. You see, the shares might go down and then he'd lose all his money and we shouldn't be able to get married and——"

"But the shares can't possibly go down," insisted Caird, loudly.

"Can't they?" timidly.

"Certainly not. They'll go up. You will make a small fortune. You'll be able to have your car. You'll be able to have all the pretty dresses you want."

"You understand," went on the girl, quietly, "how dreadfully important it is that we should always have our capital? If anything should happen to that money I don't know what we should do, because dear old Dick could never earn any. You see, he hasn't been brought up to earn money and ——"

"That'll be all right," said Caird, reassuringly, but his heart was still beating wildly from the effect of the fright he had got. "You see."

"If you are quite, quite sure——"

“My dear young lady, do you think it is any advantage to me to advise Mr. Lavery to buy these shares? Of course not. But if you neglect this opportunity you will be making a grave mistake. Ah, here is Mr. Lavery.”

The young man bustled into the room.

“Hullo, Edith!” he cried. “How jolly to find you here! Good morning, Mr. Caird. Now about those shares. I’ve had a nasty knock this morning!”

Again Austin Caird’s heart bumped against his expansive waistcoat.

“I find I’ve only got five thousand,” went on Lavery. “I suppose I couldn’t get those bally shares for five thousand? I’ve set my heart on them. I’ve been doing sums and I’ve found out that if they pay the ten per cent. you suggest I’ll have my six hundred a year. Not bad, eh, Edith?”

Austin Caird gnawed the end of his pencil. There was something about Lavery’s manner that aroused his suspicions. He believed that the young fool had the audacity to seek to drive a bargain, that he had the entire sum demanded all the time. Still, the shares were not worth five pounds to him, and five thousand would recoup his loss.

He made a pretence of delay. He rang up John Melford in the outer office several times and addressed him by various names. He even clapped on his hat and went out to see a man about the matter. He did not get farther than the corridor outside. There Melford begged him to take what he could get without delay.

He re-entered his room with an expansive smile.

“You are very lucky,” he said to Lavery, “I’ve worked it. Let me have your cheque and you can have the share certificates this afternoon.”

“Oh, I say, that’s awfully decent of you!” cried Lavery. “I’ll give you my cheque right away.” He wrote hurriedly and passed the slip of paper over. “Will you post the certificates to me?” he said. “I’m staying at the

Metropole. Now we mustn’t detain you, Mr. Caird. I hope to call on you before I leave town. You’ve been a perfect brick.”

The girl and he took a hurried departure.

“Is it all right?” panted the clerk when Caird had smiled his adieu.

“I’ve got his cheque,” was the reply.

Together they stood at the window and watched Dick Lavery and the girl hurry along the narrow street.

“What a juggins!” murmured Melford.

“I’ve never met his like before,” said Caird, “no, never. And I’ve met a few mugs.”

He uttered an exclamation of sheer astonishment as he saw these two young people, happy in their new possession, stop in the middle of the narrow street and abandon themselves to their mirth.

“They’ll laugh on the other side of their mouths, before long,” observed Melford.

“Go and cash this cheque as quick as you can,” was Caird’s reply.

The clerk was able to inform Mr. Caird next morning that the cheque had been met. As the same time he drew his employer’s attention to a significant paragraph in a financial paper.

“We understand that the ill-fated Amalgamated Concessions Company which Austin Caird has persistently touted, has been taken over by Mr. Fisher of Moorgate Street.”

Caird grunted. “They’ve got hold of the wrong end of the stick,” he said. “I bought the damned thing from Fisher.”

But the next morning in the money columns of a popular daily there was the brief announcement of the discovery of silver in the land of Amalgamated Concessions. His evening paper elaborated the story. The City Editor wrote, in amusing vein confessing that the critics were confounded, and that Amalgamated Concessions was going to turn out trumps after all.

“What the devil does it mean?”

cried Caird hoarsely. But his clerk could venture no explanation.

It came the following day when Caird met Dick Lavery in Throgmorton Street. It was Dick who stopped him.

"I say, those shares you sold me are making a bit of a stir, eh?" he said.

Caird somewhat nervously agreed. "You haven't sold them to a man called Fisher?" he asked.

"You mean my uncle?"

"Your uncle!"

Austin Caird steadied himself against a pillar box.

"You don't mean to say he's bought 'em back?" he breathed.

"Yes, rather. You see, I was out there. I'm by way of being a mining engineer. And he asked me to report on the property. A gold mine isn't in it. I wrote and told him so. But the silly ass had sold the concern to you, as it appears."

"And you ——?"

"Well, if he'd offered to buy it back you'd have smelt a rat. So he put me on the job."

"But the Rev. Mr. Somming?"

"Oh, he's my uncle again. He knew these oil shares you were offering were a sprat to catch a mackerel, and he couldn't very well buy in his own name."

"My God! It's a trick, a swindle! It won't stand the law," shouted Caird, his face purple with passion. "You see! I'll have those shares back."

"I guess not," was the quiet reply. "We gave you every chance. When I called on you I knew that you were almost certain to offer me those shares, if you took me for a big enough fool. I'm not annoyed because you did. But my uncle is a jolly decent sort. If you'd played the game he'd have let you in. But you didn't."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. You were ready to sell what you thought were bad shares to a chap who was relying on them for his living, a chap about to be married. When my sister—yes, she is my sister—called on you and begged you not to let me have them, you kept on telling her fairy tales. It didn't matter a tinker's curse to you if you beggared us. So we let you in, and feel happy about it, too. It serves you right."

Austin Caird strove for breath.

"But I did know that the shares were all right. It's happened just as I told you it would happen," he panted.

Dick Lavery winked slowly.

"Then why worry?" he said. "We ought all to be pleased. So long. If you can put me on to any other good things let me know. But I think you struck a wrong 'un to spring this deal on to."

It turned out as Austin Caird's confidential clerk had gloomily prophesied. The shutters went up on the establishment of a particularly dangerous firm of share touts.



THE DIAMOND GARTERS

BY J. J. FENTON



DON'T know why it was that I was always more interested in meeting with Jim Collins than with any other of the boys from the Skeheenarinky district. Jim was already an old man, though he had not yet reached the age of twenty-five. He was neither a hurler nor a footballer, and I don't remember to have ever seen him jump over a ditch or take a running leap at a dyke in my whole life. His ways were old-worldly—I had almost said other-worldly.

I was told that he was fond of reading, and that he would pick up bits of old newspapers on the road and sit reading them in the shade under a hedge for hours at a time. I often met Jim on the Ballyarthur road. He did not seem to have any particular business to do on that road, as it stretched on the other side of Ballymisthael, and led to the village of Kilfinane—that is to say, to nowhere. Kilfinane is one of those sepulchres of the past which are so often met with on the wide pastures of southern Ireland. Its butter market has long since vanished; and the chief business of the inhabitants seems to be that of watching a more than usually lazy hen balance herself on one leg in the middle of the street. Jim Collins never travelled the whole ten miles of road that lay between Ballymisthael and Kilfinane road—of that I was absolutely certain. Then what made him meet me so regularly on the Ballyarthur road?

There is no village other than Kilfinane to be met with on that road. Kildorrey and Ballylanders were reached from Ballymisthael by quite different routes. Skeheenarinky, Jim's native district, lay away in the mountains, beyond the valley of the Funcheon, right under the shadow of the highest Galtee peaks; and few of the Skeheenarinky folk ever found their way farther westward than Ballymisthael. This last-named town swept into itself the traffic of the whole surrounding country; it was a sort of baronial metropolis to all the Galtee region.

Jim always walked. I never met him in charge of horse, jennet or ass during the whole time that I went from Ballyarthur to the Ballymisthael school. As a rule, I met him on the Ballyarthur road about twice a week.

Jim was an enigma which soon developed into a mystery. I made inquiries about him from the Skeheenarinky boys who attended the Ballymisthael school, and I gathered that he was surprisingly original in his manner of life. He never saluted you on the road unless you saluted him first—otherwise he passed you by without realizing that you had an existence. On a few occasions I felt highly offended at this stand-offish treatment on Jim's part of my own noble self; but when I learned that he treated everybody exactly as he treated me, I freely forgave him those lapses of recognition. When I hailed him I always made it a point to speak up—for

Jim was slightly deaf, and I have quite a reputation for making deaf people hear: and the smile of satisfaction that would pass over his countenance was worth going miles to see. His face absolutely beamed.

I never met Jim on the Ballyarthur road on my return home from school in the evening. But I always met him on that road on my way to school somewhere between a quarter past eight and a quarter to nine in the morning, and nearly always in that part of the highway which lies between Ballinderrig bridge over Funcheon, and the little bridge over the Funcheon's tributary, a few hundred yards away. That little tributary forms part of the boundary between the counties of Limerick and Cork. Between those two bridges the road passes through a tiny peninsula bounded by the river on one side and the tributary on the other, and that tiny peninsula forms a portion of Limerick county. I always tramped valiantly over that bit of roadway because I felt that a true Corkman should trample Limerick into the dust. That bit of road has for me a history, which some day or other I may put on record; I merely draw attention to it here in order that it may not altogether escape my memory. When I reached Ballinderrig bridge after meeting Jim I always stood for a few seconds on the bridge to make sure as to which road he took at Ballinderrig cross. He always took the Kilfinane road; and I knew that he had no intention of going to Ballylanders or Tipperary on that day.

This went on for months, and at last I became curious about Jim's movements. Several times I had almost decided to quit school for the day and follow him and find out his destination. But I really loved the school, and I knew that I should get a first-rate spanking from my father if he ever learned that on such and such a day my name was marked "absent" on the attendance roll. At last, however, my curiosity overcame my love of the school and my fear of my

father; and one fine morning I made up my mind to follow Jim whithersoever he went. It was in July; the farmers were everywhere haying; all nature rejoiced and all creation, so to speak, was at work; and two individuals, an eccentric rustic and a truant schoolboy, alone of all God's creatures that day, were idling away the golden hours beneath the blue Clangibbon sky.

Jim went along the Kilfinane road, past Fenton's Cross, and about a quarter of a mile beyond that point turned to the right, and struck across the low meadows of Gortnasna. I was well acquainted with every sod of those fields and with every stone of those fences, and my wonder grew as to what Jim's purpose could be. About half-past ten—we walked rather slowly—Jim sat down on a bank of long grass behind some tall furze bushes; and I sat down a short distance away, behind a similar friendly clump out of Jim's way, so that I might escape his seeing me. But I managed so to place myself that I had every opportunity of studying Jim's face and watching his movements. Thus I waited further developments.

Jim pulled a paper from his pocket and began studying it intently. It was not a newspaper, it was a manuscript; and after perusing it for a few minutes he knelt on one knee, and peered closely around him. He did not stand upright (probably because he did not wish to be seen), and his actions showed that he was studying the nature of the ground near him. He fixed his attention for a long time on a particular spot, and then folded his manuscript and returned it to his pocket. And then—to my surprise—he drew forth a spade which he had concealed in the bushes, went to the spot at which he had gazed so long and began digging for all he was worth.

I was genuinely surprised at this last action of Jim's. The ground on which he was digging was part of my father's farm, indeed it was the most precious part of all my father's pos-

sessions; for it was the field of "Kildana" (all my father's fields, I may remark in passing, had special names of their own, to many of which significant meanings had long been attached), and this field contained what was universally admitted to be the best well of water for miles around—water so cold and refreshing that it was a drink fit for the gods themselves. Kildana lay to the north of the field which was to the north of Gorheenaskaha, and Gorheenaskaha lay to the south of the Kilfane road.

For several minutes I watched Jim with absolute amazement. He worked furiously; big drops of sweat stood out on his forehead, and little rivulets of perspiration ran down his cheeks. Soon there was a pile of sods and earth beside a large hole.

I heard a sharp clang as Jim's spade struck something hard. Jim became tremendously excited, and dug away the earth that surrounded the obstacle that barred the further progress of his spade downwards. He then jumped into the hole; and with a mighty exertion of which I never could be persuaded that he was capable had I not seen it with my own eyes, he lifted a huge stone out of the hole and rolled it away from the edge.

I could see that he was grievously disappointed at the result of all his work. It was evident that he expected to find something, and it was also evident that he did not find that which he sought.

While Jim was sitting disconsolately on the edge of the hole he had made, I was puzzling my brains to discover what could be his motive for coming so far and digging so hard. And then it occurred to me that in several parts of this Kildana field I had noticed little patches of soil that seemed to have been recently displaced by the spade, but to which I had paid no attention at the time. I was now convinced that these patches were Jim's work and that he had been to my father's fields on many of those mornings that I had met him on the Ballyarthur road. His spade seems

to have been a sort of "permanent feature" in Kildana, to judge from the number of reddish patches of soil that met my eyes in every direction. He had concealed it in the bushes when he had last been there. It was quite easy for him to work in that field without being seen; for a long ridge ran through the middle of the field and into the adjoining field to the north of Gorheenaskaha, and in the shelter of this ridge it was quite possible for a stranger to conceal himself without risk of discovery. What on earth could Jim's object be? Was he sane? As I looked at him—his head hanging on his breast and his body hanging over the hole—I began to tremble for my own safety. Was this silent man, who spoke only when he was spoken to, and who met me so often without any apparent cause whatever on the Ballyarthur road, responsible for his actions? Put as I would two and two together I never could make four of the whole business.

And then, suddenly, the incongruity of the whole thing struck me. Here we were, Jim and I, in this month of July, when the whole countryside was alive with haymaking, positively fooling away those existences for which one day we will be answerable to God; he, in digging holes in strange places for something which he never found; and I, in wasting one of those precious days of youth which never will return, away from my books following an eccentric rustic who evidently seemed to regard all life as a dream. Jim, for all I knew, might be a lunatic; but I was undoubtedly a scapegrace to abandon school and pass a whole summer's day following a madman. Only a few yards away, in the meadows to the east of the ridge, on the other side of the field to the north of Gorheenaskaha, my father and his men were hard at work haying, and I, his son, who should be helping him with his labour, was idling in the long grass of Kildana ridge, watching the antics of a crazy man from the uplands of Skeheenarinky, who dug huge

holes and looked for gold, diamonds, treasure trove, water—God knows what—in the soil of my father's farm. And yet the sky never looked more blue than it did that day; the tower of Caherdringha never stood out more distinctly in the distance; the Funcheon never wound a more silvern ribbon round the Clangibbon plain, and I never experienced more happiness than during those idlest of idle moments. And yet I could not deny that Jim and I were guilty of treason against all creation on such a day.

The hour now approached when the ordinary individual begins to think of his inner man; and I could hear my sister's voice calling my father and his hired men to dinner. I felt a horrible hollow open up within me—a hollow almost as big as the hole Jim had made. My stomach cried aloud for something to devour, and yet I felt it was not right that I should eat. I had done nothing all that forenoon deserving of a dinner, but Jim had heard my sister's voice, too: the sound reminded him that he had some sort of a lunch in his pocket. He drew forth a paper parcel, unrolled it, and began ravenously eating some bread and butter sandwiches. The sight made my teeth water; and I, too, remembered that one of my pockets contained something which in the ordinary course of things ought to be stowed away in my stomach. Seape-grace as I was, I could not convince myself that I was a greater idler than Jim; and if he could eat his lunch with a safe conscience surely I could. I drew forth a parcel from my pocket, too, and began to eat the lunch with which my mother always provided me on starting out for school. As we ate, we looked in the direction of each other, and our eyes met. The lunch seemed to have made Jim more companionable and me more sociable, so that neither of us was surprised at our mutual recognition. I had been aware of Jim's presence all along; and he now that he had seen me—seemed to take it for granted that it was the most natural thing in the

world that I should be present at that particular spot at that particular hour. We were soon sitting side by side at the edge of Jim's hole.

II.

To say that I was astonished at the yarn which Jim spun for me would be a very mild and somewhat inaccurate way of expressing what I felt. I had just turned fourteen; and like all boys at that age, was immensely interested in stories of adventure of all kinds. But twenty years ago the Irish peasantry were not reckoned a "book"-reading people—they devoured newspapers readily enough—and the library of my Irish peasant father was a small one indeed. His most interesting possessions, perhaps, was a huge "Life of O'Connell", written by a Fenian writer named Luby, a book that was a collection of yarns rather than a formal biography. This book, heterogeneous as were its contents, was my first introduction to English literature. More recently I had entered the romantic world of Scott and had even attempted a poem in the manner of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel", with the White Knight's henchman, Dermot Aulta, for my William of Deloraine, and some countess, whose name I have now forgotten, for my Lady of Branksome. I had just arrived at the age when romance would appeal to me; and providentially enough, Jim Collins came along at the right psychological moment with a story that made the dead past more real to me than the living present. And Jim actually lived part of his romance himself, which, of course, made it more realistic to me than any yarn spun even by a Walter Scott.

I soon discovered that the whole countryside was mistaken in its opinion of Jim. The popular vote decided that he was a grim, taciturn individual, who never worked, and lived the Lord knows how. He did not work his little farm himself, but rented it to a neighbour; that is, he rented the land, for he kept the "dwelling-house" himself. On the rent received

from his neighbour Jim managed to exist. He became a prodigious reader, not only of books, but of manuscripts, and lived far more often in the giddy cloudland of fiction than in the steady earthland of fact. In the end the fiction became more real to him than the fact; and he walked many a mile and spent many a day in search of lost Elizabethan treasure.

This is how I came to know all about the treasure that Jim was seeking.

As we sat together on the edge of the hole he said:

"My name is Jim Collins. Yours?"

"Johnny Hennessy."

"Hennessy is a good name. I suppose you were surprised to see me dig this hole?"

I answered somewhat in the affirmative.

"Well, I don't blame you at being surprised at what I have done. I dug this hole, I dug those holes"—indicating with a sweep of his hand the little patches along the west of Kildana field which recently had been displaced by the spade, and which I had only noticed since I sat on the ridge to observe Jim—"I will dig other holes. There is a treasure concealed somewhere in Gortnasna, and Gortnasna is a very small townland."

My heart leaped into my mouth when Jim spoke of a treasure. Visions of untold wealth at no remote date floated before me.

But I did not want him to realize how keen I was on that treasure. So I remained with the subject of the townland of Gortnasna, and said, referring to its size:

"Yes, it is small; it has only four farms."

"I will unbosom myself to you," said Jim, after he had taken an extra good survey of my whole person. "I believe you are more interested in these things than most boys of your age. I got my knowledge of this treasure from history—not the history in the schools, but the history in the manuscripts. I have heard that you are very fond of history."

I blushed my appreciation of this compliment. I then remembered that an historical essay I had recently written was read by my teacher for the edification of the whole school.

"Have you ever heard of Fynes Moryson?" he asked.

Now, this was for me what a pugilist would call a "knock-out blow". Who on earth was Fynes Moryson? Gibbon I had heard of and of Macaulay and Thiers and Mitchell; but the fame of Fynes Moryson had never entered my peasant ear. I hadn't the ghost of an idea as to who this gentleman was.

"Fynes Moryson is a somewhat out-of-the-way historian," said Jim. "He was an Englishman, lived in the reign of Elizabeth and travelled a great deal. He spent a considerable time in Ireland as secretary to Lord Mountjoy. His 'Rebellion of Hugh O'Neale' is bitterly anti-Irish in its tone; but his picturesque description of Mountjoy's person and dress is one of the few things I have read which will ever remain with me. Mountjoy has filled my imagination ever since he burst forth before me on Moryson's canvas. Picturesque? Yes, that is the word that most adequately describes Moryson. He is not eloquent, he is not sublime, he is seldom accurate. But he is always picturesque."

I knew little—nothing at all, in fact—at that time of the science of literary criticism, and I was amazed to hear Jim express his opinion of men and books in that way. I stared open-mouthed at this superior being. I had often heard my father talk about books and their writers, but never in the confident tones to which Jim now gave utterance. I felt crushed and humiliated in this august presence. Never did the furze bushes of Kildana listen to such wisdom before.

"Was Fynes Moryson ever in Gortnasna?" I asked somewhat timidly.

"Well, I can't say that he was ever in this particular townland," said Jim, "but he must have passed through this district with Mountjoy when Queen Elizabeth's army—two-thirds

of which consisted of Irishmen—was marching southward to Kinsale. Mountjoy marched to Kinsale from Kilkenny. If you look at the map you will see that Mountjoy's route lay between Galtee and the Knockmealton Mountains, and that he must have crossed the Funcheon somewhere. I know he crossed the Funcheon. I have proof of it, and the proof is here."

Jim produced from his pocket the manuscript I saw him studying a short time before.

"This is not the original manuscript," he explained. "It is a copy I have made of the old one. The old one was so fragile that it could not well bear handling and exposure to the air, but this is an exact copy of it. I have three other copies as well."

"Where did you get the old one?"

"In Castlequarter ruin. I believe that the materials for a great baronial history lie buried around Castlequarter."

It was an extraordinary document to which Jim now drew my attention. It was a report drawn up by Fynes Moryson, under orders from Lord Mountjoy, concerning certain presents which Queen Elizabeth is said to have sent to Mountjoy's mistress, Lady Rich. Internal evidence showed that the Queen was aware of the *liaison* that existed between Mountjoy and Lord Rich's wife, and that she encouraged it to prove her gratitude for the services which the brilliant soldier-courtier was rendering the state. The Queen seems to have been most devotedly attached to Lady Rich and was anxious to show her appreciation of that versatile lady by sending her a suitable present. This present, which is alleged to have consisted of a pair of wonderful Eastern diamonds, fashioned at Amsterdam into garter buckles (they were originally the eyes of some Oriental god) was called by Moryson the "Diamond Garters". It was not quite clear from the documents whether the diamonds which are said to have eventually

reached the Funcheon were those glorious jewels which originally came from the East, or cheaper substitutes, but the evidence for the latter conclusion is very strong indeed. Moryson, we know, was devoted to the memory of Lord Mountjoy, and would omit no item of information that would exalt the position which his "dear lord and master" held in the eyes of the Queen. And the document plainly stated that Elizabeth—probably to spur Mountjoy more vigorously to his work in Ireland—sent him the original Eastern wonders, and Moryson eloquently expatiates on the letter which Mountjoy sent his mistress on that occasion. But Mountjoy returned the diamonds to Elizabeth, for it was understood that he would do so; and we are left in a fog as to what occurred to them afterwards. Moryson, writing in an age when royalty was still an object of worship, could not say in so many words that Elizabeth deliberately foisted inferior substitutes on Lady Rich; but he does state plainly and unequivocally that Mountjoy's mistress burst out into tremendous indignation when she received from Elizabeth, not the jewels which originally blazed in the head of some Eastern god, but altogether inferior substitutes. She sent those substitutes, which she scornfully declared were unworthy to flash below her own knees, with a most angry and abusive accompanying letter to Mountjoy. Mountjoy had left Kilkenny before Lady Rich's courier reached that city. The courier followed the Viceroy to Funcheon. And now Dermot Aulta appears upon the scene. Dermot, about whom tales are still told along the Funcheon valley that makes the hair of a modern man stand on end, never missed an opportunity of doing a good turn for himself, and was employed by someone—possibly an agent of the Queen—to intercept Lady Rich's courier and rob him of the diamonds. The courier was duly intercepted and killed, but before he was

made away with the box which contained the diamonds had been passed on to a second agent of Lady Rich's, who buried them near a small rivulet, where they would be safe from Dermot Aulta until after the conclusion of the war. This second agent was killed at Kinsale, and the secret of the "Diamond Garters" died with him. A certain place was indicated as the spot where the garters were buried, but owing to the mis-spelling of Irish place-names which was so universal in Moryson's day among English writers on Ireland it was impossible to locate the exact spot where the treasure lay. Jim Collins was not the first to search for the garters—Dermot Aulta, no doubt, had tried hard to find them, and had been no more successful than Jim. Jim identified a certain word in the documents as "Gortnasna", but I, when my eye met it, declared that it was "Gorheenaskaha".

"There is no townland of that name," said Jim.

"There is a field of that name," said I.

"Where?"

"To the south of the Kilfinane road. It is the most southern field in my father's farm, and the best meadow in the whole barony. That is where the garters are—if garters there be."

"Boy, I believe you are right," said Jim.

III.

We decided to remain where we were for an hour or two before going to Gorheenaskaha. We wanted my father and his hired men to be out of reach, because the field of Gorheenaskaha was close to my father's house—being, indeed, on the opposite side of the road. While we waited Jim told me that a copy of Moryson's "Itinerary"—the huge volume which contains the "Rebellion of Hugh O'Neale"—was in the National Library, and he had gone all the way to Dublin to find out for himself what sort of writer Moryson was. The re-

sult was to raise immensely his estimate of the Elizabethan writer, and to create a regret that none of our modern Irish men of letters had edited the Irish portions of the "Itinerary" for the benefit of Irish readers. The literary resurrection of Moryson, Jim declared, was essential to a right understanding of Elizabethan Ireland. It would lead to the historical resurrection of Mountjoy, whom Jim asserted was the greatest of all the Elizabethans who had made Ireland the theatre of their labours; a splendid noble, a brilliant soldier and unrivalled courier, a glorious Knight of the Garter. He showed me a photograph of Mountjoy, taken from a Mezzotint portrait in the National Gallery, and pointed out to me how closely it corresponded to Moryson's description in his account of the O'Neale. I had known little of Mountjoy previous to my meeting with Jim, but I now became highly interested in this splendid nobleman; and since then I have made great additions to my knowledge of him and his circle. Jim had copied out long extracts from Moryson's account of Elizabethan Ireland; he said they were the most picturesque paragraphs he had ever come across. The idea of picturesqueness was always associated in Jim's mind with Fynes Moryson's name.

After a sufficient time had elapsed I said: "We had better go to Gorheenaskaha now."

Jim woke as from a reverie. The photograph of Mountjoy and the long extracts from Moryson—many of which he knew by heart—had quite driven from his mind for the time being the garter-treasure he was seeking.

We crept rather than walked along the Gortnasna rivulet toward the Kilfinane road. I did not want to be seen by my mother and sisters, and Jim did not want to be seen by anybody. When about half way to the road I thought I heard a laugh. I was almost petrified with horror as I crouched in the water. Who was the author

of that laugh? Jim was dragging his spade along with him, and made more noise than was needful.

"For goodness sake stop that noise," I said.

"I believe I saw a girl on our right," said Jim.

"That must be Ellie Wynne. She lives in that labourer's cottage near the road. She is a bit inquisitive, and she ought to be at school, but, like myself, she isn't. We must throw that girl off the scent. I'm hanged but she would wear those garters herself if she found them."

Jim dragged himself along less noisily, as I advised him to do. To avoid climbing the fence and crossing the Kilfinane road publicly—thereby exposing ourselves to possible discovery by the female members of the Hennessy family, for my father's house opened out on that side of the highway—we crept through the gully that carried the waters of the Gortnasna rivulet under the roadway into Clifford's farm and Gorteenariffe townland. Jim said that it reminded him of Jean Valjean's tour through the underground sewers of Paris on the night that he bore Morins safely away from the captured barricade; but added that our experience was likely to be less trying than Valjean's.

We had now reached the "bounds' ditch" of Gorheenaskheha, and, owing to the way in which we had crept from Kildana through water and wet grass, we looked like a couple of drowned rats.

"Hang Fynes Mórýson," said Jim as he looked dismally at his dripping garments. It is wonderful how a wetting will influence our estimate even of historical personages and literary men.

"Hang the garters," said I. I felt that there was no impropriety in my saying this.

We had now to find out where the garters were buried. The gully through which the Gortnasna rivulet ran under the road into the townland of Gorteenariffe opened out into a sort of gorge, which was deep and

rough on that side of Gorheenaskheha field, which was farther from the roadway. To that side of the field, accordingly, we went. It was much more likely that Lady Rich's second courier would select a wildish spot for the burial of his precious garters than a comparatively tame one. The gorge at the far end of Gorheenaskheha was wild enough in all conscience, and deep enough to hide any sort of treasure. Both Jim and I decided to dig up, if need be, the whole gorge. We had an infallible assurance that the garters were there.

Our first efforts were not rewarded with the slightest success. Dig as we would, we turned up neither garter nor diamond buckle with the aid of Jim's spade.

A certain clump near a big alder tree caught my eye. The alder seemed to have grown there since the year one, and was as old as Eve's garter, not to mind Lady Rich's.

"Let us try that clump," we both said together.

Now, when an idea strikes two minds at the same time it must be true. We took the spade in turns and worked like fury to get those garters that we knew were lying below. Never before did two men work as we did.

We both shouted for joy when the spade struck something hard.

Something hard. No, not a stone this time; but, wonder of wonders, an iron box! We both went down to lift up that precious box, that repository of Lady Rich's and, perhaps, Queen Elizabeth's secrets, that glorious chest, which, when opened, would display before our wondering eyes the dazzling brilliance of the diamond garters!

I heard, or fancied I heard, a rustling in the bushes behind us. Could it be that that abominable Ellie Wynne was still tracking us?

We were lifting—both of us—the lid—yes, the very lid—off the iron box, and were on the point of being made acquainted with its long-buried contents, when I heard an awful

sound; it was the terrible voice of my father, angrily calling out:

"Has Johnny come home from school yet? Confound that boy! He will never be any good for king or country, let alone for his father."

What was the use of swearing inwardly at this unlucky interruption? I knew my father. He cared more for meadows than for garters; though he would certainly be interested in Elizabethan treasures, for he was by no means ill acquainted with the Elizabethan period in Ireland. But there were certain moments when he was impregnable to all reason, and such a moment was this. I confided my fears to Jim without any delay.

"For goodness sake let go, I dare not stay here another minute."

"And I?" queried Jim.

"You had better bolt, too. I know my father well. He is the very devil when he is roused, and will listen to no one."

As a matter of fact, my father was at that very moment on the edge of our gorge. He had struck southward through Gorheenaskaha from the road. We saw him come, and letting go the iron box—which fell back again into the bottom of the hole—we ducked under the bushes, making ourselves as small as we possibly could. It was all in vain. My father heard the rustling in the bushes. He caught sight of Jim first, and, dragging him forth, flung him headlong down the gorge. Jim took to his heels as soon as he had recovered from the impact which his body received from mother earth. Not even Mountjoy's photograph could inspire him to make a stand against my father. Lady Rich's garters quite suddenly seemed to have lost their attraction for him.

My turn came next. My father swung me around, dealt me a tremendous kick on that portion of my anatomy which happened to be nearest

him at the time, and sent me spinning through the air like a football. I alighted a few feet beyond the hole we had just dug; but my father was so eager to give me another kick that he rushed past it, and saw nothing of the iron box—though he may have seen something of the hole. It was an inglorious end to our search for the Elizabethan treasure.

When night fell I went back to that Gorheenaskaha gorge. Jim's spade was exactly where we had left it. The hole was exactly as we had left it. But the box had been opened in the interval, and its contents, whatever they were, abstracted. My father certainly never became their possessor. I took the iron box home with me; it was some consolation to me for that which I had lost.

Ellie Wynne married five years afterwards. Her father, old Jim, was an ordinary day labourer, who lived in a labourer's cottage, and never had a pound in the savings bank, and seldom a pound in his pocket. Yet his daughter received a fortune of a thousand quid, and married a husband who was a farmer in Kilgulan, a merchant in Fermoy, and a contractor in Kilworth. Where did that thousand quid come from?

I had the chance of becoming Ellie's husband myself, but I did not hit the ball when it was on the hop. Perhaps if I had known—in advance—of that thousand-pound fortune I might have learned from Ellie herself the last chapters of the history of Lady Rich's garters.

Jim Collins went to England about a year after the Gorheenaskaha gorge episode. He sold his little farm on the Skheenarinky hills to one of his neighbours. Before leaving Ireland he introduced me to some more of the antiquarian treasures of Castlequarter, and he became a great friend of my father's.

A MOUNTAIN MARRIAGE

BY JOSEPH KEATING



ROUND the hillsides were the cottages and farms, with, here and there a wood separating clusters of dwellings from each other. Autumn was colouring woodland and meadow in red, brown and yellow tints while the air was loaded with the perfume of flowers and ripening crops. Sheep and cattle grazed contentedly on the sunlit slopes. Men and women were at work in the fields; but the children let loose from school were there in the meadows at play, and their laughter came on the breeze across the valley with the sweet scent of new-mown hay.

The small church of St. Dyfrig, which gave this Welsh mountain village its name, was in the centre of the farmsteads. Its squat, square tower could be seen above the thatched roofs; and at its altar to-morrow Esther Rowland would solemnly be made a wife.

She was a black-haired girl, with red cheeks, and a wonderfully gentle manner and look, deeply wistful, as if the mysteries of the silent hills were hidden behind her dark eyes.

Just now she was staring out of the window of her father's farm, watching the red of the sunset just beyond the mountain tops. There was thoughtfulness in her look. To-morrow she would be leaving home forever. The girl did not view this prospect without a pang.

Her father was by no means of the same mood. John Rowland was aged,

small and shrivelled by the worries of a failing farm. But now he seemed to be in high spirits. He came up behind his daughter and put his two withered hands upon her shoulders.

"Esther," he said, speaking his native Welsh in buoyant humour, "don't look so downcast, my girl. There's nothing to be sad about, you are making a splendid match. He is older than you, I admit, but what does that matter? His generosity takes me and the farm of danger. If he had never seen you—if you hadn't promised to marry him—we should be ruined. The disgrace of that would be a death-blow to me. But your good looks, Esther, saved us, so now we can be happy"

The old man laughed with wholehearted pleasure.

Esther did not even look round.

"Don't talk about it, father," answered she, and the Welsh words had a note of sad music; "I have done as you wished. I don't love Robert Watkin. He is forty-five; I am not twenty. But I will marry him to-morrow, and you can invite the farmers and their wives, and all the young men and their sweethearts, to sing and dance at the wedding-breakfast and wish me joy."

"Esther will never be happy with Robert Watkin," the young men said with a touch of jealousy, as they worked in the fields. Most of them would have been glad of a favourable glance from her. To-morrow she would be taken far away.

Esther's home was a farm in a

slight hollow, surrounded by mountain summits over which the sun could still be seen. The windows glittered in the red rays. The house was rather superior to the other farms and dwellings of the village. It was large and square, and had a tiled roof instead of a thatch. The ground about it was well-flagged. The farm part was at the back, where the labourers were piling hay into great ricks. All its walls and out-buildings were white, and the name Ty Gwyn (White House) was its distinction.

The engagement had surprised the village. Everyone knew that Esther's father was working Ty Gwyn at a loss. Robert Watkin, on the other hand, was "a gentleman farmer" and in a position to make a more profitable match. He was wealthy. It was known that Watkin had spent very little time at farming. He was supposed to have "reformed", but his reputation made people whisper; while the girl he was to marry had grown up like a flower under the clear sun and pure breeze of the mountain. Her virginal charm alone explained the man's infatuation.

The neighbours grumbled at the wedding. They wanted it to be put off till the harvest was over, when a day or two for the festivities could be more easily spared. But the bridegroom was too eager to claim his bride. He would not hear of delay.

He was with Esther and her father that evening, a little later, in the kitchen. They had just finished supper, and the servant-maid was clearing the table. John Rowland sat beside his daughter on the low "settle" near the window.

Robert Watkin was standing in the middle of the kitchen. He was a well-built man and, though a little wrinkled, not at all bad-looking. But his face was intensely pale. He handed John Rowland a cheque.

"Everything is settled, John," he said with a pleasant laugh. "This cheque will free Ty Gwyn from debt.

You shall have no more anxieties while I live."

"Thank you, Robert," said Rowland, folding up the cheque slowly. "But why are you hurrying away?"

Watkin had moved to the door. His hand was pressed to his heart as if in pain.

"I shall have such a lot to do," he said wineing. "I—must not get too excited. I—I am not so young as—nonsense!" he broke off laughing and going briskly up to the girl. "Give me a parting kiss, Esther," he exclaimed, stooping to press his lips to hers.

But no kiss followed. Watkin staggered back, his hand again pressed to his heart.

Esther sprang up. She was able to catch him and prevent him from falling. He looked into her seared face, then, quickly, he recovered.

"It's nothing," he declared, answering the look of the girl and her father. "It's the excitement at the thought of to-morrow—when you, Esther, darling, will really become my wife. I must go and prepare. Good-night—good-night!"

Watkin hurried out of the farm. His intimates understood that the malady which affected his heart and caused him such agony had been brought about partly by dissipation in the years gone by, but he himself maintained that it was due to nervous strain. His home was not St. Dyfrig, but ten miles distant across the hills. He had come to St. Dyfrig at the beginning of the summer, for quietude and rest. There he had met Esther and had fallen in love with her.

"You must take care of him, Esther," said her father. "You must guard him against any shock. Doctor Richards told me that violent excitement might strike him dead."

Esther replied in her quiet, sincere way:

"I will take care of him, father, after we are married."

"I must see him safe across the mountain road," said Rowland, and

he hurried out after his intended son-in-law.

Esther was putting a little red shawl over her black hair and her shoulders, as if she were going to take a solitary farewell walk among the hills she liked so well, when into the farm kitchen came a young man. He was dressed in the rough, earth-stained clothes of the field-worker. Philip Lloyd was, in fact, one of the youngest farmers of the village. His features, beardless and browned by wind and sun, were pleasing. He was just medium in height, and there was an attractive light in his eye. He was just the sort of youth whom a girl like Esther might love.

When she saw him she was on the point of fastening the red shawl under her chin. She stopped, and her hands remained at her throat, holding the shawl.

"Philip!" she exclaimed, as if surprised, though by no means displeased. But the colour went from her cheeks for the moment.

"I saw your father crossing the hill with Robert Watkin," said the young man. "I took the chance of seeing you by yourself. Are you really going to give me up, Esther, and marry a man who is old enough to be your father?"

Philip, as he spoke, went boldly up to the young woman and took her hands in his. His eyes were looking steadily into hers. There was a rebuke in his tone.

Esther half-turned her head away from him and tried to draw back.

"What is the use of talking, Philip," she protested.

"You know I love you, Esther," he returned. "We have been sweethearts for a twelvemonth. Have you been playing with me all that time? You said you loved me. I believe you do even now. Is that true?"

"I am not going to say what is not true," she answered. "My father knows I love you."

"Then why won't you wait for me?"

Why have you suddenly made up your mind to marry this man? Is it because he is richer than I am? I did not think, Esther, that you were the sort of girl to marry for money."

The reproach evidently cut deep into the sensitive girl's heart. She shuddered and tried to free her hands from the young man's grip. But he still held her; though he could not induce her to face him. Her head was bowed sorrowfully.

"Philip," she said, "I am not marrying for money. I would willingly break off this engagement and marry you. That would please me best, but I am not the only one to be considered. My father wants me to marry Robert Watkin, and I have consented."

"You are marrying against your will," protested Philip indignantly.

"No," returned Esther, "I am not doing it against my will. Since my mother died—more than five years ago—everything has failed with my father. It was her help that had made him successful. She was a wise partner in the farm as well as a good mother, and he has never got over her loss. If I had been clever I might have helped the farm to prosper, but I suppose I am not gifted as my mother was, and we were on the point of ruin. You know what a disgrace that would be. My father said it would be his death-blow. Then Robert Watkin offered to pay off all debts if I would marry him. That was the only way I could help my father, and I was willing to do it. I would rather spoil my own life than see my father die of shame. Now let me go, Philip."

But the young man did not obey her.

"Esther," he said, "You are going to marry a man you don't love. You are going to ruin your own life and mine. I love you, Esther; I shall never marry any woman but you—my dark-haired lovely girl!"

In the passion of the moment the young farmer put his arms around

Esther and would have kissed her in spite of her resistance. Indeed, Esther could hardly have resisted, for her head was bowed to hide the tears that filled her beautiful eyes.

But the sound of a woman's voice singing at the open door of the kitchen compelled the lovers to draw apart from each other. For a moment the singing continued, though no one could be seen. The voice was a deep and pure contralto, the song itself was of love betrayed, and the music of it held the young people as if in a spell, as they started towards the open door. Then, as the verse ended, the singer appeared on the threshold. She was a poor, forlorn creature dressed in rags.

She was not entirely a stranger to the village. She was known as Katrina, a beggar, whose wanderings over hill and valley sometimes brought her to St. Dyfrig. The children believed her to be a witch; and whenever Katrina appeared the little ones ran away from her. Upon her head was a black shawl worn and torn, her half-hidden face, wan and white, expressed suffering. It was not an aged face, the features were those of a young woman made to look old before her time by some great sorrow. Beneath the shawl her eyes gleamed brightly. There was even a hint of beauty in the face which not even the ragged costume could mar. At one time, in becoming attire, Katrina must have been a handsome woman.

"Pardon me," she said in musical Welsh, looking at the young people. "Katrina is singing for bread."

Esther, with deep sympathy, at once beckoned to the woman.

"Come in, Katrina," she said. "You sing so sweetly and so sorrowfully. You shall have everything you want. I will tell the servant to prepare your supper."

Katrina came slowly into the kitchen. There was no sign of humility in her demeanour.

"There is to be a wedding here to-

morrow," she went on. "Perhaps they will let me sing, and I shall earn some money. I heard there was to be a wedding, so I came."

Esther was passing her in order to tell the servant to attend to the poor wanderer, when Katrina suddenly put her arm upon the girl's and looked intently into her face.

"Are you the bride that is to be?" she asked.

"Yes," returned the girl.

"I was to be married once," went on Katrina. "It is so nice to see young people made happy."

Esther, instead of being happy, was scarcely able to hide her tears.

"Shall I sing at your wedding tomorrow, sweet girl?" asked Katrina.

"Oh, yes," returned Esther with a sob, and she hurried out of the kitchen. But the emotions that had been stirred up by the coming of her former lover, and then by the suggestion that it would give the bride happiness if Katrina should sing at the wedding, made it impossible for the girl to return. She told the servant to see that Katrina was treated kindly and ran out to the hills.

Katrina was at the table eating the supper of bread and milk which had been brought to her. The lamp had been lighted.

A question she had asked had kept Philip Lloyd in the kitchen.

"Are you," Katrina had asked, still in the native tongue. "Are you the sweetheart she is going to marry tomorrow?"

The young farmer answered bitterly:

"No, Katrina. She is giving herself to another."

"But you love her—I can see that," said the woman.

"It is true," he admitted. "But she is not for me."

Katrina shook her head sorrowfully.

"You love a woman, but she will not marry you. I loved a man, but he would not marry me."

Her eyes were staring into the shadows of the past.

"We are in sympathy," she went on. "We are both victims. Does it not seem that to love is to lose? We are both under a spell."

Then instantly changing her tone she said to Philip with a smile:

"Pardon me. This is no time for such nonsense. I must be going, for I must get ready to sing at the wedding."

She rose from the table and moved to the door.

The young farmer had been listening sympathetically. His own sorrow made him understand another's.

"Ah, Katrina," he said. "I wish you were a real witch. The only spell I would ask of you would be one to blot out forever this marriage between the girl I love and Robert Watkin."

"Robert Watkin!" she echoed. The name caught the attention of Katrina. Her eyes looked at Lloyd piercingly from under her shawl. "Take courage," she added. "Perhaps my spell may yet bring the bride to your arms."

Lloyd, struck by her tone, would have questioned her meaning, but she had gone. He hastened after her, but night had set in and Katrina had vanished in the darkness of the mountains. He went towards his own home. Around him on the hills and down below in the valley the farmhouse and cottage lights and fires seen through the open doors were like stars sprinkled on charmed ground. About the hearths the cheerful gossip was of the wedding at Ty Gwyn and the pleasures in store for everybody next morning.

But that night was sleepless and sad for at least two in the village. Esther Rowland, after seeing Philip, would have drawn back from the marriage. Then the thought of the consequences to her father urged her to keep to her word. If she broke faith it would be the old man's death-blow. There was no hope for her. She must marry the man she did not love; while

her heart wanted the young farmer who was good to look at and her natural mate in years. Her blood called for him. To-morrow she would belong to another man. Could anything prevent it? It seemed not; it was one of those tragedies common to life where a girl must marry not to please herself but to please someone else. What spell, whether of witch or demon, could bring these two young lovers together?

Philip was haunted by the words of Katrina, and hardly realizing what he was doing, he joined the neighbours who were pressing into the kitchen at Ty Gwyn the next morning to welcome the bride and bridegroom on their return from the wedding ceremony at the little village church.

He expected to see Katrina there, but she was absent.

The guests were in high spirits. Old farmers and their wives sat around the kitchen. The women were attired in costumes of striking colours. The men wore chiefly drab clothes, though their white hats sounded the right note of festivity. A harper was tuning his instrument in the yard outside the doors. The sun shone pleasantly on all; and the white walls of Esther's home stood out boldly from the green of the hills around.

The church-bell rang pleasantly in the warm air, telling everyone that the ceremony was over. Then the bridal party came home and all the young men and women trooped into the kitchen. The bright colours in the attire of the young people, the laughter, the snatches of song, the high-pitched voices, the Welsh exclamations, the clatter of dishes, and the clink of glasses as the health of the bride and bridegroom was toasted made Ty Gwyn a house of merriment. The harper played his liveliest tunes while the party were at table, and as soon as the feasting was done, the people formed themselves into a ring around the kitchen to prepare for dancing and singing in earn-

est. The crops lying idle in the sun were forgotten. Farmers and labourers, women and girls, were enjoying themselves.

The bride sat beside her new-made husband and tried to smile, but the nearest she could come to merriment was to hide her sorrow. The bridegroom was flushed and triumphant. Robert Watkin looked around him boldly; he had won the prettiest girl in St. Dyfrig; she was his, and no one could take her from him. He was proud of his conquest.

"Don't get too excited," whispered old Rowland to his son-in-law.

"A song—a song!" shouted the guests, appealing to the bride when others had done their share.

Esther had a pleasing voice.

"Song, Esther," urged her husband with pride and enthusiasm in his tone.

But she shook her head.

"I can't sing to-day," she declared.

"Then Philip Lloyd will sing," suggested one.

Instantly the clamour of voices broke around the young farmer and all eyes were turned to him, beseeching him to give them a song. He had a tenor voice of the most charming quality.

Perhaps in defiance of his own emotions he would venture to sing a merry song. He consented. Instantly a hush came over all in their great eagerness to hear.

Then upon the silence broke a strange voice. It came from outside, through the open window. Esther and Philip had heard it in the twilight. It was the same song of love betrayed—an old Welsh melody sung in a beautiful contralto. Some there recognized the voice.

"Katrina!" they exclaimed in low tones.

"Katrina, the witch!" whispered the young girls.

Yet the beauty of the voice held them and they listened intently.

"Bring her in," urged one. "She sings so sweetly."

Half a dozen men rose and were rushing to the door to bring in the singer.

"Stop!" shouted the bridegroom in a voice of agony.

To the amazement of all, Robert Watkin had leaped to his feet. His tall, well-made body suggested great strength; yet his face was white and his hands were trembling.

"She shall not be brought here," he cried. The guests stood dumbfounded.

At the same time Esther's voice was heard.

"I promised Katrina that she should sing at my wedding," said she; "she must not be turned away from our door. Bring her in. I invited her."

The contralto voice was continuing the melody throughout the interruption. The guests who had gone to her at the bidding of the bride brought Katrina to the door. She was singing even as she stood at the threshold. The sunshine was upon her; the shawl about her head and shoulders was white and clean, but the short skirt she wore was patched and tattered, and decked as she was with ribbons of different colours in honour of the wedding, she seemed to be dressed in gay rags.

Her features pale and haggard and the wild look in her eyes gave out the impression that she was half demented with sorrow and suffering.

As she came to the open door, the girls, youths and elders were gazing towards her. They were formed in two rows; at the inner end stood the bride and her husband, Katrina, when her eyes rested on the bridegroom, at once ended her song, though she was in the middle of the melody. She stared at the well-built figure and fine, though white, face of the man.

"Robert Watkins!" she cried. "It is really you, Robert!"

Katrina was speaking in her native language. All there understood and were watching her with interest. They could only regard her as being a poor

mad creature — half-beggar, half-witch, who roamed over the hills and valley singing for bread.

But Robert Watkin was shuddering under her gleaming eye. He seemed to be unable to move.

She strode into the centre of the company.

"You have married her!" she went on, pointing to Esther. "You have made her your wife. You have made me—what I am! Friends!" she exclaimed, her glance flashing round, while she pointed at the pale, shuddering bridegroom who seemed to be in the throes of death agony, his hand clutching at his heart, "I was once like this young bride. My home was in the mountains—across many valleys. A youth loved me. I forsook him for another—for a man more bold and daring—one who had seen the great world beyond the hills. I gave up all for Robert Watkin. He fascinated me. I was to be his wife. That was many years ago. He was false. I was conquered and forsaken—disgraced. My child died. Shame would not let me live among my own people. I became what Robert Watkin made me—a homeless wanderer of the hills. The children call me Katrina, the witch. But," she cried, her eyes gleaming while her outstretched arm towards Watkin became threatening in its gesture, "if I am a witch, I swore that the spell I would cast upon my betrayer, if ever we should

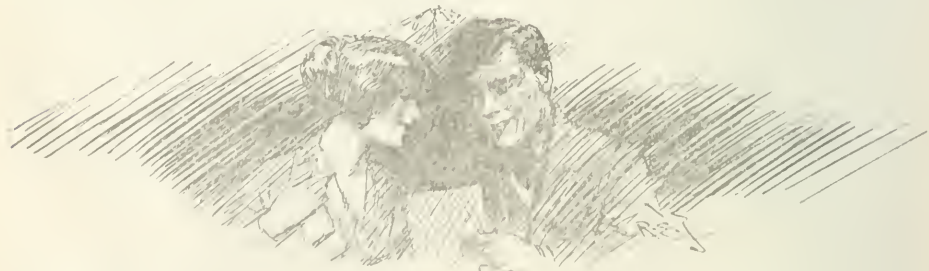
meet—as we have met to-day—should be the spell of death!"

Her voice had reached a scream of mad rage. She leaped to the table where the wedding-breakfast had been laid, snatched up a knife, and, before anyone could interfere, she had turned upon the man with the blade raised above him. The blow fell. The sunlight flashed upon the steel.

Watkin had had time to defend himself, but to the horror of the onlookers, he dropped in a heap at the foot of the table, although the blow aimed by Katrina had struck only the air. The man had fallen before the knife could touch him. But something equally fatal had caught him. The violent shock had brought about what the doctor had warned him against. Under the fear of the punishment of his sin, his heart had ceased to beat. He was quite dead at the feet of the woman he had ruined.

In the disturbance Katrina disappeared. She was never seen about the hills again. Whether she had fallen into one of the deep crevices between the mountains no one knew. Everyone pitied the poor mad Katrina when they knew her story.

But her "spell" had a happier result for two lovers. When all the trouble was past and forgotten, Esther and Philip met at the altar of the little church whose square tower rose above the green summits of the peaceful hills.





STREET SCENE, VENICE

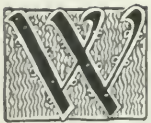
From the Painting by
R. S. Hewton, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada



The Library, Witley College

THE KHAKI COLLEGE

BY C. D. MAY



WITH the enterprise that always has characterized its work in Canada, the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association has, even in England and France, taken a step in reconstruction work ahead of all other educational institutions. It has established at the Canadian camps in England branches of the Khaki College, and in France the University of Vimy Ridge. These are not merely pseudo educational headquarters intended only for the moment, but are serious and highly important institutions whose powers, which of necessity will be largely affiliated, will increase as their worth

becomes generally known. Many young men, especially those who have been engaged in work demanding academic training, have been deterred from enlisting because of the fear that their studies might be discontinued permanently. But now it is possible for a Canadian soldier in camp in England, or even engaged in active service in France, to devote his spare time to a continuation of almost any special or general study that he was engaged in at the time of enlisting. A student of the arts, for instance, may now pursue his studies abroad while serving his country, and thereby gain in academic standing. Or it may be a student in one of the sciences, in agriculture, history, com-



Wireless Telegraphy Class, Witley College



A Class in Mechanical Design, Seaford Camp



Dr. H. M. Tory, President of Alberta University and President of Khaki College

mercial courses such as shorthand, typewriting, arithmetic, penmanship, bookkeeping, salesmanship and insurance, commercial geography, commercial law, economics, and other studies for either primary or advanced students.

Education always has been one of the bulwarks of the Young Men's Christian Association. With peculiar foresight in the present instance, seeing the great need for action now rather than after the war is over, the National Council last year sent Dr. H. M. Tory, President of the University of Alberta, to England to report on the possibilities of giving every Canadian soldier over there a chance to study with facilities somewhat in keeping with what he would have had at home. The first result was the establishment of the Cana-

dian Khaki College at Witley Camp. The success of the undertaking was so sure and so immediate that it was not long before it was found possible to start in a similar way behind the lines in France. In both instances the results have been such as to leave no doubt about the worth or permanence of the venture.

These war-time colleges are thorough both in purpose and equipment. They have a Chancellor, a President, a Senate, a staff of professors, a brigade school, other features common to most colleges and some that are peculiar to themselves. In Canada the movement is backed by a strong advisory committee composed of men well known for their work and interest in education, with Sir Robert A. Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, as chairman.

WILLOW AND WENDY

By MAIN JOHNSON

WILLOW.

HER name is Willow, and she breathes a charm
As subtle and as fragrant as a tree;
She's graceful as a willow by the brook,
Alluring as a leaf—care free.

A willow tree smiles rustling through its boughs,
My Willow sparkles laughter from her eyes.
A willow tree makes soft some garden slope,
My Willow brightens all our skies.

A willow tree brings thoughts of early dawn,
Sunrise and haze of pink and white;
My Willow also makes me dream
Of colour and the warmth of light.

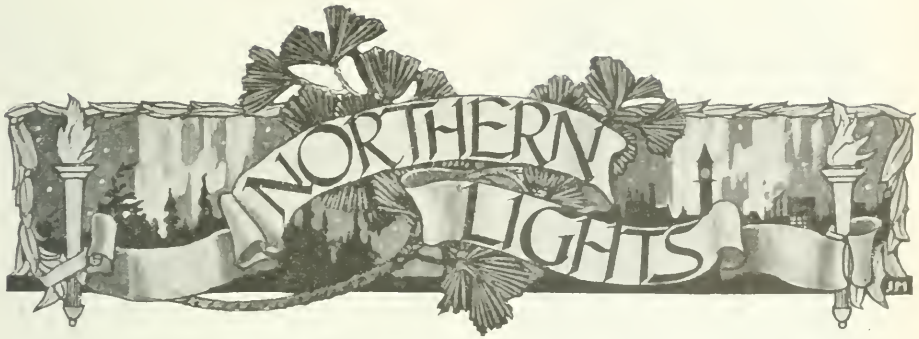
WENDY.

Her name is Wendy, friend of Peter Pan,
Playmate of youth in this old world,
So small, so young, she does not know
She's Joy of Life uncured.

Peter has taught her from his lore
Places to see and things to love,
All bubbling pleasures like herself—
Babies on earth, gay stars above,

Dogs that run scampering up the path,
Branches a singing robin bends,
Sunshine and cooling wisps of rain—
These are my Wendy's friends.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

SIR JOHN WILLISON

IN the annals of Canada the newspaper editor has played a considerable part. Several outstanding figures in our history were closely associated with the press, and on three occasions at least a newspaper editor became Prime Minister. In this country from the earliest period politics and the press have been linked together. To-day the newspapers and the men who conduct them are a great power in the land. Some editors like William Lyon MacKenzie, Joseph Howe, or Francis Hincks became so engrossed in politics that their newspaper achievements were dwarfed by their careers as public men. George Brown declared more than once that public life was incompatible with active journalistic work. In this he was correct, although whether in Parliament or out of it Brown was generally the first man in his party. Sir John Willison, who fulfilled an early ambition to occupy the editorial chair of *The Globe*, may have unconsciously taken Brown's dictum to heart since his influence upon public affairs has been exerted from first to last without a seat in Parliament.

The career of Sir John Willison is a most interesting one. He began as a country lad without money or powerful connections; was ambitious, self-reliant and industrious; displayed a quality of character and an alertness of mind which are bound in the end to land a man in the front rank; and now after more than thirty-five years' connection with the press he is a conspicuous example of the success which is open to a Canadian boy who goes forth to conquer the world. Integrity, courage and talent win always, and these are the weapons with which young Willison began the fight. In his case the rust has not gathered on any of them. He was eighteen years of age when the Pacific Scandal broke up the Conservative party and drove many of its adherents into the other fold. The matchless skill of Sir John Macdonald repaired the disaster in a few years. But there were some who did not return, and so young Willison came to maturity in the sublime and virtuous atmosphere of opposition. This is the atmosphere most congenial to youth and independence. Writers for the press come into close contact with political leaders, and learn more of the mainsprings of politics than the average man, no matter how influential and important



Sir John Willison

he may be. The newspaper writer grows rich chiefly by experience and knowledge. In the absence of a large worldly estate he preserves his enthusiasms and his ideals. Mr. Willison served long in the press galleries of the Ontario Legislature and the House of Commons at Ottawa, and in such schools of training there is much to be learned—about men, and politics, and the motives that rule both. The training may not always inspire, but it broadens a mind which can think for itself.

In journalism events shape themselves rapidly, and in a comparatively brief period—in fact, surprisingly short—Mr. Willison was appointed editor of *The Globe*. This was in 1890. For twelve years he filled that position with distinction and became a foremost figure in the journalistic sphere. The temptation to enter active politics must have been strong, but it was resisted, and to define precisely the attitude of a man who expounds through the press the principles that ought to dominate his party, who is in intimate relationship with its leaders, but who does not

join in the fray, is far from easy. It ensures a large measure of personal independence, but is not comprehended at all by the outsider. Mr. Willison asserted this independence in a challenging fashion when he left *The Globe* and became editor of *The News*.

To make any change in one's party connection in Canada calls for courage. When your party is in power everywhere and you have all to lose and nothing to gain by leaving it, why do so? This is the strictly utilitarian point of view. If you have passed unscathed through that trying ordeal "when all men shall speak well of you", why choose a course where criticism is sure to assail you? Ignoring this warning, Mr. Willison drifted slowly but steadily away from his former moorings. His was one of the earliest defections from the Laurier leadership. He had reached the years which according to Wordsworth bring the philosophic mind and must have steeled himself against misunderstanding and hostility. In Great Britain, where large issues crop up, men change their political associations without much hue and cry. When Macaulay hailed Gladstone as the rising hope of the unbending Tories, he did not foresee that Gladstone would ultimately lead the Radical party. Disraeli began as a Radical. Palmerston eluded a strict party classification to the day of his death. When Joseph Chamberlain was so nearly a Republican that his friends shuddered because, as Mayor of Birmingham, he had to receive the Prince of Wales, there was no visible sign that he would become the Apostle of Imperialism and attack free trade in the political stronghold of John Bright. Where measures dominate politics, these things happen. In Canada, where men loom larger than measures, such incidents were once rare. The war, of course, has broken up everything, and parties are re-forming before our astonished eyes amid the groans of the faithful.

But what gives rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seems one penny the worse!

More than ten years have passed since the resignation by Mr. Willison of the editorship of *The Globe*—surely one of the most influential to which a newspaper writer may attain—engendered a fear of what would happen if men generally began to think for themselves, instead of being handed their opinions ready-made from headquarters every lawful day. The example then set has undoubtedly weakened party ties and Sir John Willison has lived to see many changes that should bring solace to a pioneer. He has become, through *The Times* (London), the exponent of Canada to the British people and the fruits of this intelligent and brilliant work may produce results we little dream of. He has won fame both as writer and speaker. His writings are marked by a thoroughness and accuracy which are not always possible in contributions to the press, and there is the note of authority in his literary style which carries weight with those who are either too busy or too slothful to form and express their own opinions. The fate of too many newspaper articles is oblivion, and even books, as every library testifies, are neglected or forgotten. There is a pamphlet on the railway question in Canada by Mr. Willison which has been long out of print, and a copy of it, so a friend told me lately, cost the purchaser five dollars. "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party" is also out of print, and, like other Canadian books of the utmost value, is not accessible to the general reader. Some persons, who never read the book, have supposed that it committed the author to a rigidly partizan version of political history. Mild jests, with a flavour of malice, have been composed as a result of this supposition. The reverse is the truth. A more impartial, even profound, study of Canadian affairs has not appeared in this coun-

try since Confederation. The book has the defect of leaving Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the beginning of his great career as Prime Minister and is thus incomplete because several things have happened since. There is always this danger in writing the biography of a living statesman. When Benedict declared that he would die a bachelor he did not know that he would live to be married. In the case of a public man, borne onward by the strong current of political development, it is safer to sum up his achievements when his career has closed. However that may be, the relationships of Sir John Willison with the interpreters of different policies must have vastly increased his knowledge of national events and enables him now to form opinions on a wider basis. But it does not really matter what a man's views were ten, or even five, years ago. The war, among its other characteristics, is a war of emancipation in opinion.

More fascinating than politics is journalism and the recollections which Sir John Willison is to write for *The Canadian Magazine* may be expected to unveil in some degree that inner life of a member of the press which touches so many interests, is so completely hidden from the general public, and so rarely forms the subject of narrative. Newspaper writers of long experience are scarcely aware of the value of their own reminiscences. They record faithfully the achievements of others, and modestly forget their own contribution to the history of the time.

The newspaper writer who joins the staff of a great political journal early in life has a share in making important decisions as to policy; knows why this course was taken and that other avoided; forms truer estimates of a public man's quality and character than we who are outside can possibly do. Little of this knowledge finds its way into print at the time, and as the years pass by it is forgotten. For example, we do not

know precisely why Sir John Macdonald held back so long on the federation issue in 1864, or why he preferred to veil his protectionist views until the country had actually endorsed the National Policy. The information can be pieced together from one source or another, but the testimony of an accurate witness of the events is more telling. A responsible reporter or editor knows such things. All the excitements, the surprises and the romance of the inner world of politics are his. Sir John Willison is one of a not numerous group of experienced journalists to whom the political events of the past thirty years are very familiar. His talent for reading public opinion is exceptionally good. His sociable qualities have brought him a wide acquaintance. Effective on the platform his addresses have been devoted to the reflective rather than the combative side of current questions. He is not, in the ordinary sense, a partisan at all. A formidable antagonist, he is not a bitter one. A sense of humour has preserved him from the prejudiced state of mind into which a man often falls in middle life. Well-educated and cultured, in the actual and not the pretentious meaning of that term, he has faced the problems and the history of his native country with a comprehensive intelligence and a devotion to truth which one would wish were not so rare.

The present writer being addicted to the habit of forming his own opinions without much extraneous aid (and, therefore, no doubt, often falling into error) has differed with Sir John Willison in times gone by on more points than one. But no one can doubt his honesty of conviction, his desire to be fair while being candid, and his readiness to sacrifice his own interests if a good cause demands it. It is said that you should not deal in print with a man's personal qualities while he yet lives. In this view all the pleasant truths are to be kept for the tombstone. But it can-

not be in bad taste to record that as a sturdy upholder of the honour of the press, as a man of lofty principles and a loyal and steadfast friend in sunshine or in shadow, Sir John Willison has no superior. If he will draw from the stores of a splendid memory his recollections of Canadian men and events and depict them in the entertaining, incisive and stimulating style which comes of long practice, he will do the state some service. And incidentally he will tell a considerable number of us many things we never knew before.

A. H. U. COLQUHOUN.

*

AUTHOR, ADVENTURER, PHILOSOPHER

A COMBINATION of author, adventurer, philosopher, artist and seaman is Captain Fred. W. Wallace, fish expert of the Canada Food Board. He has crammed a great deal of living into thirty-odd years, and there isn't a wharf in Nova Scotia where he would not be hailed as a friend were he to turn up to-morrow.

It was natural inclination and a touch of the wanderlust in his blood that made a seaman of Captain Wallace. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, he was the son of a well-known shipmaster. He was only eight years old when he first crossed the Atlantic. When he was twice as old he came here to stay, but ever since then he has been on the move—and gathering moss all the time. It would be hard to find a man with a greater fund of cosmopolitan information or a wider knowledge of the sea, its finny inhabitants and its wayfarers.

Captain Wallace has the lithe, taut frame, the steady tread and the clear direct gaze of the hard-living man, used to hazard, always ready for emergencies and courageous in difficulties. He is well-knit physically and mentally and has a broad outlook on men and things. He is full of yarns. Puffing contentedly at his

NORTHERN LIGHTS

pipe, very deliberately and with dialectic colour, the captain will relate choice stories of sea and land. You tell him one and he can cap it.

Captain Wallace is a worker. Wherever he hangs his hat he gives his whole heart and soul to the job at hand, and it is usually accomplished without any fuss or bother. Whether it's taking moving pictures at personal risk, or writing fiction, or painting pictures, or fishing in a dory, or helping to make fish popular in Canada, it's all the same—Captain Wallace is very much at home. A versatile man indeed!

For years he went to sea with the fishermen of Nova Scotia. As a free lance he would share in their work and their difficulties. Then when he returned he would write of his experiences and his name is well-known to Canadian and American magazine editors. He knows the North Pacific, the Great Lakes and the Atlantic equally well. There isn't a fishing bank on the western ocean that he doesn't know from every angle, and he can tell many a tale of the hardships of deep-sea fishing and the lives that are lost in its pursuit: His stories, both written and recounted, are impregnated with the romance of the lives of what he considers the only "real sailors left in this latter-day age of steam". In the spring of 1916 he took moving pictures of the deep. They are quite unique and have been shown in Montreal and other large centres in Canada.

In his Nova Scotian days Captain Wallace was wont to go down to the wharf as a vessel was going to sea.

"Come on aboard, Freddy," the men would shout.

"All right! Give me an hour."

And sure enough, within the hour Freddy would be back with his kit. That was how it always was—impulse, love of adventure, a craving for knowledge. Before long he knew



Captain Fred W. Wallace

all the technicalities of the game. He took from the lives of the fishermen a romanticism of which they themselves little dreamed. And he made use of it. In 1914 his work of fiction, "Blue Water", was published by Hodder and Stoughton. The year before that he started *The Canadian Fisherman*, which is published in Montreal. In 1916 he published the "Shack Locker"—a collection of short sea stories formerly published in American magazines.

During the summer of 1916 Captain Wallace enlisted as master of a vessel employed in the British naval patrol service. In the fall of the same year he was recalled to act as fish expert for the Canada Food Board. The whole country is eating more fish today than it ever did before and this is due, in no small measure, to the efforts of Captain Wallace.

ISHBELL M. ROSS.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

GERMANY AT BAY

BY MAJOR HALDANE MACFALL. Toronto: Cassell and Company.



If we get many more books like Major MacFall's we shall all be turning military strategists. Picture the corner grocery or village store—yet our profoundest forums—of an evening or late afternoon, the group intent, a floor space cleared, cans of baking powder for Calais, Paris, Mons, the Marne, distant, detached cans for London and Berlin; and, marshalling the interest of the group, with indicating stick or finger, he who has most carefully, the most recently read Major MacFall's or some like book. Picture the reverend minister on Sabbath morning, clad in dog-collar and gown, elucidating with erudite deliberation for the benefit of his reverent hearers, schemes and doctrines Napoleonic and Bismarckian amid the hushes of the holy calm. Picture dinner-tables where, the "things" swept into a dishevelled pile of porcelaine and silver, the virgin tablecloth becomes the scene of blackest enemy schemes plotted out by the head of the house, while wife and daughters grow uneasy and watch the clock and think of dish-water.

All this is only to say that Major MacFall's book is fascinating. It is not a respectful book in certain senses. It does not woo the reader with mild address, or flatter him with ingratiating phrase. It bullies him at once and unmercifully in the first

chapter and thereafter continuously throughout two hundred and ninety-three pages. It bullies him with a certain spacious heartiness and unsailability of conviction, and even with such implication of fraternity, that one stands for the bullying—and experiences the sense of fascination. Hardened and unmoved indeed is the reader of the book who, having completed it, will not be drawing diagrams in the dust or on odd bits of paper, and conversing about "war strategy" and "peace strategy" and "initiative" and "army of manoeuvre". So much for the power of bullying. Major MacFall certainly allows no one else to do the thinking. He and his group "who have studied strategy" know, and all the King's horses and all the King's men are as dust in the balance if strategy be not there; and as for the man in the street, if he be without strategy he is become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

At a time when the way is difficult and when often the greatest hearts hesitate for very knowledge, there is a sort of refreshment about a man who has absolutely no misgivings. He at least is in action. And, though contemplation of the goal of action often gives pause to the academic mind, in action itself, once one commits oneself to it, there is, unquestionably, zest and glory. Major MacFall has all the passion, all the tragedy, all the glory of being sure. Anyone who doesn't agree with him is rightful heir to all the adjectives there are of disapproval and condemnation though Major MacFall doesn't him-

self use all of them. One of the chief reasons why the book fascinates is because of its passion. Here is a man to be listened to because he believes. But passion, even when it is sincere, has to be watched. Sometimes Major MacFall's passion, though it may not distort them, seems to make the facts writhe a little under its manipulation. As an instance the references to Bismarck on pages twenty-three and eighty-five may be compared.

The contention of the book is this: Germany has won her war, no matter what happens on the western front if at the termination of hostilities what he calls the Pan-German map remains in being. At present, he claims, it is an accomplished fact. Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Serbia, Roumania, Greece, are practically ready to become a customs union, a mutual benefit society, mutually interdependent, but collectively independent. From the North Sea to the Persian Gulf is an empire—Mittel Europe. Major MacFall claims that no matter what reparation Germany might offer Belgium, no matter if she should give back Alsace Lorraine to France, and even pay indemnities, while the Pan-German map is in being there must never be peace. Germany must be forced within her own boundaries, her colonies retained from her, and Austria partitioned, else all the blood and tears has been for naught. This to timid minds is rather rigorous or even ruthless doctrine, but Major MacFall believes it with his whole soul. He is a "bitter ender" by conviction. His strategy compels him.

Of course, one can read many books and statements of opinion in disagreement with Major MacFall. There are those who are ready to admit to Germany certain legitimate and natural expansions and who do not desire to crush her utterly according to Major MacFall's or any other plan. There are those who imagine, among whom is President Wilson, that any "crushing" policy is alike poor politics and immoral and hope-

less from the standpoint of world society. Lloyd George has not consented in his last public statement to the partition of Austria.

But Major MacFall's book will serve a purpose. It will open the eyes of the man on the street to whom it is addressed to the divinity and deviltry that may lie in strategy. It will make him aware that the significance of battles is learned very often after the event, and then not from the newspapers. It will, if he resolutely buys other books to set alongside Major MacFall's, start him thinking about ways and means, about schools and policies for peace and war. It will give him hopes and fears of a peculiarly poignant kind. And all this will help to dissipate that "sheer slovenliness of thinking, that sheer indolence", of which Major MacFall accuses the man in the street in his first chapter.

I quote a paragraph from page 281:

"The German colonies will not be given back, thank God. The British Commonwealth across the seas will see to that if no one else does; they at least are not given to *suicide for a phrase or a markish fatuity.*"

One could wish that in other editions of the book this paragraph might be left out, not necessarily for its first sentences, but for the part the reviewer has italicized. That part savours of a spirit that all good men and true are trying to shun as they endeavour to work out the destiny of these days.

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LETTERS OF A CANADIAN STRETCHER-BEARER

By R. A. L. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

VERY few letters or sketches of any phase of the war give one so positive a feeling as do these from an Englishman who became a Canadian and as such enlisted and went to the Front as a stretcher-bearer. The letters are written to his wife, and they do not read as if there had been any idea back of them that they ever would be put into a book. They are

almost offensively frank and are by turns buoyantly cheerful and oppressively pessimistic. Here is one statement:

"It will be hard for you, I know, to realize that the Canadians are only a very tiny, tiny drop in all this ocean of —? (Can't find the word). What I mean is—you only hear of the Canucks, and England is intensely proud of them; but—they are nothing by comparison. My county, Yorkshire, has fifteen battalions of volunteers in France now—all volunteers at twenty-five cents a day."

Later on he confesses:

"Ye I hate the very sound of the English accent. I am absolutely an American in all the word stands for. I don't like the English—but—there it is— —but this one town has 'got me' and always will have, as it has all Englishmen who have lived here, from the North Pole to the South. Just give me a steerage ticket across the Atlantic, and without a cent I would fairly run on board . . ."

After he has gone to the Front and been gassed (about which he has but very little to say) and is back in hospital, he writes:

"The men all look alike, in bed or in a blue hospital suit. Only when they speak can you place them; but their visitors label them at once and forever. I notice the men in the poorer class kiss their sons. The rich don't. The poor display all their emotions from joy to tears. The rich seem casual, off-hand, just pleasantly cheery. But—"

The last lines are perhaps the best in the book:

"I never cease to marvel at my amazing luck. Also to be thankful in a truly humble spirit for it."

*

THE CANADIAN RAILWAY PROBLEM

By E. B. BIGGAR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE argument used by many who oppose state ownership of railways is that government operation is not economical, that a railway which profits under private ownership would lose under state ownership. One of the first purposes of this book is to



MR. E. B. BIGGAR

Author of "The Canadian Railway Problem".

establish that idea as a fallacy or, rather, to show that the people support railways whether to the extent of profit to private individuals or no profit to themselves. The people pay in either case, and efficiency, therefore, is one of the first things to be considered. The author states his own case in the preface:

"It will be proved in these pages that railway rates are public taxes, the service of the railway being the prerogative of the state, and that therefore the revindication of this prerogative, long surrendered into private hands in Canada, is not merely a matter of expediency—it is a duty. That the administration of railways by the state may prove more efficient or less does not absolve the people from this duty in the least. Yet on the points of efficiency, economy, and integrity of administration the reader will here have the records of both systems. Let him judge between them.

"In its essence the railway problem is one of self-government, and that being the case, its settlement is not one for railway experts, but for statesmen. It will be well to consult the railway expert as to methods of operation, but surely the railway expert is not to determine for us how we shall govern ourselves, or what rights the people shall abandon or reclaim. No Parliament can use a Royal Commis-

sion's report as a Pilate's basin in which its hands may be washed of the responsibility of deciding whether the people shall own the highways, or continue to pay tribute to the farmer, as in old Rome".

Mr. Biggar is a journalist of long standing in Canada, having begun working on a daily newspaper at the age of nineteen. In 1883 he started *The Canadian Textile Journal*, which was one of the first technical publications in Canada. Afterwards he founded successively *The Pulp and Paper Magazine*, *The Canadian Miller*, and *The Telephone Age*. He is the author of "Canada: A Memorial Volume", "The Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald", as well as several pamphlets on "The Reciprocity Treaty", "The Wool Industry of Canada", and "Canada's Approaching Peril", which was a warning addressed to the Provincial Governments of Canada against the danger of forest destruction. This warning was translated into French by Monseigneur Laflamme, and it is worthy of note that shortly thereafter the Province of Quebec changed its forestry policy and imposed regulations dealing directly with the export of pulpwood.

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FRANCE BEARS THE BURDEN

By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHEN one was asked the other day for an opinion of this book he said, "Oh, so-so; nothing very special". That, I imagine, will be the general comment upon it. But many books that are "nothing very special" are good books and well worth reading. This book, consisting of a series of war correspondent's sketches of France in war-time, is worthy a place in our casual libraries if for no other reason than that it serves to deepen sympathy for France. It deals in easy flowing descriptive comment on Paris, Verdun, the Argonne, and the Somme. It heads one chapter "Who Pays for the War?" and under that

caption gives some interesting sidelights on French life in war-time. But the book is simply one among the hundreds that are being turned off the presses of the world to-day. It is a casual, humble servant of the hour. It is neither great nor mean. It is a bit of the commonplace ordinary writing that has its place and will serve its purpose. A couple of trenchant paragraphs close the chapter entitled "The Business of War":

"Half the scene is shut in by a naked forest of rotting ghost-like trees. They rise as withered bracken from the sodden soil. As far as the eye can see this soil is lacerated with shell-holes filled with reeking, viscid slime. Mixed in that slime is all the debris of war—broken rifles, casques, shells, clothing, bayonets, hand grenades, cartridge pouches, winged bombs, buried and rotting in the mud. . . . Other hideous things are buried there. I see one gray green repulsive form sprawling at the bottom of a shell-hole. Passing through the trenches heavy boots stick out from the trench wall, half blocking the path. Skeleton hands snatch at me. In the end, here is the real business of war."

*

THE FAT OF THE LAND

By JOHN WILLIAMS STREETER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is a fascination for most of us about watching a man spend money. Dr. Streeter sets out to spend \$60,000, and then goes on to spend nearly twice that much. The story of how he does it, told in his own words, is a real romance. His style, free, clear and bright, is the style of a crisp, energetic business man, unadorned and terse, but pleasing. The writer of the book divulges in engaging fashion so much of himself that one is tempted into trying to place him as a type in American society. He seems to have the impregnable optimism, the sometimes harsh sophistication, the power to be fair if not always to be sympathetic, the impatience and the zest, and the obvious taint of "class" that belongs to the moderately wealthy in American society. Because of this many ordinary readers will possibly feel a slight dis-

trust of the book. The average farmer will possibly be just a little wary of the dogmatism of the man who preaches the doctrine that farming pays luxuriously when that man draws an extra ten thousand for his expense account as calmly and easily as most men draw a breath. But Dr. Streeter enthusiastically justifies his expenditures.

The story of the book is this: Dr. Streeter at fifty-three had to abandon his profession. He possessed capital. He bought a 320-acre, run-down farm in Ohio. He invested \$2,758 in a water plant, \$2,100 for fencing, \$8,550 for farm buildings, \$550 for apple-trees, odd hundreds and thousands for other things as the months went by and the necessity for them arose. He organized a "factory farm" to turn out pigs, fruit, beef, milk, etc. He employed some fifteen to twenty persons, housed them well, and paid them well. He sets the story of it all forth from chapter to chapter in his book. As the tale unfolds one becomes more and more absorbed in the endeavour to learn what will happen next. Every year, on the last day of the year, Dr. Streeter and his wife take stock. Gradually they find the farm beginning to pay. It is Dr. Streeter's claim that farming pays luxuriously. He contends that his farm paid and gave him adequate interest on capital invested. The up-to-date farmer of to-day or the syndicate with capital looking for a factory should be interested in this book from a business standpoint. It is as interesting as a novel and as exact and careful apparently as an arithmetic.

Dr. Streeter says in summing up:

"I would exchange my age, money and acres for youth and forty acres, and think that I had the best of the bargain; and I would start the factory by planting ten acres of orchard, buying two sows, two cows, and two setting hens. Youth, strength and hustle are a great sight better than money, and the wise youth can have a finer farm than mine before he passes the half-century mark, even though he have but a bare forty to begin with."

It is interesting to note that \$3.25 per hundredweight was a price for hogs in '95, and \$7 later a great price. One fears to mention the latest quotation to-day lest one be behind the rising market, but it is somewhere around \$20 anyway. To-day when interest is so centered on farming and its problems and possibilities this book is timely. It is, though a reprint, by no means out-of-date.

*

WAR POEMS AND OTHER VERSES

By R. E. VERNEDE, Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

CERTAIN poetic canons have a way of surviving throughout the centuries. The soul of man has a way of loving the music and beauty that comes to him when the strange potentialities that lie in words and their combinations are evoked, and of never letting it go; the soul of man knows when the poet is speaking. Hence it is that certain of our touchstones of judgment for poetry are universal and timeless despite the frantic cries of a too extreme wing of the vorticists and the free verse people. "The surge and thunder of Odysseus" echoes in our English sonnet, and the centuries that listen to the Odysseus and to the fourteen lines of English tongue are akin; they know the same passion, the same music and beauty evoked by words.

One wonders sometimes how our war poetry of these days will eventually stand beside these universal and eternal canons of judgment. When, say, an anthology of real poetry called "One Hundred Poems of the Great War" comes to be made up (by whom? by what Nationalist, or what Internationalist?) in 1950, what poems will it contain? Will one of these poems from R. E. Vernède's book be among them?

Edmund Gosse writes a pleasant introduction, but it is not the introduction primarily of a watchful and loving critic of poetry; it is the introduction primarily of one who loves

to honour brave men who have given their lives away in action for a cause. One knows that the poetry might be poor, but the act of Vernéde giving his life for his country according to his duty as he saw it, was great. This act Edmund Gosse remarks upon and turns over in his mind with an admiring reverence. One feels, though, that had Vernéde died ignobly or traitorously, Gosse would have left his poetry without an introduction. So are our canons of judgment superceded by the pressing issues of these days.

As a book of poetry the volume is not epoch-making. There is a certain urbanity and ease of style that bespeaks the sophisticated mind. The manipulation of words is often pleasant and craftsmanlike. But seldom are words made mystical and tremendous things as Francis Thompson made them or even as Lincoln made them in his Gettysburg speech. The chasms and peaks of poetry are absent in this book. It is better verse than much and less good than much. One stanza in "Before the Assault" attains greatness. It is a poet's stanza:

Then to our children there shall be no
handing
Of fates so vain—of passions so ab-
horr'd—
But peace—the peace which passeth un-
derstanding—
Not in our time—but in their time, O
Lord.

"Friendship" is a pleasant little pre-war poem:

I had a friend, and so we went together,
Merry and armed for every kind of wea-
ther;
Far was the road, but tired no man could
find us,
We laughed at the hills, so soon they drop-
ped behind us.

I had a friend—yet not long had we
started
When we fell out and in our anger parted:
The clouds slipped down; the mountains
rose to screen him.
Oh, passersby, long years I have not seen
him!

Far is the road, and always it is lonely.
I am a man, and therefore march I—only

It lures me not—the goal for which we
started;
I seek my friend—my friend from whom
I parted.

*

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLU- TION

BY RHETA CHILDE DORR. Toronto: The
Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS book will dispel much of the general ignorance regarding actual political conditions in Russia. The author has an intimate knowledge of Russia, and while she sympathizes with the people in their struggle for freedom of government, she criticizes without stint the methods of some of the leaders. She explains the aims and objects of the Bolsheviks and other parties, and gives the reader a basis for understanding conditions in that great land of many conflicting elements.

*

NATIONALISM

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Can-
ada.

IT is not easy, merely by reading "The Gardener", "Gitanjali" or "The Post-office", for instance, to appreciate Tagore's philosophy, but here in three lectures it is pretty clearly defined—his vision of that time "when nationalities shall be wiped out and men shall live not as citizens of this or that country, but as citizens of the world". There are three lectures, "The Nationalism of the West", "The Nationalism of Japan", and "The Nationalism of India". To us the first is of most interest. Tagore discovers disharmony in man's nature, disharmony of which the West "seems to have been blissfully unconscious. The enormity of its material success has diverted all its attention toward self-congratulation on its bulk. The optimism of its logic goes on basing the calculations of its good fortune upon the indefinite prolongation of its railway lines toward eternity".

TWICE-TOLD TALES

TAKE YOUR PICK

Two sons of toil were taking a walk through the west end the other day, looking at the shops. Among others, they at last came to a jeweller's, and both gazed enviously at the wealth of gems displayed in the window. Loose stones lay scattered about in distracting profusion.

As they stood the fascination of the gems grew upon them. At last the silence was broken by Bill, an Englishman.

"All right, ain't it?"

"Ay," breathed Sandy.

Then followed another long silence once more broken by Bill:

"Ow'd you like yer pick among that lot, Sandy?"

Sandy looked at him contemptuously.

"Pick!" he snorted. "Shovel, you mean!"—*Pearson's*.

*

DIFFERENT GORGE

"How about the beautiful gorge you advertised?"

"Yonder it is," said the landlord. "Did you ever see a more wonderful ravine?"

"Bah! I thought a gorge meant a great big meal."—*Kansas City Journal*.

*

FOR THOSE OUTSIDE IT

Willie: "What kind of a book is 'Who's Who', dad?"

Crabshaw: "It's a work, my boy, in which others see us as we see ourselves."—*Life*.

*

He: "Be mine, and make me the happiest man in the world."

She: "Sorry, but I want to be happy myself."—*London Opinion*.

WHEN THEY WERE CHEAP

Two actors were discussing their professional careers. One of them mentioned that since he last saw the other he had left the stage.

"But why did you leave the stage?" his friend asked in surprise.

"Well," the other replied, "I had a hint that I was not suited for it."

"I see," was the friend's comment. "The little birds told you, eh?"

"Well, no; not exactly," was the reply. "But they might have become birds if they had been allowed to hatch!"—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

*

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

A young society woman was having a chat one evening with a young man whom she had just met. They were in the conservatory.

"Which do you admire the greater," inquired the young belle, "black eyes or blue?"

"Well, really," replied the young fellow slowly, "the light is so dim here, I can't say just now."—*National Monthly*.

*

During the severe storm that flooded Galveston and caused some loss of life and much damage to property, an artillery officer, on leave of absence, telegraphed to his superior officer in command of the Coast Defenses at that point.

"Sympathy to the regiment; where are my clothes?"

The answer he received was:

"Sympathy from the regiment—you have no clothes."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



THE THREE SISTERS
As seen from Canmore, Alberta.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



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THE HIGH MORAL STATUS OF OUR FIELD ARMY

BY J. D. LOGAN

LATE SERGEANT, CANADIAN INFANTRY, FRANCE



URE buncombe and alarm! Thus, in a single exclamatory phrase, would I signalize the untruth of almost all the charges and counter-charges that have appeared in the press and that have been uttered from the pulpit and the platform respecting the moral status of the Canadian army at the battlefront. No editor sitting in his office chair at home, and not even the reverend doctors of divinity who went overseas and made alleged investigations of our soldiers' morals, could possess anything more than partial facts and a distorted view of the real truth as to whether or not the Canadian army in the field was given to drunkenness and sexual sensuality. They could not possess the truth in the matter and thus could not speak with indubitable authority *pro* or *contra*, because by no possibility could they know the "inside"

facts of army life—unless they had served for long months in the ranks on active service, which, of course, is contrary to fact. Only a soldier who has served long in the ranks at the Front and who also has, besides his first-hand knowledge of the life and habits of his comrades in the line, intimate acquaintance with official army vital statistics and with the reports of army Medical Officers, can be a real eye-witness of the "inside" facts about our soldiers' morals, and thus a reliable reporter of the facts or an interpreter who speaks, as it were, *ex cathedra*—with authority and infallibility.

Now, it happens that I am one who is the kind of soldier so informed as to know and to be able to report or interpret the facts about the morals of our soldiers at the Front. Barring the very remotest possibility of my being a lying partizan or a sensational journalist, the public can feel

"safe in taking chances" on accepting me as an authentic and reliable eyewitness and reporter of the truth about the moral status of the Canadian army at the Front. For I was for months a soldier in the ranks of the Canadian Infantry at the battle-front in France. Also I was Sergeant-Inspector of sanitation for my own battalion in the field; had access to the official army vital statistics; and was in close relation, professional and personal, with the Medical Officer of my unit. So that by virtue of these army functions and relations in the field I came to have a first-hand knowledge of the truth about the degrees of sobriety and sexual continence obtaining in the ranks of the Canadian army in the foreign field. And these are the conclusions I was compelled logically to draw from my experience of observed facts: (1) That the Canadian army at the Front is essentially a sober and continent army; (2) that, in general, the moral health of the Canadian army in the field is as excellent as our soldiers' admirable and enviable physical health, and (3) that if any Canadian father has a son who is "sowing his wild oats" and who refuses to be "straightened up" by paternal advice and warning and home influences, such a father will find in the army the very best of reformatory schools. For army discipline and army inculcation of respect for and obedience to authority will, unless one is innately depraved, practically guarantee moral reformation. At any rate, in the large, volunteer citizen-soldiers while on active service will be better men morally as well as physically; and when they return from war will be better fitted, morally and physically, for higher citizenship in the new democracy that is to be.

In what follows I shall not be engaged on a preachment, or a polemic, or a defence, or even an apology. I shall aim to report history—to enlighten the public. Incidentally, I

trust I may sustain the patriot fathers and mothers and wives who loyally sent their sons and husbands to war against the Huns and who yearn to know truly whether their "lads over there" are safe from, or are successfully repulsing, the attacks of those insidiously fell Huns that kill the soul as well as the body, namely—strong drink and sexual vice. I turn now to submit proofs *presumptive* and proofs *factual* of the essential sobriety and continence of the Canadian army at the Front.

First of all, what inference must we draw logically from the facts of the general health of our army in the field? Indisputably, the health of the ranks is very excellent. Taking my own battalion as an average battalion, I know that the amount of illness in the unit during the first six months of active service in the field was about two and one-half per cent., or twenty-five cases of illness per 1,000 men, including sicknesses of all sorts—colds, asthma, tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid, dysentery, tetanus, trench and relapsing fever, and loathsome diseases. Now, this extraordinary state of good health amongst the rank and file of our army would be impossible if our fighting forces were given over to boozing and sexual incontinence. For drunkenness and infections from sexual vice would have so debilitated the bodies of our soldiers that they would have been unable to resist even the more common physical ills of life, such as colds and fevers. The presumption, then, is that in view of the good general health of our troops at the Front there must be, to say the least, a very negligible degree of boozing and incontinence in the Canadian army in the field.

Again: the same conclusion is to be drawn from the splendid exhibition of courage and "nerve" by our men in the line. The first time a man goes into the line, he goes forward with courage and even cheerfulness. Why? Because his experience is a

novel adventure. But in the midst of the adventure and excitement he looks upon sights—oh, the ghastly horror of them—that utterly rend his soul: fallen comrades all about him, armless, legless, even headless, or mangled beyond conceivable mutilation. What psychological changes are, under these circumstances or from the vivid memory of them, sure to occur in the mind and heart of a fighting soldier? Just these: a decrease in his sense of adventure in going into the line and an increasing dread of the enemy fire, each succeeding time he is ordered to go with his unit into the line. It is not that the fighting soldier lacks courage, but that, after what he has been through and seen in the trenches, he cannot help having less and less “nerve” for the hellish fray, each succeeding time that he must go into the line. Now, every adult civilian knows that boozing and incontinence make nervous wrecks of all men, no matter how strong by natural physical constitution, who indulge in the vices of inebriety and incontinence. It would be impossible for thousands of our fighting soldiers to go into the line with courage and the “nerve” required to face horrid mutilation of body and ghastly death—if they were boozing and suffering from infections from vice. But they do go into the midst of war’s howling and terrible holocausts, time after time, for months. They do keep their nerve and stand firm, heroic in hell. The presumption, the logical inference, then, is that the Canadian army is an essentially sober and continent army.

Once more: there remains another proof presumptive of the high moral status of our fighting forces at the Front. It is a psycho-physiological phenomenon by itself. I mean the winning fight which our wounded soldiers put up in the way of will power and physiological resistance to wounds that would otherwise, in all likelihood, prove mortal. I instance

two characteristic cases. The first is the case of Private Porter, who was horribly wounded by shrapnel. He crawled into a nearby shell-hole; and there he lay for forty-eight hours, with his wounds suppurating until, when discovered by comrades, the wounds were swarming with maggots. Yet so excellent was his physical and nervous condition and so persistent was his will not to die that he recovered and lives to-day. Then there is the case of Private Prentice, who was voluntarily doing sentry duty for a comrade. A church tower, hit by a long-distance shell, fell on him. When dug out of the débris the Medical Officer observed that it was futile to take the man to a hospital, because, as he said, Private Prentice was dead. However, with fifteen wounds and a terribly mutilated face and jaw, Prentice lingered several months in French and English hospitals, where the surgeons regarded his case as hopeless. But with splendid determination to live he defied and fought against death, in which he was helped by a naturally strong body, and eventually recovered. To-day he is at home in Canada, unfit for further service, but a “going concern”. Now, how could our wounded soldiers exercise such dogged resistance of will and of body to death that they eventually recover—if it were true that the Canadian army in France was given over to boozing and incontinence? For these vices debilitate profoundly men’s physical constitution and volitional powers. The fact, then, that the physical condition of our soldiers’ bodies is superior to their condition in civilian life and the fact that wounded soldiers exhibit the most astounding exercise of will power and physiological resistance when suffering from seemingly mortal wounds are, surely, an impressive proof presumptive of the essential sobriety and continence of the Canadian army in the fighting field.

I turn now to the factual proofs of the genuine sobriety and moral clean-

liness of the Canadian army on active service in the field. Considering, first, the matter of "booze-fighting" in our army in France, I observe that for several sufficient reasons it is practically impossible for soldiers while on active service in the field to get drunk or to protract boozing. The facts are these: the men cannot get the kind of stuff from which "booze-fighters" are made; and, even if they could obtain the stuff, army regulations in the matters of time "off duty", soldiers' pay, and punishment for crimes would prevent anything but the most negligible abuse of the beer and the light wines supplied by the army "wet" canteens and by the French *estaminets*. In particular: first, soldiers on active service in the field are seldom in areas where "hard liquor" can easily, if at all, be obtained. By military regulation and orders, dire punishment is visited on the proprietor of any French *estaminet* who clandestinely sells rum or other spirituous liquors to soldiers; and the thrifty French are careful or shrewd enough to take no chances. All that our soldiers on active service can legitimately purchase in the way of alcoholic beverages are French beer, a French white wine ("*vin blanc*"), and a cheap French (so-called) champagne—all of which, *per se*, are the merest apologies for intoxicating drinks. But there is another beverage which is a vile and a sort of "rapid-fire" intoxicant. It is, however, a soldiers' own concoction, and goes by the aptly descriptive name of "lunatic soup". I shall briefly describe these soldiers' beverages and their effects on the human system.

The French beer is a very indifferent cross between our domestic so-called temperance lager and onion soup—at least it tastes like and affects the system like such a concoction. It is cheap and watery; and if a soldier drank two gallons of it at a sitting, he might as well have drunk so much molasses and water, so far as its causing any appreciable stimu-

lation of body and imagination is concerned. The French "*vin blanc*" is a cheap brand of white wine, which tastes and acts like a very mild vinegar. The French champagne sold to soldiers is also cheap and mild. Now, this "*vin blanc*" costs a half-franc (or sixpence) a wineglassful, and the champagne costs from seven to ten francs (or from \$1.40 to \$2.00) a bottle. In the field soldiers are paid, if they are on hand to be paid, fifteen francs (or about \$3.00) fortnightly. Fifteen francs can buy at the most no more than two bottles of the cheapest champagne. And since, like the French beer, a great deal of it must be drunk to cause any appreciable degree of intoxication, fifteen francs' worth would go little way towards over-stimulation of the nervous system. Moreover, in an hour or two a soldier's fortnightly pay is gone, and he cannot get any more pay for at least another fortnight. Finally, military regulations and police supervision over the French *estaminets* absolutely prevent beer and wine being sold for more than two hours (six o'clock to eight o'clock) in the evenings to our troops. Accordingly, considering the opportunities or permitted time for drinking, the quality of the French beer and wine, and the small amount of money (pay) a soldier possesses in a fortnight or a month—what chances have our forces in the field for boozing or drinking to excess? The chances are practically *nil*.

Yet there have been instances of individual soldiers, while in rest quarters or even in the line, being the worse for liquor. How was this possible? While in billets in a village it could happen in two ways. French civilians are allowed to buy "hard" liquors at the *estaminets*. A soldier might bribe one of the French civilians to buy a considerable quantity of rum or whiskey and sell it to the soldier. But the French are very inept "boot-leggers", and it would be difficult for a soldier to bribe a French

civilian to get him spirituous liquor. Still, it has been accomplished. "Lunatic soup" is the facetiously cynical name given by soldiers to an intoxicating beverage in France. The Australian troops, I understand, invented the name for the concoction. But they do not drink it. The Canadians "try" it once—just once; and then, like the Australians, eschew it forever afterwards. "Lunatic soup" is a soldiers' own concoction, or, rather, a soldiers' exclusive method of mixing drinks. The method is to consume as large quantities of French beer, "*vin blanc*", and champagne as possible—and then wait for results. The intoxicating results are slow at the beginning, but sudden and inevitable in the end. I need not describe them; they are sufficiently suggested by the sobriquet "lunatic soup". In the line, an individual soldier may happen to get "tanked up" either by the accident of finding a lost S.R.D. jug containing soldiers' rum rations or by stealing a quantity of rum from the quarters of the officer who may have charge of the rum rations. But such cases are very, very rare. Moreover, the term rum rations is now, as it has been for many months, only a witticism. For only on extraordinary occasions, such as after a long, hard turn in the cold and wet with a working party, or, in action, when a wounded or exhausted soldier really needs a stimulant, is a rum ration served to Canadian troops—and, if so, the quantity served is, honestly, hardly more than a thimbleful.

In the field, then, the only cases of drunkenness are strictly individual cases, rare in place and time, and quite negligible. For the time spent in drinking the cheap washy French beer is negligible; and the amount consumed at a sitting, or even in a month, is quite harmless. In short, in the field the Canadian army is a genuinely sober body of fighting forces.

On the other hand, when, after long wearying days or months in the fight-

ing line, our soldiers are granted leave to London and other cities in the United Kingdom, it does happen that they inevitably meet insidious and overwhelming temptations. Since the loneliness of the soldier on pass in a great and strange city is very depressing, since he is avidly yearning for human companionship, and since the "pubs" of London and other British cities are inviting social centres, it is only natural and to be expected that there should be some drinking to excess by soldiers on leave. But still, I can honestly say this—that when I was enjoying my evacuation pass of fourteen days' leave from my regimental depot, I did not see one drunken Canadian soldier on the streets of London, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, or Edinburgh—and they were there in hundreds. Even on Christmas Day, 1917, which I spent in London, I saw no drunken Canadian soldier, but I did see several British civilians jagged, juiced, jabbering, and jumping. So that, in my view, the evidence is conclusive that in the field, or while on leave in the United Kingdom, Canadian soldiers are essentially sober men; and, in any case, their moral status in sobriety is, considering the quantity of insobriety per one thousand men, much higher than obtains in a civilian population, say, in a Canadian village or town of one thousand inhabitants.

As to the degree of incontinence in our army in France, I can put the facts summarily. In the field, even when our men are quartered in villages for a rest after being in the line, Canadian soldiers are immune from temptation, and live thoroughly chaste lives. For there are no such temptations possible, because the war has emptied the villages and towns of all females from fifteen years upwards, except old women. All the youths and men have gone to the war; and the young women, too, are gone somewhere to do their bit for the war, presumably in the munitions plants and other necessary industries, tak-

ing the place of their fathers, husbands, and brothers. In the villages and towns one finds only old men, old women, and small children. How, then, can anyone who is not an actual eyewitness of army life in the field really know the truth or charge that our soldiers at the Front are given to incontinence. The charge is absurd.

On the other hand, real moral danger stalks our soldiers when on pass in the cities of France and England. In Paris and in London the temptations to incontinence are, I must admit, ubiquitous, and almost inescapable and overwhelming. Only innate character and loyalty to their own people can protect our soldiers on leave in Paris or in London, and save them from the temptress, as, in my own observation, innate character and loyalty have, in the great majority of cases, actually done. Such exceptions as have occurred have been inevitable, and when considered relatively to the total chastity which obtains in the Canadian army are to be regarded as negligible.

Reviewing all I have written to show truthfully the moral status of the Canadian army at the Front, I

can confidently reassure fathers and mothers and wives that they have no grounds to be disquieted over any alleged prevalence of insobriety and unchastity in the rank and file of our fighting forces. Despite a certain inevitable degree of degradation in manners and speech, due to the rough-and-ready communism of the army and the life-and-death democracy of the trenches, army life in the field is a first-rate conservator of morals. The physical health of our soldiers at the Front, and even in the trenches, is superb; nay, better than it ever was when the men were civilians; and their moral health is as excellent as their admirable and enviable physical condition. The Canadian army at the Front is a notably sober and chaste army. Any other view, opinion, or belief is not logically tenable by those who look squarely at the facts as I have submitted them. Myopic moralists may continue to hold to opinions other than mine and to publish startling charges against our soldiers at the Front. These charges I shall stigmatize, to use again my opening phrase, as pure buncombe and alarm.



REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

II. EARLY DAYS IN JOURNALISM



FROM boyhood I thought of journalism as the pursuit to which I would like to devote myself. I do not say profession, because journalism is not exactly a profession, nor exactly a trade, nor always a means of livelihood. In confidential intercourse with my companions I often declared, not in sheer vanity or arrogance, that I would be editor of *The Globe*. Behind the conviction there was more of instinct than of conceit. So far as I know I come of a stock of writers and preachers and publishers. But I have never been interested in the pursuit of ancestry. That is not because I have read Bret Harte's "First Family of Tasajara", nor because I have been deterred by the experience of the man who paid £500 to discover his ancestors and £1,000 to have the facts suppressed. Who was it that said the vital question is not where you came from, but where you are going, not what you inherited from the past, but what you leave to the future?

Still we are directed by forces that are in our "bones and blood". There are voices within us that call across great distances. In a second-hand bookshop in Birmingham I found a book more than 200 years old by John Willison, M.A., "Late minister of the Gospel at Dundee", entitled "The Balm of Gilead for Healing a Diseased Land". One scoffs, but what

is the true mission of the journalist, whether one confesses it or not, but to find this "Balm of Gilead" for the humours and distresses of his time? If one does not possess the evangelical spirit, and strive to make the world cleaner and better, what profit hath he "of all his labour wherein he laboureth under the sun". There may be the flavour of cant in the suggestion, but I do believe that the true journalist is most happy in the prosecution of movements which assail abuses and diffuse social blessings. If he thought chiefly of wealth or position he would not plant his ladder upon any such unstable foundation. It may be that occasionally there is the clink of dollars between the sobbings for "the people". In the business office there may be "wicked partners". If it were not so possibly the sheriff would forever hover in the offing.

My first contribution to a newspaper appeared in *The Whitby Chronicle*, then edited by Mr. W. H. Higgins, who like so many of the craft found his final refuge in the civil service. This was a poem of dejected spirit and portentous solemnity. Never was there a sadder message for a gray world, ailing by heredity, evil by tendency, and vicious by instinct and practice. At the moment I was under the inspiration of Swinburne, and if my verses were not as mellifluous as the master's they were as evasive and mysterious. It

was not my fault that those who read would not understand nor "return from iniquity". Fortunately the verses had no gift of life, and I am comforted by knowledge that the fyles of *The Chronicle* have not been preserved.

I also imposed verses of flagrant sentimentality upon *The London Daily Herald*. *The Herald* departed this life long ago, and it may be that my verses contributed to its demise. The first letter on any public question that I offered for publication appeared in 1876 in *The Guelph Mercury*. The Dunkin Act, which was the forerunner of the Scott Act, was submitted in Wellington county. There was a hard contest and ultimate defeat for the prohibitory measure. On some phase of the controversy I expressed a weighty opinion, and *The Mercury* was hospitable. I forget whether I wrote over my name or as "Total Abstinence", "Pioneer", "Ratepayer" or "Pro Bono Publico". Any one of these would have carried more authority than my own signature.

Many excellent speakers appeared in Wellington during that contest. Among these were Mr. E. King Dodds, Mr. Joseph Gibson, Mr. James Fahey, and Mr. Marvin Knowlton. The chief protagonists were King Dodds and Gibson. Generally they met each other at joint meetings. Mr. Gibson was a ready, eager and versatile debater with style and method greatly in contrast with those which Mr. King Dodds adopted. The champion of the prohibitionists was fluent, direct, sincere and eloquent without tinsel or tawdriness. King Dodds was verbose and torrential. He was a master of all the artifices of platform advocacy. Fertile in sympathy or indignation, as the occasion required, he often produced striking, immediate effects. The fashion of oratory which King Dodds affected is passing as the cause for which he contended has gone down to defeat. It is the fortune of Joseph Gibson, in a serene

and honourable old age, to rejoice in the victory for which he fought so long with unquenchable ardour and unflinching courage. I like to think that between Mr. Gibson and Mr. King Dodds on the platform there was conflict without acerbity and contention without detraction. When I asked Mr. Gibson if this was so he said: "Yes, E. King Dodds and myself were on the best of terms. I can see no reason why public men who differ about some public question should allow the difference to affect their personal relations." In the old days the joint meeting was often a school of courtesy and, if there was much raillery and banter, accuracy and moderation of statement were essential if any permanent effect was to be produced. If sometimes joint meetings were disorderly and turbulent we know that the later fashion does not always ensure quiet and decorum.

On the night before the polling in Wellington county a meeting in the City Hall of Guelph was announced by the prohibitionists. Mr. James Fahey appeared as the champion of the opposing forces. There is reason to think that Mr. Fahey had deliberately settled upon the course that he would pursue. Whether the dispute that arose before the meeting could be organized was over the selection of a chairman or the time to be allotted to the various speakers I do not recollect, but it is certain that the meeting never was organized nor any speech delivered. With consummate strategy Mr. Fahey made objection to every proposal that was submitted by the temperance party, excited furious controversies on the platform and in the audience, and finally created a pandemonium of confusion and disorder. Before the hall could be cleared many benches were broken. There were actual physical collisions between the disputants, defiance of the police, and all the mad manifestations of riotous free men in a sanguinary combat.

We forget James Fahey. He ran well for a season, but health failed and the road became dark at mid-day. So far as one can learn he joined the staff of *The Guelph Mercury* in 1879, and a year later became editor of *The Herald*. He and Mr. A. W. Wright were among the speakers for Mr. James Goldie, the Conservative protectionist candidate in the bye-election of 1876, which became necessary when Mr. David Stirton was appointed post-master at Guelph. In the contest Mr. Donald Guthrie, whose son now represents South Wellington, was the Liberal candidate, and even the "National Policy" could not prevail against a man of such solid ability and skill in debate as Mr. Guthrie. In this contest Mr. Fahey established his reputation as a speaker even in comparison with Mr. A. W. Wright, and that is a test to which few men are equal. They were formidable antagonists even for Mr. Donald Guthrie. Why do we shut Wrights and Faheys out of Parliament? To have youth, intellect, gifts of tongue and a residuum of independence almost closes the gateway to the Canadian House of Commons. No young man ever enters the Senate, and no old man ever leaves it. How much we "democrats" have to learn from the old mother of free communities where despite class and caste talent is recognized, youth may serve, and independent thinking is not always culpable eccentricity.

On the platform Mr. Fahey was brilliant alike in defence and in attack. He had little personal magnetism. His delivery was rapid and unrelieved by oratorical artifices. But his language was chaste, felicitous and impressive by its beauty and simplicity. One is told of a lecture by Mr. Fahey, entitled "The Literary Club", in which he wandered with Edmund Burke, Samuel Johnson, Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick and other figures in that glorious company of immortals, revealing their wisdom and their folly, their virtues

and their failings, with sympathy and insight and in language not so inferior to that of the old English essayists. He had gone to school to the masters. In political controversy Fahey was mereiless; on the platform he could be unscrupulous. But he was ever intrepid and never commonplace.

From Guelph he went to *The Stratford Herald*, but in a few years his health became so unsatisfactory that he was ordered to California. In a letter from Mr. J. P. Downey, superintendent of the Hospital for Feeble-minded at Orillia, who was among Mr. Fahey's successors on *The Guelph Herald*, and is himself an attractive and effective public speaker, it is said: "Fahey knew what it was to work hard for his wages and work harder to get them when they were earned. I think some of the wage cheques issued at that time by *The Guelph Herald* are still in circulation." But this condition of financial uncertainty was not peculiar to *The Herald* forty or fifty years ago, nor even in these days are newspapers always immune from the anxieties and vicissitudes which follow upon an empty treasury. There is a legend that once when Edward Farrer, George Gregg and Alex. Pirie were engaged upon a publication which suffered from a perennial shortage of the medium of exchange they loaded the safe upon a dray, drove to a pawnshop and secured enough cash from the dubious dealer in pledges to meet the unreasonable demands of printers who thought they should receive actual money for their labour.

For a time, towards the end, Mr. Fahey was on the editorial staff of *The Toronto World*. We were comrades in the Press Gallery of the old Legislative Buildings on Front Street, but the flame of his genius was not burning with its early splendour. He was indifferent, not sour, listless, often weary. Among Canadian journalists we have had good paragraph-

ers, but they have not been numerous. Few have had the quality which gives distinction to many American newspapers. We seem to labour over our humour. We seem to feel that if a blow is not struck with a club it will be taken for a caress. In the United States the editorial paragraphers are many and they are keen, incisive, stimulating, irreverent and delightful. In their work we have a key to the strength, sanity and audacity of the American character. It is curious, however, that of all the professional humourists of the new world only Haliburton in Sam Slick, Lowell in Hosea Bigelow, and Clemens as Mark Twain survive. And Haliburton was a Nova Scotian. Indeed, a Nova Scotian was the father of American humour. Petroleum V. Nasby, who so often brought healing to the soul of Lincoln, Mrs. Partington and Ike, Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Bob Burdette and Bill Nye became shadowy memories. Lowell was a teacher as well as a humourist. Clemens was a fine craftsman and without humour would have had distinction among writers of English in America. Haliburton blazed the trail in which so many have sought fame and bread. The paragrapher must have humour. He cannot have immortality. But he contributes richly to the gladness of mankind. He gives the real impress of nativity to American journalism. The best paragrapher of his time in Canada was James Fahey. Nor can I think that he has any successor of equal polish and pungency. It is a pity that we have no memorial of Fahey. Nor, so far as I know, has any of his work been preserved. It is true that he wrote for the day only, but he said things that should not have perished.

Among other leaders of the Temperance movement whom it was my fortune to hear in the seventies were Mr. George W. Ross and Mr. Edward Carswell, of Oshawa. Of Mr. Ross there will be much to say later. Mr. Carswell I heard often in South On-

tario from political and temperance platforms. In the press notices he was "the Canadian Gough". As one who heard John B. Gough I can testify that Mr. Carswell was not greatly his inferior in mimicry and anecdote, in moving appeal and homely argument. His hair was long and luxuriant, almost falling upon his shoulders, he was of commanding stature and altogether a picturesque figure. Once at a meeting in Whitby he was interrupted by the natural question, "Have you a barber in Oshawa?" The retort was instantaneous, "Yes, and we have a barbarian in the audience". The first time I heard Mr. George W. Ross was in 1875 at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars at Guelph. He came as a fraternal delegate from the Sons of Temperance. The hotels were crowded and it had not been easy for Mr. Ross to secure accommodation. He had been married only a few days before and when he was introduced to Grand Lodge it was explained that he might have written that he had married a wife and therefore could not come, but since he had come they had done him all the honour possible under the circumstances; they had let him sleep with the Grand Chaplain. In reply Mr. Ross was flippant if not audacious in his references to the Grand Chaplain, and grimly but slyly humorous over the method adopted to atone for the separation from his wife and relieve the pressure on hotel accommodation. But he was seldom unready and never unhappy. Among the chief causes of his successes on the platform were those flashes of candour which were as much defiance as confession, and which so provoked audiences to levity that they could not pronounce judgment with sober faces. A striking figure at this Grand Lodge meeting was Dr. Oronhyatekha, who had not yet set his hand to the task to which so much of his life was devoted. A discussion arose as to whether or not prohibitionists in Federal and Pro-

vincial elections should ignore all other considerations and support only candidates who were abstainers and advocates of prohibitory legislation. Defining his own position Dr. Oronhyatekha explained with severe gravity that when he had last voted he had to choose between a sober Grit and a drunken Conservative, and that after anxious and mature consideration he had given the Grit the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. Alex. Pirie, whom I have mentioned, had his training on *The Guelph Herald*, while Mr. John R. Robinson, his successor as editor of *The Toronto Evening Telegram*, began his career on *The Guelph Mercury*. Guelph seems to have been a school of journalism as Brantford was a school of oratory. In 1887 Mr. Pirie succeeded Mr. John C. Dent as editor of *The Telegram*. For ten years he gave a pleasant humour and a distinct individuality to its editorial columns. If he was seldom aggressive he was adroit in controversy, supple in defence and persuasive in argument. During the parliamentary session of 1888 he represented *The Montreal Star* in the Press Gallery at Ottawa. In 1890 he acquired *The Dundas Banner*. Gay, insouciant, effervescent, irrepressible, Mr. Pirie was a stimulating companion and a delightful after-dinner speaker. He was often venturesome and occasionally audacious. I would not say, as Bagehot said falsely of so great a man as Disraeli, that "his chaff was delicious but his wheat was poor stuff". His wheat was often the good seed of sound counsel, but his more serious performances were affected by his reputation as an entertainer. When Mr. James Johnson, of *The Ottawa Citizen*, was elected president of the Press Gallery, Mr. Pirie seized a pad of copy paper from the desk where Mr. Johnson was sitting, and giving the impression that Johnson had prepared an address for the occasion read several pages of extravagant gratitude for his election and absurd exal-

tation of the office to which he had been elected. It was done with becoming gravity and the sentences were so rounded and followed each other in such orderly sequence that it was not easy to believe he was fabricating every word as he proceeded. I have known few men who could equal Mr. Pirie at this sort of fooling.

In order that Mr. Johnson could attend the funeral of Honourable Thomas White at Montreal, Mr. Pirie, at this time his colleague in the Press Gallery, agreed to supply editorials for *The Citizen* during his absence. There never was a man with less hair on his head than James Johnson, and this suggested a subject to Pirie. He contributed an editorial on baldheads, and a paragraph on "Porridge as a Food". "Statistics," he said, "show that baldness is spreading in all civilized countries, and some of the distinguished scientists, who put their spectacles on their noses and look into these interesting subjects, assert that the time will inevitably come when the whole race will be baldheaded. This is not a pleasing outlook. 'Bald as a billiard-ball' has become a familiar simile by which people describe a bald-headed person. But who can look with equanimity to the coming of the time when people will be so bald that nothing but their ears will prevent their hats from slipping down upon their necks? Brain-workers grow bald at an early stage of their existence. This should teach us to reverence and respect bald-headed members of the community rather than to jeer at them and make them feel uncomfortable, as it is too much the custom of modern society to do. Some of the most profound thinkers the world has produced have been deficient in capillary adornment, and civilization has lost nothing in consequence. But taking a merely picturesque view of the case, it is a matter of regret that the tendency of the race to baldness should be as marked as it undeniably is." As to porridge, Mr. Pirie said:

"The circumstance that the oatmeal mills of the country can, if worked to their full capacity, produce more oatmeal than is required for the porridge of the people is adopted by the Reform organs as an argument for Unrestricted Reciprocity. How the admission free of duty of cottons, wools and other American manufactures can promote the consumption of porridge it is impossible to explain, except on the assumption that under the trade system the people will be reduced to an oatmeal diet. 'Much, of course, can be done with a little oatmeal': but porridge is liable to become tiresome even to the sons of Scotland, if served up morning, noon and night."

While Mr. James Dickinson, for a time night editor of *The Globe*, and afterwards connected with weekly journals at Fort William and Windsor, was speaking at a meeting of the Canadian Press Association, Mr. Pirie intervened with a humorous observation. To the general surprise Mr. Dickinson intimated somewhat angrily that he did not want to be interrupted. Mr. Pirie arose and with infinite meekness declared that he would never speak to Mr. Dickinson again. Dickinson joined in the laughter. At a public dinner Mr. Pirie said that if he should print in *The Dundas Banner* such stuff as I allowed to appear in *The Globe* he would lose one if not both of his subscribers. Speaking at a dinner of the Canadian Press Association at which Sir Oliver Mowat was the guest of honour, Mr. Pirie explained that his contemporary at Dundas, which supported the Conservative Government at Ottawa, boasted that it got more public printing than his newspaper, which supported the Liberal Government at Toronto, and turning to the Premier with hand upraised and voice attuned between pleading and indignation he said: "I ask my honoured leader here and now to put me in a position to hurl back that slander". When Sir John Carling was Minister of Agri-

culture the members of the Press Gallery visited the Experimental Farm near Ottawa. At that time so many counties had adopted the Scott Act that prohibition prevailed over the greater portion of Ontario. At luncheon Mr. Pirie, proposing the health of the Minister, suggested that he should develop a grade of short-horns for Scott Act counties. But Mr. Pirie was more than a jester. He had qualities of heart and mind which were seldom revealed and only to those who had his affection and confidence. These were few, for beneath apparent openness and spontaneity there was a reserve which was not easily penetrated. He got much out of life, but not all that he deserved nor all that he desired. Happy but often anxious and foreboding, aspiring but not fully achieving, when I think of Pirie I recall what was said of Shelley: "He passed through life like a strange bird upon a great journey, singing always of the paradise to which he was travelling, and suddenly lost from the sight of men in the midst of his song".

I knew Mr. R. W. Phipps, one of the pamphleteers of the protectionist movement, and the first Provincial Superintendent of Forestry. He was a graceful and exact writer and a very confident controversialist. His confidence was not offensive, but he did sometimes seem to suggest that "the creature was made subject to vanity". It is said he was profoundly persuaded that he should have been taken into the first Conservative Protectionist Government. There is a story that he once confided to Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin that he had qualifications to govern Canada at least equal to any that Sir John Macdonald possessed. Mr. Davin agreed. "Phipps," he said, "if you had a secretary you could govern the universe."

In the spring of 1880 I was in Toronto with empty pockets and uncertain employment. Greatly daring, I wrote a letter to Mr. J. Gordon

Brown, of *The Globe*, enclosing cuttings of my contributions to various weekly publications and urging my desire to join the staff of a daily newspaper. The answer came next morning: "I believe you can do newspaper work. Come and see me. I think good will come of it". I ask myself if any other letter that I have received gave me greater pleasure or cast such radiance upon the future. But there was to be no immediate result. I saw Mr. Brown a few hours later. He was courteous and considerate, sympathetic and interested. But I was told that there was no vacancy on the staff at the moment and that I must wait until a vacancy should occur. He assured me that I would be remembered, but suggested that I should not be discouraged by delay nor hesitate to apply again. The gloom of that night wholly eclipsed the radiance of the morning. But I had done my best and there was a promise.

Three or four months afterwards I wrote again to Mr. Brown and again was asked to call at *The Globe* office. This time Mr. Brown gave me a note to the city editor with the definite instruction that I should go on the staff of reporters. But the raw youth from the country was rejected. The rejection was curiously emphatic and determined. Of Mr. Brown's good faith I never have had any doubt, and I have always thought his word should have prevailed. But the city editor, if not discourteous, was coldly unsympathetic. It may be that I made an unfavourable personal impression, or that, as so often happens, the staff was encumbered with juniors, who, whatever their natural adaptability to newspaper work, sorely tax the patience and vigilance of city editors until actual experience is acquired. At any rate the city editor was hostile. He insisted that there was no vacancy, that Mr. Brown did not understand, and that I must accept rejection without appeal. But, standing firmly upon

Mr. Brown's order, I would not be repulsed. Finally the city editor descended to the floor below where the chief editor's offices were situated in the old King Street building, and returned with the message that I could not be accepted. Against this decision I made a vain appeal. Mr. Brown explained that the city editor was unwilling to put me on the staff, that he was assured no more men were needed, and that I would enter into an unsympathetic atmosphere if under such circumstances he forced me upon an unwilling subordinate. I had no alternative but to submit, although I did not doubt that I could establish myself in the city editor's confidence if he would give me the foothold which I was so eager to secure.

In later years I often saw Mr. Gordon Brown in the streets of Toronto, but I never had opportunity to speak to him again. Sometimes I regret that I did not seek the opportunity, for he was gracious and considerate to a young man who had no credentials, no influential connections and little beyond his confidence in himself to excuse his persistence or justify the attention which he received. I came to know many journalists who were on the staff of *The Globe* under Mr. Gordon Brown and never one but spoke of him with regard and respect, never one who doubted his qualifications for the position which he held, never one but regretted that *The Globe* should have passed out of the hands of the Browns and a tradition broken in which there was so much of honour and dignity, of effort and achievement. What the Walters were to *The Times* the Browns were to *The Globe*, and to reverence these ancient dynasties is not to suggest that the great journals which they founded are less influential under their successors or less stable pillars of the commonwealth.

Ten years after my second failure to secure a place on *The Globe*, by decree of the Imp of Destiny, I had the chair in which Mr. Gordon Brown sat

during our two interviews. Stranger is the fact that the city editor who defeated my aspirations ten years before applied to me for a position on the paper after I had become its editor. He had not passed out of my memory, although I had never cherished any resentment. It was clear, however, that he did not recognize me nor was there any reason that he should. What had been of moment to me was to him only an incident in the day's work. We had passed each other often on the street as strangers. When he came to the office I did not reveal the fact that we had met before. If at the time I could have considered his application favourably I should have disclosed the circumstances of our previous meeting. But since I could not there was nothing to do but maintain silence. He did not renew the application, nor did he re-enter journalism. We ceased to be strangers, however, and if he reads this chapter he may remember and we will come together if only to lament the ruthless extension of the dry area which debars descendants of Scotsmen from any full expression of neighbourly feeling.

Failing with *The Globe*, I turned to *The London Advertiser*. I wrote a frank letter to Mr. John Cameron stating my circumstances and declaring my determination to enter journalism. In the meantime I had done some editorial writing for *The Tiverton Watchman* and *The Kincardine Reporter*. A few of these powerful utterances I submitted for Mr. Cameron's edification and instruction. No one, I am certain, ever spoke with greater authority than I did in the editorial pages of *The Watchman* and *The Reporter*, but in reply Mr. Cameron repressed his admiration to a degree that was surprising, if not disturbing. I must have sought advice as to the qualifications necessary for reporting and how best to secure connection with a daily newspaper. Mr. Cameron was explicit and epigrammatic. He wrote that when the states-

men at Washington were re-establishing the finances after the Civil War, Horace Greeley declared that the best way to resume specie payments was to resume. The implication was that the best way to begin newspaper work was to begin. He added that it was desirable to learn typesetting and to have experience in proofreading. When I pressed for more definite information and for a position on *The Advertiser*, Mr. Cameron in another letter offered me \$3.00 a week for the first year and \$4.00 a week for the second on condition that I would learn to set type and be content with an occasional opportunity to do reporting. The offer held no immediate prospect of affluence and since I was twenty-five years of age was not alluring. After long hesitation, however, I accepted. I am not certain that I would have done so if I had known that I would be required to sign a contract. But when I reached London in October, 1881, Mr. Cameron produced an agreement in the exact language of his proposal and I signed with reluctance and a reservation. I had no thought that I would fulfil the contract, although I did not contemplate any deliberate or dishonourable repudiation. I reasoned that if I had any natural talent for journalism I would soon be released from typesetting, while if I had not Mr. Cameron would not try to keep me at wages on which I could not exist. I had saved nothing and had to depend altogether upon my weekly earnings. Once Honourable A. S. Hardy and I were comparing early experiences, not in any spirit of self-commiseration or with any thought that we had suffered as other men had not, and I told him that for three months in London I had drawn only \$3.00 a week and paid \$2.75 for board and lodging. He threw his head back and with a shout of laughter said, "What in h— did you do with the other quarter?"

For three weeks I stood at "the ease" with submission but not with

enthusiasm. For my position was that of an apprentice with the wages of an apprentice. Day by day I handed Mr. Cameron notes and paragraphs on local and general subjects. Sometimes they were printed; more often they were not. At the end of three weeks I was asked to report a lecture by Honourable S. H. Blake before the Young Men's Christian Association. That was my first actual assignment, and I rejoiced in the opportunity. In the morning, for then as now *The Advertiser* had morning and evening editions, my report appeared very much as it was written. On the next afternoon I was called from "the case" to report a lecture delivered in one of the churches by an American temperance orator whose name I do not recall. A few days afterwards I was asked by Mr. L. K. Cameron, then city editor of *The Advertiser*, and later King's Printer for Ontario, if I would be willing to set type only in the afternoons and in the forenoons "cover" London East, where a system of county police bureaux and the oil refineries were the chief sources of news. Two or three weeks afterwards my career as a printer terminated. I was made proof-reader for the evening edition, and a regular reporter for the morning edition. There was an incipient rebellion in the composing-room over the eccentricities of the apprentice's proofreading, but the revolt was not general nor very acute. I knew nothing about proofreading and for a few weeks the printers had a legitimate grievance.

Once before I had set out to be a printer, not so much from choice as from necessity. As a boy I worked for two weeks in the office of *The Exeter Times*. But I did not like typesetting, while for the hand press I had even less affection. So one day I was reported "missing". When I was editor of *The Globe* Mr. W. J. White, Inspector of Immigration Agencies, called at the office. He was good enough to say that he had de-

sired to make my acquaintance. "But," I said, "we have met before." He was positive that we had not. I asked him if he could remember a boy who entered his father's office at Exeter to learn printing but left, by the light of the moon, without notice. He could remember and declared he had often wondered what had become of him. "I know," I said; "I am the boy."

At the end of three months, as I had intended, I approached Mr. Cameron for a revision of the contract under which I had entered the office. I argued that I had been withdrawn from typesetting, which in itself was a violation of the agreement, for which I was not solely responsible, and that I must have better wages or be released. The immediate result was an advance from \$3.00 to \$6.00 a week. Two months later there was a further advance to \$8.00, and by the end of the year I drew \$10.00 or \$12.00 a week. For nearly two years I was a reporter on *The Advertiser*. There was nothing remarkable in my experiences. Once I was assigned to describe the live stock at the Fair, which was the great autumn festival of western Ontario. I wrote something about a pair of horses shown by a farmer from Biddulph which so pleased him that when we met next day he offered me a quarter. At a meeting of the city council an official who was somewhat active in the Conservative ward associations was made the object of a savage and I thought unjust attack. *The Advertiser* was as strongly Liberal as *The Free Press* was Conservative and neither had mercy for opponents. But I induced *The Advertiser* to publish a defence of the Conservative official, for which he was grateful. He came to see me at the office and when he had gone I found a \$5.00 bill on my desk. I have often said that I returned the quarter with indignation and the five dollars with reluctance. The fact is that I did not misunderstand nor think my dignity grievously affronted by either incident.

In those days reporters of *The Advertiser* were not admitted to Conservative conventions, nor reporters of *The Free Press* to Liberal conventions. I was sent out to a meeting of the West Middlesex Conservative Association at Mount Brydges. As instructed, I was to "nose" among the delegates and extract information by guile and strategy. But just before the meeting opened I passed into the hall with the delegates and took my seat at the reporters' table. I was "named" within a few minutes and asked to withdraw. Mr. Alexander Johnston, of Strathroy, who was returned to the Legislature for West Middlesex in 1883, arose and suggested that no such extreme action was necessary. He argued that the convention would do nothing of which it was ashamed, and that I would probably give a fair report if I was allowed to remain. The convention agreed, I remained, and at a convention at Napier a few months later which nominated Mr. Nathaniel Currie for the House of Commons I received a vote of thanks for my "fair

report" of the meeting at Mount Brydges. In all newspapers occur grievous typographical errors and mistakes and blunders in "make-up". In *The Advertiser*, while I was on the staff, we had a daily column of "Labour Notes". By unhappy accident or evil design a despatch about the birth of triplets in Mitchell appeared under that heading. There was a somewhat similar blunder in *The Ottawa Citizen* thirty years ago. The wife of a young curate gave birth to a baby and by an unfortunate transposition a line from a legal advertisement appeared at the bottom of the birth notice: "By his solicitors—and—"

If in these last few pages there is a word or a sentence that seems to reflect upon Mr. John Cameron or *The Advertiser* I have expressed myself badly. No man ever had a truer friend than I had in Mr. Cameron, relations more pleasant than I enjoyed in *The Advertiser* office or associations more lasting or more dearly cherished than those which I formed in London.

In the July number Sir John Willison will give an interesting and revealing account of "Mr. John Cameron and the Blake Wing".





A CORNER OF THE PASTURE

From the Painting by
James Lillie Graham, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada

NO HAND OF MAN

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

AUTHOR OF "JIM HANDS," ETC.



HE had the largest, softest, most trusting eyes I ever saw."

Pindar Rowe sometimes will say this, and then, if it is evening and supper is over and his corneob pipe is glowing, rumbling and bubbling like an asthmatic engine, and if the stars are thick in the tropic sky in Hawk Channel and a soft breeze, blowing across Spongecake Key, stirs the palms to sounds that suggest silk petticoats, the old man will reach up to a shelf attached to the outside wall of his shanty and feel around for something. This something is nearly six inches long. In the uncertain light of dusk it looks flexible.

"When I sit alone and look at that thing," says Pindar, taking off one of his inevitable shabby Derby hats. "I *think*. Being alone here on this Key ever since my wife died and I gave up wrecking. I get time for it. And I think of what mosquitoes was made for and I think of this thing and him that used to wear it, and why God made death in two needles. Now—Listen!"

With a strange tremulous motion of his knotted, salt-bleached, weather-roughened old hand, he moves the thing toward you.

It makes no difference whether or not you have ever heard it before; instinct screams within you, instinct jerks your muscles taut and like a chilly fluid creeps along your skin.

The sound is a warning! You recognize in it danger, agony and death.

Then this old rascal, who has a long record of filibustering, wrecking and inciting revolutions in South America, will explain.

There's a time in a man's life for action and then a time when joints are beginning to get stiff, and there's a time to think it over. I sometimes wonder why it wasn't arranged so a man could think first and avoid the mistakes. Never mind. Here I am, living alone on Spongecake, cooking my own meals, and I've got a partner and that partner is solitude. But solitude speaks most ideas to human beings. Solitude is more talkative than running for office and it whispers ideas to you as if it was a person. It's convincing, too. And one thing it told me I can't no way disbelieve. That's about sin.

A hundred times I've heard a voice coming out of the acres of stars at night or from that jungle of cacti and prickly pears baking in the sun. It says that there is a squaring of accounts. It says that Something watches and when it sees a bill of sin that's growing too big and ain't paid, it reaches out across land or sea and—strikes! There's mutineers on ships and mutineers on land and mutineers standing out against the orders of the Big Skipper. But the belaying pin comes to 'em. Sometimes in front, sometimes behind. A man stands

laughing and spitting in the sunlight and then it comes—crack! And the bill is paid.

So I'll tell you about this thing I've got in my hand, mate, and about him who grew it on himself and what he did for Lenora Gonzalez.

You see this clump of cocoanut palms side of my camp here. They were planted by a poor skipjack of an ice-cream maker from Pennsylvania who came down here to raise tropical fruit. And now the brush has grown up so thick among some of them that a man couldn't stick a machete into it. It's nature laughing at what man tries to do and it will always be that way. And the brush is a world itself, I tell you. I, who have been always on the water, was surprised what life there could be in a thicket like that—full of the nonpareil birds and yellow spiders as big as your hand and lizards with beady eyes and scorpions as black as shoe polish and big red ants, waving their feelers. It's a world. I used to sit here in the sun adreaming and awatching it.

And one day there came out of that clump a snake. He came out slow, the way tar will move when it's hot. The sunlight was beating down on this coral sand, and he moved like things that are well fed and deliberate and satisfied. Mate, his head looked most as large as a dog's.

I've seen those diamond-back rattlers before. They're a pretty colour—prettier than the tint of a man's skin—and there isn't a motion in their bodies I don't envy. But I reached up onto that shelf and took down my revolver and I was sighting along the barrel of it with my arm crooked like this, when I saw that snake draw his whole length out of the brush. And, mate, he was more than eight feet long!

I had my finger on the trigger. I reckon I was ready to kill. But, somehow, just then, I thought of his size and his bright markings and how clean he kept himself and how God

made him for some purpose. He was stretched out most full length on the sand there and his head was turned toward me. His eyes seemed half shut and happy, and just then he lifted his head in one of those curves as pretty as the rounding in and out of a young girl's neck. He raised his head and opened his jaws, and inside, except for his black tongue, it was pink as a bleached conch shell. He trembled a little, too, and just as if it was for practice, he darted his head forward and I saw the two white needles. Those fangs moved down for a second from the roof of his mouth. They were more than two inches long! And I put the revolver back on the shelf.

"Friend," said I, "I've seen a lot of rattlers in my day, but you are more of a rattlesnake than I ever saw before. You're a machine of death, and you certainly are perfect and handsome. The Lord made you for something and I shan't do you any harm."

I suppose the sound of my voice startled him. I could see his muscles move under his skin like liquid—like quicksilver. He drew his eight feet into a coil and stuck his tail up into the air, and all the buttons were rattling till it sounded like peas shaking on a drumhead. It sounded like a Venezuelan revolution half a mile away. His head had flattened and swayed back and forth as he looked for the thing that meant fight.

"Easy, son," I said. "Nobody intends you any harm. Lie there in the heat and sleep for all of me."

I've wondered sometimes if he understood me, because he stopped swaying his head and seemed to be looking at me. And then he pulled himself out of his coil, which means a rattler is satisfied and trustful. I like him for *that*! I lighted my pipe and I watched him that day, on and off, till the red sun went down into the Gulf yonder. And I named the snake. I named him Gus.

He came often. I used to wonder



“ And one day there came out of that clump a snake ”

what he did the days when he didn't crawl out of that thicket there. But he never warned me again. I got to like him, I say. Maybe that sounds funny. Yet when a man's alone he gets fond of friendly things, the way I took a notion once for a man-o'-war bird that followed me when I was sailing a bad trip by myself in the hurricane season from Havana to Progreso. And when Gus looked dusty and his hide was peeling and sealy, or when he'd drop his head heavy on the sand and act uncomfortable, I used to worry about him as if he was an old pal.

And then some day, about that

time, I'd see him running along against the stems of little bushes and afterward he'd cast his skin and come out as perfect and handsome as ever, with his hide with its diamond marks as bright as polished mahogany and the liquid muscles showing through. Sometimes a hawk would swing a curve over the tops of those palms and Gus would remember when he was a little feller and had to watch out for those birds, and just out of habit, he'd raise the rattles and shake 'em for a hint.

I've poured out many a saucer of condensed milk for that snake. Things that are alive—are alive. And both

me and Gus had *that* between us, anyhow. And whatever you can say of snakes, I'm going to tell you that this big diamond back never, from first till last, rattled at me again. He knew me, I tell you. And I knew him.

I reckon I never had a bigger surprise than when Gus brought back the girl. He had been gone five days, mate, and the wind had blown and ruffed up the hollow he'd made in the sand. I went on my trip down the East Coast after provisions and the Florida newspapers, and when I got home I could see that even then he hadn't come back. I pictured how he used to look, curled up in the sun there, waving his head now and then as if looking for beach mice, or something, or asking me to open another can of milk, or sleeping so peaceful with his sides flattened out and his skin so near the colour of the coral ruffraff and dried cocoanut husks that you could hardly tell that eight feet of a big rattler was there. I wondered if I wouldn't ever see him again. But the next day he crawled out among those prickly pears and *she* was with him.

I might as well say I never thought much of *her*. She wasn't any such snake as Gus. But he'd been away and got her. Maybe she was the best he could find on Spongecake Key here. If he liked her, it wasn't any of my business. I only say, I wouldn't have picked her as a helpmeet for him nowise. But I am prejudiced because she never got over being nervous when I was around, and sometimes she'd forget her manners and coil and rattle if I met her down the shore, and that used to worry him, I reckon, because *he* liked me.

She was shorter than he, and her head was narrower and she was daintier and fussier with the milk in the sancer, and she was very faithful to him, I'm bound to say that of her. She'd crawl along behind him. He was always leading the way. She was affectionate, too. She'd often lay

her head across his when he was resting. But the one thing that opened my heart to her a little was the way she'd stay awake and coil herself and watch whenever he was sleeping stretched out and unable to spring, and she'd keep that way no matter how long he slept or how tired she might be. They were happy, I reckon. And Gus knew I wouldn't do her any harm. I named her Bess.

She and Gus was company for me. It was the first year I'd spent here alone on Spongecake and the nights was still. I'd wake and feel around for a wheel or a tiller as if it was in the old days—the days when I'd dropped off into a doze sailing a calm night under a sky full of stars, with the water running off the stern, smelling warm and oily. By day I'd find myself looking around for some sailor who'd done something wrong—to abuse him. I reckon I read "Pilgrim's Progress" a half a dozen times. I was lonesome. My wife—

It seemed pretty good to me when a flip of chance threw the little Gonzalez girl and the man who was with her up onto Rib Rock Bar and I had to take 'em off and bring 'em in through the night to this camp. They were in a thirty-foot launch when they struck, and though it was calm weather there was a falling tide. I couldn't move her off. A bottom of a boat will stiek to that coral as if it had grown there. I got the man and the girl back to my wharf, and I thought I'd take a chance at getting their boat off on the morning tide.

It was as dark as a ship's bilge that night and the water was alive and burning with phosphorus a hundred different colours. I suppose I might have known a norther was going to set in for a blow and rough weather in Hawk Channel. And I noticed how the sound of my engine stirred up the vultures on the little keys. They were sleeping light and they and the pelicans and white cranes would whirl up till it sounded like thunder. I might have known.

But somehow. I didn't think of any way to get that launch off. I can recollect how I put it out of my mind on the way up the pier.

I hadn't had a chance till then to see who my passengers were or what they looked like. But just then, in the dark, with only the swing of the lantern moving around, I came up close to the girl. I just saw one thing about her. It was her eyes.

It was her eyes, mate. Dead men's fingers! I never saw such eyes before on any living thing—animal or woman. They were nearly black, with long lashes, and the eyebrows was like a picture and the flesh between those brows and the lashes was full and curved and rounded and soft and smooth. And then there were those eyes. They were a mile deep, mate, like the clear water off Nassau Reef. There was just that flick of light that showed 'em to me, and they were big and trusting and perfect like no eyes you ever saw. They belonged with a child's heart. I seen it in that second. And when I got up to my camp, I made up my bed fresh for her and took my lantern outside and put the latch on the door as if she'd been my own daughter.

I saw when I got outside that the storm had pounced down on us like a hawk. I heard the palms whistle and rattle in the wind. It *was* cold. The tide in the channel had begun to tumble and the norther had shut off the stars like you'd wipe out sparks with a sweep of a wet mop.

I called to the feller who'd come with the girl. He hadn't said much and he came to the door of that other shack there I use for a kitchen and stood waiting while I was trying to light the lamp.

"Stranger," I said, "you've lost your boat."

"I reckon so," he said, calm and cool as a fresh kingfish in the ice barrel. "But you needn't call me stranger."

When he spoke like that, I looked at his figure—thin and graceful.

"If this is Spongecake Key, then you're Pindar Rowe," he said. "You old reprobate. Hold up the lamp. Now look at me!"

"Young Joe Kitchell!" I roared.

It was him, just as I'm telling you. It was Joe Kitchell, with his palaver and cigarettes and his insinuating ways and his slouchy, easy clothes and his diamond searf pin. He looked just as he used to look in Havana when he was in the sugar trade and later, too. I knew about *him*.

I knew how they'd put him out of the North American Club, and how an army officers wife had cut him up one Sunday on those grassy banks of Moro, and how he'd been caught cheating in a game of poker in the Machado Hotel, and how he had left a girl in New York and what winning ways he had with all women—even the best.

So I leaned across the table and I said sharp, "Who's this girl?"

He smoothed his brown hair and smiled. "Well, Pindar, I reckon you know enough about me and my adventures. I'll tell you. She's a prize. A Cuban."

Maybe he saw me look at him, because he said right afterwards: "She's an orphan. She's just over twenty-one and you'll think it pretty comie, but she's been so carefully raised she won't even let me hold her hand. And money? Mr. Rowe, believe me, I've suffered grief about money so long that I can't believe it's true. Why, just before we left Key West, she sold an American broker who met her there a third interest in the Vista Hermosa plantation and machinery and cane mill. I'm going to be married, Mr. Rowe."

"Umph," I said. "You've been going to get married fifty different times, I reckon."

"Women take a fancy to me," he whispered. "They still do. *She* loves me. I don't like her to sit and look at me all day. There's such a thing as too much. But this time I'm going to be married all right. I've got to

be married. There's no getting the money without it."

Somehow as he spoke, I thought of my wife. There was a bread knife on the table and I could have killed him. The norther had come up. It was howling outside like a pack of dogs. The light flickered. It showed me his grin. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to see him fall forward over the kitchen table.

"What's this runaway business?" I asked him. "Why did you have to start up among these keys alone with her?"

"My dear old Pindar," said he, "that is too plain. When a girl like that goes off alone on a trip like this, she must go back married or not at all. It cinches the matter. Do you see?"

"Yep," I said, "I do. But have you told this girl you've had a wife?"

"No," he answered, licking his cigarette. "That would scarcely do. This young lady is religious and in her religion they don't marry men who've been divorced, especially when the man wasn't the one who brought the suit. Oh, no. On the contrary, it is much better to deny ever loving anybody before. I've done *that*. It's comical, isn't it?"

"Will you stiek to this one?" I asked, looking at the bread knife. "Will you stiek to her?"

"Oh, as long as I have to. Just see how plain I am with you, Mr. Rowe!" said he. "Personally, I don't fancy undersized Cubans. A pretty little thing? Oh, yes. But delicate. Almost nothing. Possibly I am spoiled."

I leaned over the table again toward the rat and I said, "Suppose, Kitchell, I hate you like a scorpion. Suppose I hate your ways and suppose I'm going to stop your game. Suppose I tell her what I know of you."

He just sat back in his chair and laughed. He laughed and laughed and kept on trying to laugh so as to show me how cocksure he was.

"Go ahead," he said, grinning at

me. "Go ahead. Others tried it. They tried it in Havana. That's one reason why I had to get away with her so fast. You can try it. Do you think she'll believe you? Oh, I'm not fool enough to risk anything by talking to you. She wouldn't believe you. Tell her! Swear. Take oaths. Cut up all the fuss you want, old feller. She'll hate you for it. Why? Because she believes *me*."

I tell you, mate, the man had me ready to do murder. I've seen necessity in my day and I've brought men down with lead. It seemed to me then I never had so much necessity before.

"Kitchell," I said quiet, between the roars of the wind, "you have lived some thirty-eight years. You've done a lot of damage. Somewhere there is more women than I can count on my fingers that owes you a heap of evil. I don't suppose they'll ever pay it. Kitchell, I give you warning, man to man. There's a sailboat belonging to me down at my pier there. When the weather clears, you're going to take it and go to Key West and leave this girl here."

He brushed back some of that silky hair of his, then, and looked at me good-natured and shook his head.

"Nothing like that," he said. "You're mistaken."

"If you don't," said I, "look out for yourself."

But he shook his head again. "You wouldn't kill me, Pindar," he said with his smooth, sure way. He stopped to think it over to be certain, and then he laughed. "You wouldn't kill me. I know the cards you hold, my old friend, and it isn't a winning hand."

He sat there for a while, listening to the cracking of the boards when the wind drove against the walls of the shack. I saw the yellow light on his face and it was an evil face, too, for all its even features.

"No," he said, by and by. "I know when I'm going to win. I can feel fate just like a man feels warm or cold. I can tell by the feeling how



" 'You wouldn't kill me Pindar,' he said with his smooth, sure way."

the ball on a roulette wheel is going to drop. I know whether a card is good or bad without turning it over. Some things is certain. They're marked out beforehand. I feel 'em. I feel a confidence, and that confidence accomplishes anything. Nothing can stop me. And this is one of those times. No man can interfere. It was written down beforehand. This is a wild night—a night for strange things. See the light dance on the wall there. Look. Do you see letters written there—big, red letters?"

I looked, mate, and I hope to drop dead if I didn't see writing on the boards. It was dim at first and danced, and then it settled down and got clearer and clearer like a ship's name through a glass when the fog is blowing away. I couldn't read it yet, but

I knew that Something had come into the room and was writing there with its finger!

I could see the words growing clearer and I felt my blood pounding in my ears. The writing was done. And there it was on the wall. It was his name!

"What's it mean?" I whispers to him.

"What?" he said.

"That writing."

"I don't see any writing," he said. "I was just joking. I meant that things was marked out beforehand. What ails you?"

He looked a little scared then.

"Did you see anything?" he said.

I looked again and the writing was gone.

"Speak up," said he. "What did

you see when you looked over there?"

"Nothing," I said.

"You looked as if you saw something," he roars at me. "What was it?"

It came to me like a flash what it all meant.

"You said that sometimes things that happened was marked out beforehand," I said to him. "You was right. Something steered you onto Rib Rock Bar, Kitchell. Something brought you onto Spongecake Key. Something has been watching you, Kitchell. Something has a bill against you that's been standing long enough. Something has marked you, Kitchell. Something will reach out and you will never dodge its fingers. Kitchell, you have come to the end of your rope!"

"You—" he said, and then he stopped.

"It ain't me," I said.

"What do you mean?" he whispered. "You've lived alone too much, Pindar. You're seeing things! Confound you! What did you see?"

I never answered him, nowise. I got up and threw a mattress in the corner by the old music cabinet that used to belong to my wife. He looked at me for a long time and then he got up and walked over to it and stretched out. There wasn't any sound but the wind and the ticking of my clock.

Toward morning the weather broke again and the light that came in through the cracks was pink. I got up out of my chair and I looked at the wall where I'd seen the words and wondered if I'd dreamed 'em.

After I'd gone outside and looked at the sun rising and the water in the channel all filled up from the bottom by the dry norther, I took up my glass and sighted it out toward Rib Rock Bar and I saw the launch was gone. I searched the passes between the Keys for her, but she wasn't there. And I was standing looking when I began to feel as if somebody was watching me from behind.

I turned around and I couldn't

see anybody. It was so calm I could have heard a step on the coral gravel a hundred yards away. And nobody was there. And then all of a sudden I saw who was watching me. It was Gus!

He had shed his skin again and he'd crawled out into his hollow in the sand just this side of that thicket. Only about half of his eight feet was coiled, but his big flat head was up in the air as if he was smelling or listening. It waved to and fro, easy and soft and the muscles in his body were rolling under the skin, looking as if they were travelling down in slow waves from his neck to his tail. He opened his jaws and just dropped those two long white fangs enough to show 'em. And he seemed to be watching me.

"Gus," I said, "where's Bess?"

He pulled himself out into the sunlight, then, and flattened out his sides and laid his chin on the cocoanut husks.

"You want some condensed milk?" I said. "Wait till I've got some breakfast. Lie still there."

So I went back and put the coffee on, and Kitchell got up off the mattress and stretched himself.

"Has Lenora got up yet?" he asked, yawning and pulling his clothes into shape. I didn't answer and he went out. I wished later I'd stopped him.

I'm telling it just as it happened. Let's see. I was turning some cakes in the frying pan when I heard a voice behind me and I turned and looked and saw the girl standing in the door. She seemed like one of those little birds that come there and hop around for crumbs—a timid, pretty little thing. And her eyes were so much eyes! They were so soft and black and round and trusting.

"I—senor—I am Lenora Gonzalez," she said, so soft you could hardly hear her. "I may help you wiz the café? I ask, where ees Senor Kitchell?"

I shan't forget her, I tell you—a

little thing with a wilted flower in her black hair, and a skin not white or brown or yellow or pink, but only like a few of the Cubans have, so thin and delicate you can see into it the way you can see into a piece of polished shell.

"He's outside, Miss," I said to her, flapping over a jack. "Did you sleep through the storm?"

"Vera leetle, senor," she answered, and looked at me out of her big eyes.

It was just at that second there came the pistol shot. The air was so still that you might say the noise bore a hole out of the morning. I thought at first he'd put a bullet into Lenora Gonzalez. She jumped like a sandpiper that's been hit and came down on her knees holding onto the edge of the door, frightened and shaking like a palmetto. I picked her up onto her feet. She was a grown girl, but she felt like a child.

"Oh, senor!" she cried. "I do not like! I do not like!"

"I know," said I. "But he hasn't shot himself. Not Joe Kitchell. Don't worry."

We heard him coming just as I spoke. He came and stood in the door and he held up something and shook it and a drop of blood spattered on the floor. The something he shook, mate, was these rattles that I hold in my hand now. And these rattles belonged to Gus. He'd killed my snake!

"Mr. Rowe," he said. "Come out here! I've just shot the biggest diamond back I ever saw."

"Yes," said I, holding myself back from springing at him. "You killed him. He never did you any harm. But you killed him. He was happy. But you killed him. He was lying asleep there in the coral sand and coconut husks and his back was turned. But you killed him."

The miserable cuss began to laugh and shake the rattles at the little Cuban. She screamed and shrank back. And he laughed again.

"Kitchell," I said. "You were meant to destroy. But, Kitchell, you are

marked out. Last night when the wind was ashrieking around this shack you asked me to see letters on the boards. Now, Kitchell, it is bright and sunny. It's not the night. It's the day. Look on the wall there!"

The feller turned. He turned and he dropped the rattles out of his hand. The breath squeaked in his throat.

"What do you see?" I roared.

"Confound it," he whispered, looking around at me. "It was my imagination. I haven't had any sleep."

"What did you see?" I said, for I knew Something had come into my shack again.

He laughed then—laughed without any fun in it.

"I didn't see anything," he said. "I thought at first I saw letters—my name. It's my stomach. I'm hungry."

But he never picked up the rattles or stopped to get breakfast. He walked out into the sun and I saw him with his hands behind his back and his head bent down as if he was thinking, walking down onto the beach. . . .

There's plenty of people below here that will soon tell you I'm a liar. Plenty of 'em don't believe I steered the tug *Moss Rose* loaded with guns under the walls of Morro and landed the whole cargo in Havana without showing my papers. But, mate, I say there is strange things among these keys, and what I'm telling is so-help-me truth, as I saw it. It taught me that no bill of sin goes too long unpaid, nor a poor living creature needing help that isn't seen in its struggles.

And I say Kitchell went off down onto the shore and began picking up those sea-shells and throwing 'em into the water.

"Do you love that man?" I said to Lenora.

She nodded and began to call to him—like a child. She called to him and when he roared back for her to go ahead and eat her breakfast, she

sat down. She sat down at the table I'd set outside the shack door, as meek and silent as if she'd been punished. I think she was a child and didn't know what love meant.

I sat there drinking my coffee and looking at Gus. Eight feet of him was lying over there in his hollow under the cocoanut palms. There weren't any life in him any more. The bullet had torn a hole in his neck. His head wasn't raised and it wasn't swaying, and his muscles weren't moving under his skin. His colour wasn't bright. Some of his blood was drying on the white sand. He was the most perfect snake I ever saw. And he was dead.

I looked at him and then I saw the grass move beyond where he lay. I could look right over Lenora's shoulder and see the grass move. A head came out of the grass into the sun and then, the body, moving slow like a trickle of hot tar. It was his mate! It was Bess!

She saw him lying there, then—her mate. And she threw her head back and held it stuck up in the air. She had seen him—seen him dead! She went to him and laid her head across his body and he didn't move. And she darted her tongue out and touched him and he didn't move. And she threw her head up again.

Oh, I tell you, mate, it was cruel to see grief so silent—to see her crawl around him and stop and raise her head and shake along her body and then drop her neck across his. And he never moved, because he was dead and wouldn't ever move again. She was a rattler. She couldn't scream. She couldn't talk. And finally she dropped her head on the sand as if there wasn't any more strength in her body. She half turned over and the sun shone on the white scales of her belly. It was just then that Kitchell, who was down on the beach, stretched his arms and gave a loud yawn.

She heard him and she seemed to know. I saw her coil and raise her

neck up and up and up to where she could look over the top of the clumps of grass on the slope. Her head was swaying to and fro like a swinging bracket. And then she rattled.

"What ees that, senor?" asked the little Cuban, catching the folds of her white dress in her little hands.

"Nothing," I said, for I was watching Bess. The snake had seen Kitchell. I knew she'd seen him. He had stuck his hand in those flannel jeans of his and he was still moving off by the water's edge, and Bess uncoiled and began to crawl in the same direction.

"We have lost our boat," said Lenora.

"That so?" I says. I wasn't thinking of what she said at all. I might have answered anything. I was watching for Bess to come out on the other side of that patch of prickly pears.

In a minute I saw her. She stopped on a bare spot and though she was some distance away by that time. I saw that poor dumb thing coil itself again and curve her neck and raise her head. Then she dropped it and crawled along.

"You, senor, are vera kind," said the girl, then. "You have been kind to us. Pardon, but what you look at?"

I was afraid the little Cuban would turn around. I was afraid she'd interfere. I could see how Something had mapped out what was to happen. It was working—surer than death! Everything was marked out.

"Miss," I said, "I often look around Spongecake Key."

It seemed to satisfy her, so I took down my glass and wiped the lens and put it to my eye. I could see a heap plainer. I could see Bess crawl out onto that white limestone point that stands up there now over the water. It's white by moonlight now. It was white by sunlight then. She stretched herself right near the crest of it and on that surface she looked as black as a wriggle of ink on writing paper.



"He came and stood in the door, and held up something and shook it"

Kitchell was still walking along the shore toward the point. He was still picking up shells and pebbles and throwing 'em into the water. I could see how slick and brown his hair was.

I was looking through the glass. He was moving toward the limestone rock. He *was being moved* there. Something was moving him with Its hand.



"He was moving toward the rock. He was *being moved* there."

I saw him when he got to the rock itself. I saw him look up at it and then look out into the channel with the white cranes wading on those yellow sand-bars. Then he looked up at the ledge again. It is steep there for six or eight feet, as you can see. But he was *moved* up.

I saw Bess coil. I watched to see if she'd rattle. But she never used it. She never gave any warning. She

was thinking of Gus, maybe. No man can tell.

I tried to keep the glass steady. I reckon I succeeded. I saw her wait till his face showed over the edge of that table of limestone. She never rattled. She waited for his face. Her long body came out of its coil like a steel spring. She went her length—a heavy black streak in the air. She struck him with her head bent back

and her jaws wide. She must have driven those two white needles clean through his cheek. She fell back and squirmed on the ground till I could see her white belly.

Kitchell never shouted. He jumped backward. His foot caught. He went head downwards over the rock. I think he struck on his forehead. Because he rolled over and over, then, as if there was no life in him, and fell into the water.

I watched him float off that shallow where I catch mullet. When he was in deeper water, he turned face downward. I saw the tide catch him and then I thought he was going to sink. He didn't just then. An eddy shot him around the point out of sight.

"What you look at now?" asked Lenora with her big eyes on mine.

"Umph," said I. "I was dreaming."

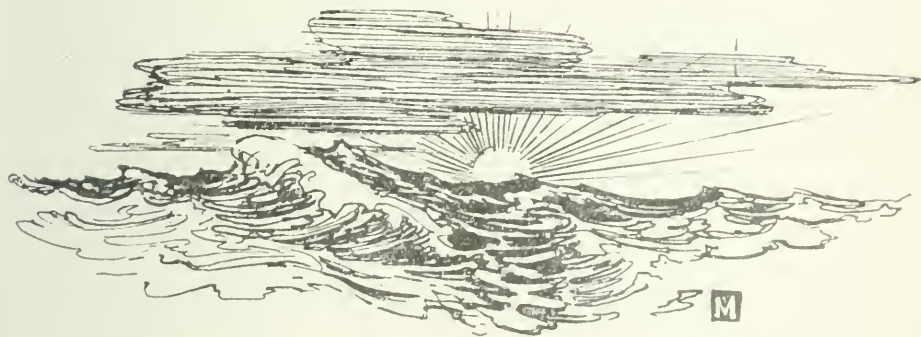
I was planning already how I was

going to let her think that Kitchell had gone off with one of my boats and deserted her. These waters and passes never tell what they know. I was planning how I'd let her think he'd run away from her, and how I'd take her back to her home. She was a child. She hadn't learned yet what love meant.

"Senor," said she, with her head on one side and that smile, "you make vera nice—what you call them, senor?"

"Flapjacks," said I.

And then I whistled "The Last Rose of Summer". It's one of my favourite tunes. I always whistle it when I'm a little off my bearings. And I felt just then as if Lenora Gonzalez and Joe Kitchell and I hadn't been alone on Spongecake that night. I felt as though Something else—the thing with the long arm—had been there, too.



A BISHOP OF THE PEOPLE

RIGHT REVEREND MICHAEL FRANCIS FALLON, D. D., BISHOP OF LONDON

BY W. E. KELLY



TWENTY years ago, and for a season or two before and after Ottawa University held the Rugby championship against all contestants, the indomitable fourteen were regularly accompanied by a young professor to whose energetic interest and unerring management it was commonly felt much of their phenomenal success was due. That the early years of one who now stands eminent among the master minds of Canada should be remembered for a success in the promotion of athletics has probably a significance which no educationist can fail to appreciate. It was a sphere which called for more than ordinary capacity in the handling of men; it was also a sphere in which that capacity could and did receive constant development.

Our conception of what goes to make up a real education appears susceptible of very rapid changes. There are still men among us who recall the days when a readiness in quoting from Latin authors, some skill in writing Latin composition, a familiarity with ancient history, and a no less accurate knowledge of classic mythology were taken as indisputable evidence of the teacher's having done everything possible for the youth with whose formation he was entrusted. The next generation heard a great deal about "training the mind". A study was valuable only in so far as it served to exercise or develop some

latent intellectual capacity, while the games on the campus had but one purpose—to keep the physical organism in vigour sufficient to stand the strain put upon it by a close application to intellectual pursuits. Present-day conditions are best exemplified in the standards set by the Rhodes Scholarship Commission, which say definitely that greater importance will be attached to a candidate's record in athletics than to his scholarship. "Of what avail," they say, "to have mastered the most difficult problems in higher mathematics if you have not acquired the art of succeeding with men. The lecture-room and library may produce profound metaphysicians, skilled linguists, good writers and speakers, but only contact with fellowman, profiting by his words and achievements and bearing, studying his capabilities, taking account of his foibles, holding one's own in contest, struggling with him for the mastery, can make men; and is any system worthy the name "education" if it does not give us men, men of strength and character, a truly developed manhood? Be all this as it may, no one following the successes of the man now occupying our attention fails to recognize the generalship which led his team to victory in the early days and the consummate generalship which attends his movements in his present exalted sphere. However varied the tributes of praise which different admirers bestow upon him, none fail to recognize that everywhere and al-



Right Reverend Michael Francis Fallon, D. D.,
Bishop of London.

ways he is pre-eminently a leader of men.

It was in the early eighties that the vigorous and brilliant schoolboy of Kingston matriculated into the University of Ottawa. Four years of college studies and college drill culminated in his seeking admission to the Oblate Order. The greater part of the next decade was spent in comparative obscurity. The years given over entirely to ecclesiastical training, and a considerable term devoted to post-graduate work in European universities fill up this period. With the Oblates, as with all great religious organizations, these years of retirement are considered essential to the formation of a subject. Those whose privilege it is to regularly hear the Bishop of London in the pulpit can perhaps best appreciate the contribution this made to the education

of the future churchman. The deeply spiritual tone of his utterances, the religious fervour of sentiment they breathe forth, that intimate knowledge of God's words and ways, are begotten within the quiet of the cloister and fostered in after years of life over which those early influences hold constant sway. Thus it is that the man whose position calls for an almost incessant activity and an absorbing interest in all the great movements with which the world around him is agitated has learned to seek refreshment from turmoil in the quiet of study and meditation. Difficult as it necessarily is to appear in a role so varied and varying that very world demands nothing less of him who would undertake to lead his fellow-men to an interest in the great eternity beyond, Bishop Fallon owes much of his success in the pulpit and

in all the duties of his lofty position to those early years spent in the seclusion of an Oblate seminary.

From another point of view to become a member of the Oblate Order is for the young Canadian to be admitted to the enjoyment of a most precious heritage. No other institution, civil or religious, has been more closely associated with the country's development. Pitching its tent some seventy or eighty years ago in what was to be afterwards the federal capital, its establishment there became the recruiting and training ground for those bands of missionaries which have since traversed all the territory lying between the Great Lakes and the Pacific.

They entered loyally into the aspirations of our young Dominion and became a power in its development. It is generally said that in the decades preceding the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway that vast expanse was controlled and civilized by three powerful agencies, the Hudson's Bay Company, the Oblate missionaries, and the mounted police. The peaceful settlement of our immense West we, in Canada, have simply taken as a matter of course; we have not been accustomed to ask how it came about. Apparently we have failed to contrast it with the circumstances so strikingly different which attended the settlement of those other western plains just below our southern boundary. The extent to which the courage and perseverance of the Oblate missionary contributed to bring about this wonderful issue is well known to all who knew the West at that period; little is known of it elsewhere. Spending his youth and early manhood amid a body of teachers and pupils all aspiring to similar undertakings and achievements, the ecclesiastical prelate whom we now observe enthusiastically devoted to every project looking to his country's weal no doubt received his noblest inspirations during that period.

His first appointment following up on the completion of those years of training was to the staff of his own university. From one of his early pupils, himself, now also a university professor, I recently heard this remark: "I should not know where to look for a man capable of taking Father Fallon's place in a class of English literature. I have known others more widely read, more familiar with details affecting the subject under consideration, but none with his power of arousing interest in the author or work before him." His success on the university staff and the force of his pulpit deliverances attracted universal attention in the Capital, and soon all classes and organizations sought his co-operation when questions of grave import were being discussed. When still a young man several occasions occurred on which his influence in such matters was dominant. The entire British Empire at this hour rejoices to know that the objectionable clauses in the Coronation Oath are at last removed, but it may not be a matter of general information that the first effectual move looking towards their abolition came from the present Bishop of London.

The time seemed near at hand when the university would ask its Professor of Literature to accept the rectorship; but the order to which he had consecrated his services had greater undertakings to commit to his guidance. On the retirement of the American Provincial, Father Fallon was named successor, and thus he became general manager of all the Oblate institutions in the United States. Buffalo now became his place of residence, and his old friends were not surprised to hear, a year or two later, that the commanding personality to whom all paid deference in the Canadian Capital had become a power in the guidance of both ecclesiastical and civil interests in the commercial centre of the Empire State.

The duties now devolving upon him required his presence at all points, north, south, east and west, an experience which accounts for his marvellous knowledge of conditions everywhere through Canada and the United States.

Bishop Fallon has now been eight years in the See of London. The Canadian public have heard a good deal of him in that time. To the general reader he is a man who at times takes a vigorous stand and makes trenchant pronouncements when certain important issues are at stake. To those who hear him in the pulpit—and opportunities for doing so have been found not only in every church in his diocese, but in almost every centre between the two oceans—he is an orator of the rarest charm and interest, combining an inimitable force and lucidity of expression with a rich, musical voice and an imposing personal appearance. To those who know him in the daily routine of life he is a tireless worker, handling an immense correspondence early and late, attending to endless calls, interviews and consultations, and withal reserving a great deal of time for private reading and study. Few who have been close students for over thirty years retain such vigour of constitution, few at the end of thirty years continue to tax that constitution to almost the very limits of endurance. No one speaks of anything particularly distinctive in his policy, his energies being devoted chiefly to explaining the teachings and enforcing the laws and practices of the Church he represents. Though young and active and familiar with all that is new, he is by disposition conservative. Beliefs, customs, practices, maxims, held in honour in the social life of a generation or more ago engage his partiality while many of the new-fangled schemes of reform tend to arouse his suspicions. Much of his attention has been given to improving the parochial schools of his diocese, but always along the lines

of systems in general use. He threw himself enthusiastically into the further development of the Western University merely in the hope of seeing some of those opportunities for culture which are the peculiar heritage of older lands enjoyed by the people of his own city and surroundings. He founded an ecclesiastical seminary in London to perpetuate the methods already everywhere adopted, not because he had a new system to introduce. From the liturgy of his church changeless and unchanging for centuries, he is wont to look for inspiration, and his most eloquent discourses teem with veneration for the past.

When the advocacy of bilingualism began to forbode difficulties more or less acute in the school legislation of Ontario the public at large were disposed to look to Bishop Fallon as one eminently qualified to assist in their adjustment. He had spent many years where young men of both races were being educated side by side, he spoke French fluently, a large portion of the population in London Diocese were of French origin. His attitude towards the whole matter he has given to the public on several occasions, insisting that this is not a religious question at all. Because of statements occasionally heard from the platform and through remarks sometimes coming to us from the press there seems to be a tendency in the public mind to identify the aspirations of bilingualism with the interests of Catholic separate schools, and he, in common with the representatives of his Church, felt constrained to disabuse the public of their error. I cannot recall in his administration of the See of London any legislation or direction affecting the language question. His conservatism has been manifest here as elsewhere. Schools in which the French language was previously taught continue free to exercise the privilege; churches in which services were formerly conducted in French have not been asked to make any change in programme.

It may be said in conclusion that the subject of this essay places his reviewer at a decided disadvantage, in leaving him little or nothing to communicate to his readers. Bishop Fallon has few secrets: his policy is open to the world. He sees nothing in mysterious suggestions and cautious reserve, he has small regard for the wiles of diplomacy. He is usually accustomed to lay bare his convictions frankly and fearlessly and trust their inherent soundness to prevail with his hearers and readers. For similar reasons he is disposed to favour a thorough inquiry into an upsetting situation rather than fall back upon what might be deemed a prudent adjustment, one of these which in all likelihood would leave the way open for dissatisfaction and misrepresentations in the future. He knows nothing of embarrassment in presence of others, one or many, nor understands how another could be embarrassed in his. He is easy of access, always willing to hear another's argument from any angle or viewpoint whatever, generous in dealing with an opponent, and fearless in his decisions.

On the subject of Imperialism he has made an open pronouncement:

"I am an Imperialist on principle and by conviction. As a student of history I have found that there has been always one dominant nation,

whether Assyria, or Babylon, or Rome, or Carthage, or the Empire of Charlemagne, or of the Franks or of the Empire of Philip of Spain. For three centuries or more Great Britain has been the dominant power, and I see no nation prepared to take her place. For that reason I am an Imperialist. And it is in no restricted, narrow national sense either. There is freedom where the old flag floats, and it is the only nation that, to the fullest degree, knows the meaning of civil and religious liberty."

When the great war began he said:

"We are standing on the brink of events, the consequence of which no man can foresee. Through circumstances which it attempted to control, but unfortunately without success, the Empire of which Canada forms a part, has been forced in defence of its very life and liberty to unsheathe the sword in a struggle fraught with the gravest import to the most sacred interests. Every sentiment of loyalty to our King and country, as well as of love for our very homes, prompts us to turn to God and seek from Him the blessed gifts of peace and security for the Empire, that will mean the freedom and welfare of the world."

Perhaps these pronouncements had something to do with his recent call to the scene of hostilities by the overseas military authorities.

LAURENTIAN SUMMER SONG

By LILY E. F. BARRY

COME to Kilmarth!
 A fresh log blazes on the hearth,
 A welcome waits you there
 From bird and bee,
 From bush and tree,
 From every floweret fair
 That stars the wood or decks the hillside bare.
 Sweet summer sings in every breeze that stirs
 Among the scented pines and pointed firs.

Blue flows the tide;
The sea-gulls are at play;
The beach is warm and wide;
The rocks are glistening all the way
From Lighthouse Point to Sandy Bay.
Come soon, before the crescent moon,
Full-orbed, proclaims the end of June.
Purple and white the lilacs blow
Across the lawn, and by the gate
Gaily the honeysuckles grow
A greeting for you (an you come not late),
While at your feet, where'er we pass,
The fragrant twin-flowers creep and mass,
The gray old rocks adorning
With pink, to meet the morning;
And farther, under cover,
Where birch and spruce roof over
The cool dim solitude
Of the still, mossy wood,
The pigeon-berry blossoms white,
In thousands, make a goodly sight.

But if in roving mood, you tire
Of the near view, and sitting by the fire.
Fleet-footed "Tom" is waiting at the door
To climb the hills and speed along the shore
With you and me, as oft before:
Content to wait when our delighted eyes,
Met by the glad surprise
Of fields on fields abloom
With flowers of every hue
That all the air perfume.
Compel our feet to wander
Where so much beauty grows.
Where lavish nature loves to squander
Purple and crimson, white and gold,
Buttercups, daisies, vetch and clover,
Milk-weed, iris and briar-rose;
Or, when these be over,
Fire-weed, laurel and golden-rod.

Gathering gaily all our hands can hold,
Trophies from every path we trod,
We'll carry back from hedge and hill,
To share the joy we found afar.
Then every jug, and bowl, and jar,
On shelf and table, floor and sill,
With the bright blossoms we'll quickly fill,
Until the sunshine and the glow
From every corner overflow,
To greet each corner,
Bringing the summer
Into the house to cheer
Tired eyes that find their heaven here.

Or, of the bracing air
 And wholesome country fare
 Lure you to exercise your skill
 In some more strenuous way,
 No better time to do it than to-day;
 To drive the ball, or toss it, as you will.
 The links are smooth, the courts are clean;
 Beauty and youth are gathered on the green:
 (Expectant caddies animate the scene);
 Whether your game
 Win praise or blame,
 The sheer joy of playing in the sun
 Proclaims it wisely done;
 And if the mid-day heat
 Oppress you, when the score is lost or won,
 Follow with willing feet
 Where in the cooling wave the swimmers meet,
 Ere strikes the hour to hunger ever sweet.

Then when the sun dips low,
 In a rose and purple glow,
 Between the sea and sky,
 (Where all the sweet days die),
 Together we shall watch soft-footed Night
 On tip-toe stealing o'er the bridge of light,
 Intolerably bright,
 Shimmering shoreward to the shadowy beach—
 Just you and I—
 And with such glad excuse
 For watching, through the screen of pine and spruce
 That breaks the crimson splendour where it falls,
 With darkling intervals,
 Making mysterious hyphens with the blue
 By every wavelet kiss'd
 To green and amethyst,
 Just I and you,
 Silently each to each
 In such an hour more closely drawn,
 Then in the noon or at the dawn,
 Our inmost souls revealing
 Their every secret feeling,
 Shall dear communion hold,
 In voiceless terms that never can be told
 In song or story,
 But only in the glory
 Commingling heaven and earth for our delight
 On a sweet summer night
 In fair Metis,
 Twice-bless'd abode of beauty and of peace.

The air is chill, the flames leap on the hearth.
 Draw up the sofa—welcome to Kilmarth!



Mr. John Ross Robertson

"WHAT ART HAS DONE FOR CANADIAN HISTORY"

BY EMILY P. WEAVER



HIS is the suggestive second title of the recently issued "Guide to the J. Ross Robertson Canadian Historical Collection", which is appro-

priately housed in the great Reference Library of Toronto.

Even a hasty visit to this wonderful collection of historical material makes it clear that the graphic arts have done far more for Canadian history than most people imagine. But any one who has had the least experi-

ence of seeking for authentic illustrations for any phase of the story of our country will further realize that without the patient and public-spirited labour of such enthusiasts as Mr. Robertson art as a handmaid to Canadian history would never have come to her own.

As Dr. Locke puts it, in his introduction to the new catalogue, "The history of this collection is very interesting. In a letter to the Public Library Board in 1910, Mr. Robertson stated that for many years he had

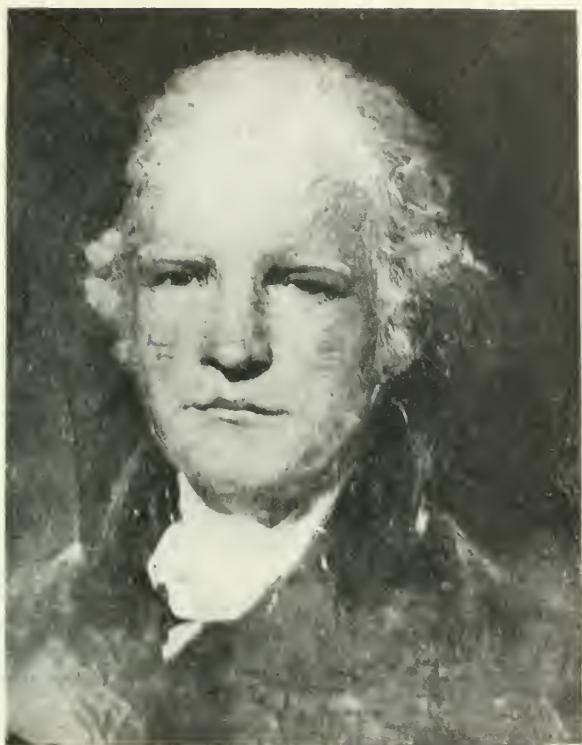


John Ross Robertson, as he appeared when a lad in the uniform
of a Toronto Hose Company

been collecting examples of the history of Canada from 1758 up to the present time as exhibits in pictorial form, and that he was anxious that the public should have the benefit of it. He knew of no more fitting place than the Public Library, and informed the board that he was willing to install this collection and, eventually, to give another collection of Canadian prints and photos contained in portfolios in his private library, numbering about 15,000 pieces, to be held by the board in trust for the people of Canada." It was stipulated that "the pictures should be placed in a suitable room, with skilled attendants, covered by insurance, catalogued, and that they should not be lent or removed from the library building on College Street". A further condition is that any one wishing to copy a picture must first obtain permission from the Librarian and must give due credit to the collection.

When the formal opening took place at the end of January, 1912, there were 560 pictures in the collection. The number listed and annotated—a most laborious task—in the new catalogue is 3,715, while there is an overflow, as yet uncatalogued, of another thousand pictures in the upper art rooms of the library. About one-fifth of the pictures are originals, of which there are no copies. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the library contains another of Mr. Robertson's generous gifts to the people, in the shape of several hundred beautiful water-colour drawings of Canadian birds.

The historical collection is estimated to be worth no less than \$200,000. Many of the pictures and prints were exceedingly hard to obtain, and "there are at least one hundred important exhibits . . . which have not been on the London market in complete form for twenty years, and deal-



William Osgoode
First Chief Justice of Upper Canada

ers do not know where to look for them".

Regarded from the educational standpoint the collection is invaluable. The more carefully it is studied the keener is the realization of the light it throws upon our country's past—brief, but not lacking in significance. It is a short-sighted view of life which declines to be concerned with anything not up-to-date. Who can estimate what a clearer reading of the past may do for the future and the present? In picture form the story of Canada has its black shadows as well as its high lights, its inspirations as well as its danger-signals..

The collection is particularly strong in the human element, and intermingled with views of cities and ships and battlefields is what might fairly be described as a Canadian national portrait gallery. Many of the pictures

are of small size, and the visitor soon discovers that it is a work of many hours to gain a fair knowledge of them.

The making of it was, says Mr. Robertson, "a labour of love". None the less it represents a heavy cost in thought and time and energy. The gathering of these treasures has involved thousands of miles of travel by land and sea. Moreover, Mr. Robertson has availed himself largely of the services of experts to test the genuineness of his "finds" and of artists to copy pictures, necessary to his plan, which were otherwise unobtainable.

Apparently Mr. Robertson has always been peculiarly interested in pictures. He made his first collection, as a boy of twelve, in a scrap-book. A dozen years later he began in earnest the collection of historical pictures, in



General Wolfe

From the portrait by Captain Inch, painted during the siege of Louisburg in 1758

connection with his "History of Freemasonry in Canada", which he wished to illustrate fully with authentic material.

To go a step farther back—perhaps Mr. Robertson's passion for history, and his enthusiasm in the pursuit of his hobby, may be traced to his Gaelic ancestry. He is a member of the great Clan Donnachaidh, or Robertson, and traces descent from a Highland chieftain of the fourteenth century.

In any line of study, there is nothing more desirable than some definite point of interest as a basis for further exploration, and what could be more stimulating, historically, to a youthful imagination than a sense of kinship with such a romantic personality as that of "Duncan the Stout", staunch warrior and favourite of Robert the Bruce. This Duncan sheltered the king in his days of adversity, received from him the title of Lord, or Baron, of Strowan, or Struan, in

Perthshire, and fought for him at Bannockburn. There is a picturesque story that the chief when marching his clansmen to join the Bruce, on the eve of this battle, planted his standard in the ground at a night's camping-place. Next morning, on drawing it up, he found a glittering crystal, clear as glass, embedded in the clod of earth adhering to the staff. He took it as a good omen, and ever since the chief—to this day designated "Struan", has on great occasions worn the "Clach na Brataich", or "Stone of the Standard". The clan accepted it as their "Stone of Destiny", and it was used as a charm to cure diseases. In the time of the thirteenth chief, Alexander Robertson, who was "out" with his followers for James the Second, for the "Old" and the "Young Pretender", the crystal developed a mysterious crack or flaw. Despite this presage of evil, the inveterate supporter of the "Kings over the Water",



The Duke of Kent
From the Painting by James Gillray

was fortunate enough to regain his estate and died in peace under the Hanoverian, George II. It is believed that this "Poet-chief", as he is called, because he interspersed verse-making with his fighting in the cause of the exiled Stuarts, was the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's *Bradwardine*, in "Waverley".

However that may be, the character and adventures of the Jacobite Struan might well have been woven by "the Great Magician" into some such romance as those tales of "Ivanhoe" and "Old Mortality" and "Kenilworth", which have helped British folk all the world over to realize that there is endless interest to be won from knowledge of the past.

Some of us fancy, perhaps, that Scott was peculiarly happy in the picturesque quality of his material—the

mountain background, plaided clansmen, men of desperate courage in hand-to-hand encounters, loyalty to chief, or king, or kinsmen that knew no limit. Is it not true rather that Scott's genius was merely the crucible which brought out the interest and the beauty embedded in the wild chronicles of Scotland's past?

And we, too, as has been demonstrated in different ways, again and again, have a history which might well prove as inspiring to the imagination and the patriotism of Canada's sons and daughters as the tales of old Scotland have been to her children. Can it be anything but lack of knowledge which causes teachers to complain that history is so dry a subject that children cannot be interested in it?

Who could go through such a col-



A Seaman, (1768-86). Showing also a man-o'-war barge

lection as that gathered by Mr. Robertson and fail to realize that the story of the Dominion has not only a vast and varied background of wood and river, wilderness and mountain, broad, open plain and wild sea-coast, but an equally varied personnel of explorers and savages, soldiers and seamen, adventurers, statesmen and quiet builders of order out of chaos. It has had its gatherings to arms, its rebellions, its struggles against class privileges, its clashes of race against race, its special social developments, its slow working out of material prosperity from poverty, and of a people that is new, sometimes from the wreckage, sometimes from the choice, of older nations.

In this great story, every year brings to light fresh records of Canada's childhood and adds to the store of historical portraits, pictures and sketches accessible to the public. The Dominion Government is doing this work through the Archives Department at Ottawa, whilst in Toronto we have now, thanks to Mr. Robertson,

"a National Gallery of Canada, where the pictures tell the stories, and link together the men and the events so that one can see the evolution of a nation. . . . This is the outcome of the hobby of a great man", and Mr. Locke continues, "Hobbies are incident to real greatness, and when these hobbies are socialized and applied to the public good they are the greatest legacy one can leave to mankind".

In this connection it may be said in passing that Mr. Robertson is no "Dry-as-dust" collector, for busy as he is in the world of books, other interests have shared his heart and his energies. On the one hand, he has done much to encourage healthful sport and recreation. On the other he has been the faithful and devoted friend of sick children. As Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, he has for years borne the chief burden of its support, not only giving generously and continuously in money, but giving also his untiring service as organ-



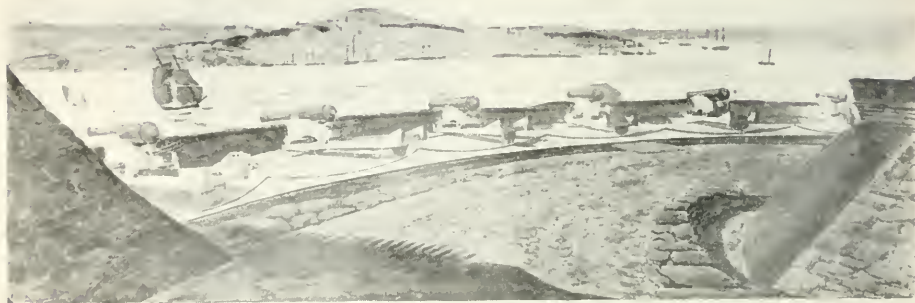
Uniform of an Admiral, (1768-86). Showing also a first-rate man-o'-war

izer and financier. In connection with the hospital, he built and equipped the "Lakeside Home for Little Children", on Toronto Island, and later built and presented to the College Street institution a peculiarly comfortable and convenient nurses' residence, which contains a hundred and fifty rooms.

Mr. Robertson is a Toronto man, by birth, up-bringing and life-long residence. He was educated at the great school, founded by Sir John Colborne, which has been called the "Canadian Eton". Whilst still at Upper Canada College the boy showed his bent towards newspaper work by learning printing in his leisure hours and issuing a school paper, called *The College Times*, and afterwards *The Boys' Times*. During a year at the Model Grammar School he brought out another paper, *Young Canada*, and after this apprenticeship, when he was twenty he went into the printing business for himself and began the publication of a periodical devoted to athletics, named *Sporting Life*. This

did not afford sufficient occupation for his energies, so in addition he became a reporter on the staff of *The Leader*. Next he accepted the position of city editor of *The Globe*. Two years later he assisted in founding *The Daily Telegraph*, which existed for five years, and in 1872 he went to England, to live for three years in the metropolis of the Empire, as correspondent and business representative of *The Daily Globe*. In 1876, soon after his return to Canada, he founded *The Evening Telegram*, which, under his ownership and management has had a most successful career for more than forty years.

All this varied experience as a newspaper man was widening and deepening his knowledge of his country and was bringing him into touch with the men who were making history in his own day. At last, some time in the 'eighties, he began the gathering of his vast historical collection—not with the intention of founding a picture gallery for the benefit of the public—that plan developed later—but with



Halifax as seen from Georges Island about 1775.

From the Drawing by R. Short

the object of illustrating a book—which he was writing.

Mr. Robertson, it must be explained, early became an enthusiastic member of the Order of Free Masons, and is now a Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, having attained the highest honours in the power of his fellow craftsmen to bestow upon him. Being so much interested both in history and Freemasonry, it occurred to him to write the "History of Freemasonry in Canada". He gave something like sixteen years' labour to this book—two of which were devoted to searching for the illustrations, of which there are nearly five hundred in the two volumes. It was published in 1899.

A few months after the completion of the work the author described to a fellow-voyager on an Atlantic liner some of his numerous and often disheartening adventures in "Hunting for Pictures", and the conversation shows so vividly the kind of work and the qualities required to make a great collector that it is worth recalling.

He had spent weeks in old print shops and months in the British Museum and other great libraries of Lon-

don and Paris, searching for pictures. These were sometimes very elusive. The obtaining of one illustration cost nearly a month's toil.

"As for incidents," said Mr. Robertson, "my hunt was full of incidents. The trouble was there were so many hunts, just bristling with incidents. I have had queer experiences. What disappointments I have had just when ready to land a print! Month after month, yes, year after year, like a detective on the trail, and then in the end to know that I might as well have tried to grasp a shadow on the wall!"

The hunt for the picture of a certain man-of-war, named the *Van-guard*, "on which Brother Dunckerley held a lodge at Quebec in 1760," was especially strenuous. "I had almost given that chase up," said the veteran collector. "I had explored the print and model room of the Royal United Service Institution, opposite the Horse Guards, and examined every naval history in its book-shelves that had a picture; spent a long day at Greenwich Hospital examining models of men-of-war from 1650, and photographing oil paintings of groups of warships that might contain the *Van-*



General Simon Fraser, eldest son of Lord Lovat of the Forty-Five

At the beginning of the Seven Years' War he raised the 78th, or Fraser Highlanders, which took a leading part in the expedition against Louisburg, Cape Breton, in 1758; served under Wolfe, and was Brigadier-General in the British force sent to Portugal in 1762. While in America, General Fraser was elected M.P. for Inverness, Scotland, and represented that city until his death in 1782.

guard—for I couldn't take the oils away and therefore had to submit the photos to an expert. But all in vain. I thought I had the ship in an oil painting showing the fire fleet of the French attempting to pass through the British fleet off Quebec in 1759, but my expert friend said I was on the wrong track."

After this Mr. Robertson had another look at the catalogue of the print room in the British Museum and discovered one engraving of a ship of war entering Wolfe's Cove and "another of a ship of war passing the Pierced Rock on the Gaspé coast". The second picture had been made, it appeared, by Captain Harvey Smyth, who in 1758 had sailed in the *Vanguard* for England. "This looked near

my goal," said Mr. Robertson. "Once more I made use of the camera. I reproduced the picture in enlarged form and my eup of satisfaction overflowed when my expert friend told me that the ship was undoubtedly the long-sought *Vanguard*—a dictum which Mr. Robertson speedily verified from the original log of the vessel preserved in the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane.

One thing led to another. While searching for Masonic pictures in the King's Library in the British Museum Mr. Robertson chanced to open a portfolio containing thirty-two original drawings of Canadian scenes by Mrs. Simeoc, wife of the first Governor of Upper Canada. These had been presented by the Governor to George III.



The 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment of foot. In Nova Scotia, 1776.

The regiment fought for King William at the battle of the Boyne and throughout the Irish campaigns down to the fall of Limerick. It was at home during the Seven Years' War; went to America in 1767, and was at Boston at the outbreak of the War of Independence. The 18th was present at the battle of Bunker's Hill, but left Boston for Nova Scotia, and returned to England in July, 1776.

in 1800, and for nearly a century had lain forgotten in the library. Amongst the sketches were views of Kingston, Toronto harbour and the Mohawk village on the Grand River. Facsimiles of these drawings, and others which Mr. Robertson discovered at Wolford Lodge, the lovely Devonshire home of Mrs. Simcoe—about ninety in all—now hang in the Toronto Reference Library. It contains also numerous pictures of the Governor, of his wife, and of persons and places nearly connected with them. A very fine picture of Major-General Simcoe, life-size and in uniform, painted by Mr. E. Wyly Grier, hangs at the end of

the art room, facing the visitor as he enters.

The collection is perhaps equally rich in portraits and mementoes of General Wolfe. There are photographs of Westerham, where he was born; of Greenwich, where he was buried, and of many of the monuments erected in his honour. There are portraits also of his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Wolfe; of his handsome mother, and of his fiancée, Katherine Lowther, who afterwards married the last Duke of Bolton. Of Wolfe himself there are a dozen portraits—full length, head and shoulders, a few full-face, most making the

utmost of the great soldier's odd profile. Amongst these is a little-known portrait, of which the original (now in possession of J. Vowler-Simcoe, Penheale, Cornwall) was painted on wood by Captain Inch, of the 35th Grenadiers, during the siege of Louisbourg in 1758. The painting made for the collection is the only copy in existence.

Mr. Robertson "searched the world over" for a portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Simon Fraser, who had led the Highlanders at Louisbourg, and was with Wolfe at Quebec. He was the first Provincieal Grand Master of Masons of Quebec, which "at that date meant all Canada". Finally an advertisement in *The Edinburgh Scotsman* brought out the information that there was a miniature of Fraser in existence. Mr. Robertson offered thirty-five guineas for it. For seven or eight years the owner refused to sell, then promised to do so. Mr. Robertson sent a cheque and waited three years more, only to have his money returned after all. But at last Dr. Doughty, of the Dominion Archives Department, obtained a coloured photograph of the celebrated miniature and presented the prize to Mr. Robertson. From this the latter had two oil-paintings made, one for the Masonic Temple, the other for the historical collection in the library.

Another great prize, and a very valuable picture, is one of the numerous portraits of the Duke of Kent. This is a miniature water-colour by a celebrated British artist, James Gillray, which Mr. Robertson bought in a London print-shop. Next day the dealer wished to buy it back, as he had been offered sixty guineas for it by some one from Buckingham Palace.

Even the new catalogue, though it is a perfect storehouse of information and curious bits of historical detail, conveys no adequate idea of the value of the collection, either to the general student of Canadian history or the seeker for information on special sub-

jects. It must be seen to be appreciated fully. There are hundreds of views of Canada's older cities and towns and of other places of interest, including a large number of delicate pencil drawings, made by G. Harlow White in the 'seventies. There are portraits galore, in every style of art from the quaint, unsatisfactory silhouette to the elaborate oil-painting, of all classes of Canadian celebrities, including explorers, politicians, business men and legal luminaries. As an interesting example of the latter, we reproduce here a beautiful portrait of Honourable William Osgoode, first Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

Naturally the collection is especially strong in subjects connected with Mr. Robertson's native Province and city. The gradual growth of Toronto may be traced from the garrison of York, as depicted by Mrs. Simcoe in 1796, to "Toronto in 1908", painted by Owen Staples, O.S.A. Nor is this all. There are endless street scenes and pictures of buildings, ancient and modern, beginning with the little log cabin built by the father of General Brock's fiancée, Sophia Shaw, and ending with the up-to-date luxury of the new Government House in Rosedale. There are also series of views of Toronto's custom houses, post-offices, theatres, and jails, which suggest a pictorial history of the town.

There are portrait-series also of the mayors, the city solicitors, the lieutenant-governors. This last group (of even more than provincial interest) consists, with one or two exceptions, of copies in water-colour from oil-paintings at Government House, many of which were the work of George Theodore Berthon, a French painter, who settled in Canada in 1844.

There is an interesting group of pictures of the principals and masters, also the janitors of Upper Canada College. Amongst these may be mentioned those of Dr. Harris, first principal; Reverend John McCaul, afterwards President of the University of

Toronto; Dr. M. Barrett, founder of the Ontario Medical School for Women; John G. Howard, an early drawing-master, who afterwards presented High Park to Toronto, and Stephen Butler Leacock, of "Nonsense Novels" fame. There is a picture of the old college building on King Street, and a quaint little print, depicting the visit to the school in 1847 of the Earl of Elgin, with his wife and sister-in-law, daughters of the famous Earl of Durham.

Mr. Robertson was at that time too young to be a pupil, but there is an interesting sketch of him as a boy, in the uniform of the Boys' Hose Company, attached to the "Rescue" Fire Engine. He was first lieutenant of the company, which attended day fires and was much in evidence in the firemen's procession of May 24th. There are pictures also of the "Rescue" itself and other early fire-engines.

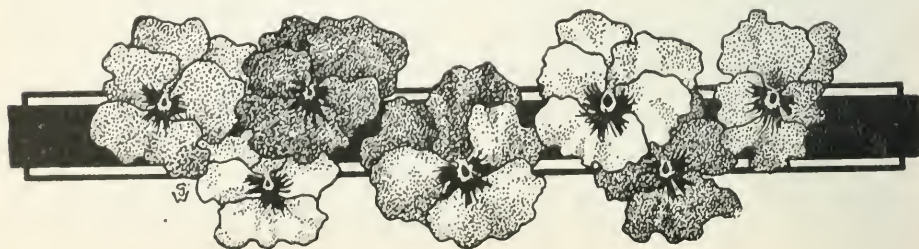
To boys of to-day the collection offers much in the way of pictures connected with outdoor sports—football, snowshoeing and lacrosse. Upstairs may be seen a "Meet of the Toronto Hunt Club in 1877", downstairs "A Century of Yachts on Lake Ontario", from the short, sturdy *King's Yacht* of 1795 to the graceful *Patricia*, of 1911, all drawn by that expert yachtsman, Mr. C. H. J. Snider.

There are many other drawings by his hand in the series, which shows the evolution of the steamboat from the *Accommodation* and *Car of Commerce* to such magnificent modern boats as the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer *Keewatin*.

Amongst the vessels represented in sketch or painting are many whose

names are written on the page of history. There are pictures of Cabot's *Matthew*, of Bristol; of Champlain's *Le Don de Dieu*, of the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, of Mackenzie's *Caroline*, nose-diving over the Falls. That well-known Niagara boat, the *Chicora*, appears also in strange guise, without cabins or upper works, as the *Letter B. (Let Her Be)* for she began her career in the American Civil War as a blockade-runner. There are pictures also of old "horse-ferries", and of those curious experiments, Tinning's "cigar boat" and Knapp's "roller boat".

Space is lacking even to suggest the wealth of material that lies to the hand of him who wishes to study the wars in which Canada has played a part. Besides portraits of the commanders of fleets and armies and the leaders of insurgents or loyalists, a long series of water-colour drawings shows the uniform of captains and privates of the regiments that served in Canada from 1757 to 1869. Other drawings show the dress of the men who manned Britain's fleets from 1748 to 1786. Moreover, there are numerous war scenes from the landings at Queenston Heights and at York in 1813, to the reproductions of Mr. Paul Wickson's "Your Country Calls" and "Home Again after Two Years 'Somewhere in France'", which bring us back to the terrible struggles of this present day, but with the inspiring thought that hundreds and thousands of our young men have shown themselves worthy to stand with the best of the men—and the women—who laid the foundations of the Canadian nation in days of hardship and sacrifice.





TROUT-STREAM IN THE FOREST

From the Painting by
Allan Edson, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada



Dahabeah Days

BY HELEN M. EDGAR

III. FURTHER WANDERINGS ON THE NILE



FEBRUARY second. — Our journey to-day was only one of seven or eight miles. We anchored above the village that had a fleet of feluccas at

its port. Just as the sun was setting we could see, a mile down the river, about seventy black-robed figures moving swiftly along the bank in silhouette such as only the Nile and Egyptian sky can furnish. It was a funeral party returning from the cemetery, the advance members carrying the empty litter. They walked to their feluccas, which bore them to their own village on the other side of the river. This custom of burying the dead on the opposite side of the river is an old custom carried out in many villages. Within a few yards of their lonely landing stage, in savage contrast, we saw fierce vultures tearing to pieces a dead buffalo.

Feb. 3.—A windless day and our journey consequently was very much retarded. In the morning the desert called C. and P., and off they went for a tramp, returning for a late luncheon with a few comforting

flints. After luncheon our crew took to the tow-path. For two miles they pulled against the current, landing us at a place where barges were being laden with sugar-cane. It was very like watching an emancipated zoo. Camel after camel breasted the hill and descended it with careful steps, the rustling of the sugar-cane making soft accompaniment. The day before we had passed flocks of storks, cranes and herons, living the simple life on sand banks in the river, and to-day the same sight met our eyes as we were slowly towed by the crew on our upward journey. Our men looked most picturesque in their multicoloured garments, bending and singing a melodious chant. A slight wind helped us for a few hours past the great limestone cliffs where quarrymen were blasting. Huge boulders rolled down the steep sides, the waiting camels and workers on the narrow shoreline seemingly quite regardless of danger. We passed the Rock Chapel of Merenptah, dedicated to Hathor. It stood out in crude and lonely grandeur. Later in the morning we saw perched high on the summit of the



"Perched high on the cliff the coptic Convent of Der-el-Bukra"

cliff the Coptic Convent of Der-el-Bukra. Visitors can be drawn up by a windlass in a cleft of the rock, but we were not tempted to make the journey. The Empress Helena was the foundress, and Byzantine ornamentation adorns the gate half-buried in the sand. The light on the limestone was dazzling. The moving figures of the workmen looked almost as small as ants crawling up and down the surface.

Shortly after midday the wind again subsided, and towing went on peacefully until tea time. Then the Rais and steersman disagreed, and, the dahabeah grounding, the crew refused to tow. A "scene" followed,

defiance on the part of the crew, and frantic protest and gesticulation by the Rais. When the Rais was on the verge of tears the men consented to continue operations for 100 yards, landing us on a low stretch of sandy desert. A grand sunset gilded our resting-place. The long line of sandstone cliffs caught and absorbed the ethereal colour shot from the western sky. On a low bank opposite, a rich Sheik had his dwelling, a substantial-looking building, with many smaller ones, all embedded in palm trees, which looked black against the crimson sky. We sat up late on deck, and when we descended to our cabins our crew looked very mummy-like, each

man rolled up in a tight bundle awaiting the attack of dawn.

The crew are gradually assuming an individual aspect and we no longer class them collectively as pirates. The two splendid Egyptian brothers, Mohammed and Achmet, first attracted us by their fine physique, and we soon recognized their equally fine dispositions. Our frequent collisions have also given us an insight as to their ready resourcefulness. Mohammed adds a sporting quality to his attractions. If he spies duck on the horizon he stands before P. and shoots with an imaginary gun, to intimate

that it is time to prepare for slaughter.

Doubletoes came into prominence at once from the peculiar manner in which an extra toe is placed tidily over the fourth one of each foot. He is not beautiful. His teeth protrude at an angle that makes one feel he has a duplicate set hidden behind them as well. His cleanliness and carefully arranged turban are greatly in his favour; the latter he wears with fan-like ends emerging after many twistings. For real turban effects we count on Abderachman, the Fuzzy-Wuzzy cook. He stands alone, the



Achmet and a Retainer, with pigeon towers in the background

preux chevalier of all that is fine and dignified. Long since he parted with his fuzzy-wuzziness and wears instead a many-folded turban of spotless white for ordinary occasions,—an additional orange scarf appears for state events. His manners are delightful. Should extra seasoning be needed in the curry, he bows and with a graceful movement touches head and breast. The crew's cook, Abdul Aziz, is of a very different calibre. His most honourable job is being the first man to climb our spar when furling-time is due. We trust his heart is not as impervious to sensation as his head. Cooking, I imagine, stands third on his list of accomplishments, dancing intervening. He is very popular with the crew, but we have not admitted him into the inner circle of our regard. The Vulture stands out a grim, gray, coughing ghost with a ghoulish aspect and a "Henry Irving" stride. He manifests his powers as leader of the chorus, his deep sepulchral tones booming out with great effect. The Rais's composition seems to be of black India rubber. So black he is that should he receive a cut, we are sure only ink would appear from the wound. He sits for hours silent and alone on top of the galley and takes his exercise by quarrelling with the steersman. His actions then are violent and so uncontrolled that his limbs appear to be responding to the pulling of strings by some invisible hand. The steersman when not leaning heavily upon his tiller is sleeping equally heavily on a sail cloth stretched over the crew's supply of bread. He has been appointed guardian of their provisions and watches with a jealous eye all who approach his ward. When the first supply of bread came on board at Cairo, I thought it was fuel for our range. It was in round, flat and hard cakes, yet apparently not hard enough for native taste. About a ton of it was spread out on our upper deck and sun-baked for days. Then a cutting up "bee" took place, and again a dry-

ing process was undergone. By that time it looked a dangerous missile, so hard and black had it become. However, that is evidently its proper state, for the gusto with which it was eaten was not at all assumed. The rest of our crew are nondescript Berberces, with the exception of Abdallah, the laundry "maid," whose dazzling teeth, flashing eyes and Horus lock make him quite conspicuous.

Feb. 4.—In the morning we lay becalmed beyond the limestone cliffs crowned by the Coptic Convent we had passed yesterday. P. and C. started off for a desert tramp about 10 A.M., taking the felucca to a climbable part of the cliff. On scrambling up they were met by the usual figures that seem born of sand and sun and rise to view in the most desert-like places. With vigorous protests they tried to prevent C. and P. going inland, saying that the evil spirits, "the Afreetes," would do them harm. C. replied, pointing to his heart, that he had a spirit with him that would guard him, so they ceased their protests and even ventured under his protection to penetrate a few miles into the desert. Nummulites they picked up in quantities, fragile proofs of how these mighty cliffs have been formed by tiniest insects. Before they returned they visited the Coptic Convent and viewed the dirty interior of the chapel. As they stood there, a young girl entered and wiped her poor blind eyes on the altar cloth. Faith and hygiene are, alas! not synonymous terms. By 3 P.M., a slight wind being manifest, we hoisted sail and ran cheerfully before the breeze for a couple of hours. Then came a calm and we resigned ourselves to an anchorage. As luck would have it, a breeze sprang up about 6.30, and the Rais with unprecedented courage decided to continue his way. It certainly was *his* way. Darkness descended and our only guiding light was the twinkling electric globes at Minyeh, many miles away. The breeze became a gale, and rushing out



Pushing the *Dodo* off shore

into the Egyptian night our Rais justified the proverb about the recklessness of fools. The *Dodo* rolled and pitched, the wind increasing every moment. Through a medley of feluccas and the solid fact of a Cook steamer, we steered a tortuous way, and after only one collision with a felucca ferry, we were finally caught in the embrace of a friendly shoal opposite Minyeh. There we anchored, and during the manoeuvres to that end, P. and C. held our dinner table candles at the stern to notify an Anglo-American craft that we were a stranded dahabeah. It certainly was more by good luck than by good management that no damage was done. Fortunately there was no dispute between the Rais and steersman, and our crew were now begin-

ning to show some training. Our respect for them increased when our huge sail had to be furled in a veritable tempest. From the deck, Abdul Aziz seemed to be dangling from Orion's Belt.

Feb. 5.—This was a delicious morning of fresh north wind, but we had to remain in Minyeh till provisions were purchased and four belated friends picked up. The *Dodo* had now her full complement of passengers. Catering became a somewhat difficult problem for such a large number, as our sources of supply could be reached only when the wind consented to blow in the right direction. All afternoon a most favourable breeze stayed with us, but we were delayed by the non-arrival of Abdul Aziz, who had been commis-

sioned by the crew to replenish their stores. Abdul Aziz proved faithless and justified the perennial pun, Abdul Aswas.

Feb. 7.—Yesterday was without any exaggeration a dull day. We endeavoured to reach Beni Hassan, but only accomplished three miles of the journey. A mud bank was our resting-place, guarded as usual by a medley of natives. But to-day we managed to accomplish the rest of our journey, puffs of wind assisting the towing. We anchored opposite Beni Hassan and took a tramp into the Arabian desert to try and still our impatience at our slow progress. An Arab of courtly bearing acted as our chaperon, stopping when we stopped, turning when we turned. He carried a large onion-top, which he had extracted from a passing donkey's pack, and waved it fragrantly at every point to emphasize his quite unintelligible speech. The ferry landing was just at our stern. The crowd that patronized it appeared the most dissatisfied of *clientèles*. A free fight seemed imminent at each arrival and departure, the dear donkeys being the only non-combatants.

Feb. 8.—P. got us all up very early, and after breakfast we feluccaed across the river to Beni Hassan. Donkeys were not procurable, so we walked a couple of miles on the edge of the desert. The green wheat lapped the border of our road like ripples of the sea. One could literally stand with one foot on the desert and the other on fertile ground. We mounted the sandy hillside, visiting tomb after tomb whose walls glowed with colours which the sand had done its best to destroy. Black, white, yellow, blue, green and red were the prevailing tones laid on with skilful fingers nearly five thousand years ago. The subjects treated were usually the daily life of the people. The dead owner would be represented not only at home amongst his possessions, but if a warrior, amid scenes of conflict. In tomb No. 3 we saw Khnemhotep II.

as a great hunter and skilled fisherman. The hieroglyphics on the walls of this tomb tell how this keen sportsman was "Great in fish," "Rich in wild fowl" and loving the goddess of the chase. Above the entrance to his shrine we saw him seated behind a clump of reeds holding a cord in his hand, and the inscription tells us how this forerunner of Izaak Walton, "hidden by a screen closes the great trap net". To the right of the shrine doorway again we see him in a canoe spearing fish with a harpoon. The text attached to this picture is as follows: "Canoeing in the papyrus beds, the pools of wild fowl, the marshes and the streams of Khnemhotep, the chief canoer." Farther on we read the exclamation, "How delightful is the day of hunting the hippopotamus!" In the tomb of Amenemhat the owner boldly states his claim to the consideration of the gods: "He spake words of truth", "Was free of planning evil", "long-suffering". Amenemhat was also a diplomat, for the walls record that "he knew the place of his foot in the house of the King".

These tombs are hewn out of the solid rock, a vestibule, a great sacrificial chamber ornamented with lotus or fluted columns, and beyond, a smaller niche to receive the statue of the Governor or Prince. Shafts now filled up, lead two hundred feet down to the mortuary chamber where a few years ago much treasure was discovered. Exquisite was the prospect of the Nile Valley framed by the doors of the greater tombs. The river flowed purple and brown in its broad bed, a ribbon of intensest green on the Arabian side indicated the width of cultivated Egypt, and to the west the level lands, palm-dotted and myriad-tinted, with ripening crops stretched to where the horizon was bounded by the dim Libyan hills. The sunlight almost blinded us as we emerged from the dim interior. Mohammed and Achmet, with two Arab boys made a black silhouette as they

crouched under the shadow of the rock. We stood at the top of the sand slope built dim ages ago to draw up the heavy sarcophagi. Distant chanting and staccato shrieks of women told us that somewhere a funeral was in progress. Looking across the rippling fields we saw a line of black-robed figures carrying on a litter a sharply outlined shrunken form. The deep-toned chanting drew nearer. The thin black thread of mourners wound its way towards the cemetery, enclosed in its mud walls. The voices grew faint and far away, and the waving arms and fluttering veils of the distraught women were slowly blended with the deep, mysterious, all-absorbing desert.

We were met on our descent by donkeys procured from somewhere, and we had the unique experience of riding *sans* saddle or bridle. My little beast picked his way so daintily that I had no difficulties. His reward was frequent grassy treats nibbled from the wayside grain. We had a hard tussle with wind and current to reach the *Dodo*, our crew having to tow us waist-deep in water more than half the way. All afternoon we waited patiently and impatiently the coming of the north wind.

Feb. 9.—Was a day of towing by the crew and suppressed cases of African irritability on the part of the passengers. At that rate we could never reach Assouan and be back in Cairo at the end of March. One bright spot in the day was the singing of an Arab boy, who walked along the shore chanting melodiously. We anchored near a fine grove of palms, where P. took a walk, while a motley crowd of armed and unarmed natives followed him at a respectful distance.

Feb. 10.—Towing began the day, and then a wind springing up, we had a fair run, passing several villages at quite close quarters. Kalandoul was specially interesting, as several of the huts were built entirely of water *kulac* (jars), the mouths turned outward to house innumera-

ble pigeons. Roda was also passed, a flourishing town with lovely palms, and then Sheik Abadah, on the opposite bank. Nearby the latter is the site of Antinoupolis, the town erected by Hadrian in honour of his favourite, for it is supposed that here Antinous drowned himself in the Nile to fulfil the oracle that had predicted a great loss to the Emperor. The winds were variable, but after a flurry of nerves, the Rais consented to take advantage of the north wind that carried us on in a repentant mood for its past neglect. We anchored by the muddiest bank the Rais could find. A policeman appeared and guarded us for the night, fading away with the daylight with the usual suddenness. He had, however, thoroughly frightened our crew, for they now required a night light.

Feb. 11.—Towing again began the day, and a light wind assisting, we drifted by the limestone cliffs, where quarrymen were hard at work. On the summit of the plateau many outlined figures were lost from time to time in the obliterating, dynamite smoke. Huts of sugar-cane were perched in perilous places, their owners standing nonchalantly by while boulders from the cliff above tumbled about their frail dwellings. We ended our career that day on a sand bank in mid-stream opposite El Amarna, the site of the vanished temple, and palaces of the city of Akenaton, the Heretic King. We sat on the deck late into the night talking about this dreamer king, who succeeded his father, Amenhotep the Magnificent, in 1392 B.C. Egypt had need of a strong man of dominant and fighting qualities, but instead, the fates decreed that a king lost in the maze of philosophy and theology should mount the throne of the Pharaohs. Thebes crowded with temples and glories of the worship of Ammon was no place to develop the new religion, so Akenaton forsook the capital and founded in this narrow bend of the river what was to be the "Everlasting City of

the Sun". Palaces reared their stately walls and all that art could do was done to beautify them. The new god must have his temples, too, so they also became dreams of beauty realized.

Feb. 12.—This morning we landed for explorations at what is now the village of Hadgy Kandil. Donkeys awaited us and the whole village gave us welcome. They were a motley crowd, dirty children predominating, who chiefly relied on flies for a permanent costume. It was horrible to see the babies covered with these pests and no attempt being made to drive them off. We soon reached the enclosure erected by Professor Flinders Petrie in 1911-2 to preserve the wonderful fragments of the stucco pavement, almost the only remaining sign of the beauty and colour that glowed during the seventeen years of Akenaton's brief reign.* The desert sand now sweeps over the broad highway that led to the kingly palace, and only crumbling walls trace the vast proportions of the Temple of the Sun. It was difficult in that sandy waste to conjure up the gorgeous procession and ceremonial when the Heretic King in pride first entered the temple to receive his revenues. The king proceeded thither in a chariot, accompanied by his four daughters and was received in the temple with shouts of "Welcome". Round the temple were the chateaux of the nobles. One of them poetically describes the city: "She is lovely and beautiful; when one sees her, it is like a glimpse of heaven". Through desolation and destruction we wandered for some time, stooping often to pick up fragments of blue and green enamel that had mingled with the sand. Remounting our beasties, we followed a desert track till we reached, three miles away, the cliffs where the Heretic King had commanded his workmen to hew out of the solid rock tomb dwellings for each one of his favourites. At the foot of the cliffs we left our donkeys with nothing, alas, for

them to browse, while we climbed to the summit, frightening as we did so a jackal from his lair. Before beginning explorations we lunched and at the same time feasted our eyes on the view across the sand to where the green fields met the desert in a wavy line. The little village showed its domes and pigeon towers between the palm trees, and beyond them the river, blue and swift, wound its sinuous way. At intervals a spiral whirl of sand would sweep across the desert and we wondered if our boys huddled by the donkeys were afraid that an "Afreet" was after them, for it is in these twisting veils of sand that the native thinks a *genie* is hidden.

One result of this new religion of happiness is reflected in the more joyous and natural manners of the decorations. On their tomb walls the Ammon worshipper had solemnly portrayed the trials that beset the journey of the soul, while the devotees of the Sun god brightened their walls with pictures of the everyday life of the people. Shockingly mutilated as the tombs are by the enraged priests of Ammon, who on their return to power hacked to pieces some of the most beautiful work of all time, the iconoclasts could not yet quite destroy the fresh and natural pictures of the ceremonies and life at the court of Akhenaton. We learn more of the customs of this lotus land from the tomb walls than could possibly be found now in the desolation of the glorious city of the "Horizon of Aton". Again and again we saw the figures of Akhenaton, his Queen and usually the little Princesses standing under the sun disk, with all its rays ending in a tiny protecting hand. Before them we could trace the design of dainty, dancing figures, while blind musicians, their faces a marvel of character study, twanged their instruments in unison. In the background priests could be seen issuing from the temple in ceremonial procession to greet their king. In one tomb the headless statue still sits in

* Recently destroyed by a spiteful guardian.



The rock desert, which is distinct from the sand

its appointed place, where no doubt the living man had planned that he should rest, gazing with lordly pride into the sunlit space, where he hoped forever to see the temple and palace glories of the new god that was to be the crown and hope of a reviving Egypt. That Akhenaton recognized the necessity of keeping his adherents faithful by granting them rich gifts, there is abundant proof. In the tomb of Tuti, his chancellor, we could follow with some clearness the carvings descriptive of the honours he received from his king. His rather fulsome reply accepting these gifts has an ironic sound surviving as it does in the midst of ruin and desolation: "Make thy monuments stable as heaven and make thy appearance in them forever, for as long as the Aton (sun) exists, thou shalt

exist, living and thriving forever." We crept along the steep side of the cliff, passing endless Roman remains of potsherds, the colour and pattern on them as clear as when their owners of 300 A.D. used them for their oil and honey. We rode home facing the sunset sky, and as we neared the village, numberless dogs rushed out, barking furiously, and in their wake a herd of perfectly naked savages, clamouring for bakshish. The children have not only unclothed bodies, but their heads, too, are bare, being shaved closely except for one long forelock. A superstitious origin can be assigned for this odd feature. In fear of beheading, the native wishes to defend his mouth from desecrating fingers by providing his enemy with this convenient handle for his coveted trophy.

(To be continued).

CANADA ORGANIZED FOR AERIAL FIGHTING

WHAT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE HAS ACCOMPLISHED IN FOURTEEN MONTHS

BY A. D. CAMP



EARLY in January, 1917, the *Metagama* landed at Halifax with a party of fourteen officers and fifty men who had seen active service with the Royal Air Force at the Front in France. Among all the many "missions" that have crossed the Atlantic for purposes connected with the war in Europe this, perhaps, will be regarded in future as the most noteworthy of all. It came unheralded, to tap Canada's resources in a new way, for a new material. It set to work immediately, quietly, with startling efficiency, to discover "aerial warriors"—surely the newest, war-created novelty among a nation's resources. Probably Canadians themselves did not even suspect the existence of this rare and precious material. Perhaps but few realized that this "mission" was here and achieving things—till by and by stories filtered through the newspaper channels of aviators who "received their training in Canada".

At this writing, only fifteen months have gone by since this small unit arrived in Canada. Yet in that time they have accomplished tasks the mere recital of which is sufficient to make us—well, one would say "gasp", if we had not almost ceased gasping at the achievements wrought in this war. For this small nucleus

of the Royal Air Force operating in Canada faced a big task and dealt with it in a big way.

Note the characteristic way in which this handful of men started. They landed without any equipment, beyond their experience and knowledge of air service. To teach men to fly they required, among countless other things, aeroplanes. Right away, within the same month that they had landed, they laid the foundations of an aeroplane factory. Within six weeks the plant was built, completely equipped and manned. Operating with a civilian staff under the Imperial Munitions Board (it is worth noting that all money spent by the Royal Air Force in Canada comes from the Imperial treasury) this factory, known as "Canadian Aeroplanes, Limited", was soon producing aeroplanes at the rate of thirty machines a week, and now is turning out one every working hour! When one considers the many materials that go into an aeroplane engine, rubber, wire, canvas, spruce, leather, pressed steel, etc., and adds to this the fact that the supply of these materials had to be arranged and skilled men gathered to do work of precision that was entirely new, it will be realized that this was no mean accomplishment.

In that same month of January the envoys of the Royal Air Force working in conjunction with the Imperial



A typical example of an Aerial Photograph. Shows a section behind the German lines on the West Front

Munitions Board, inspected numerous sites for aerodromes. Their first choice was the district now known as Camp Borden. This ground, which for years had been nothing but a lake of sand, is to-day transformed into the largest aerodrome in the world. The immense hangars, store-sheds, sleeping quarters and miscellaneous other buildings cover an area of four square miles. And the desert of sand has been replaced with seas of green grass. Five flying squadrons can be housed in this camp, including all machines, personnel and equipment. Working at full pitch, Camp Borden

can send to France 100 or more trained pilots each month. And it was capable of sending this quota overseas when the Royal Air Force had been active in Canada for only six months!

In addition to Camp Borden, the Royal Air Force has built during the last twelve months other aerodromes, on sites that bear the names Mohawk, Rathbone, Beamsville, Armour Heights, and Leaside.

The building of the aeroplane factory and the laying-out of these seven aerodromes represents significant achievements. And it is typical of the efficiency and quick despatch with



Showing how to manoeuvre for an attack

which men of the new wartime Britain have learned to meet wartime situations. The problems they presented were solved by the Royal Air Force with a characteristic promptitude and thoroughness. But they were only incidental to the big task this small mission had undertaken. For the main objective of their "invasion" was to supply the armies in France with fighting aviators. Machines and training-grounds were subsidiary.

To-day the chief recruiting officer for the Royal Air Force in Canada will tell you that he is receiving around 500 applications each week from men who are anxious to fight the Hun in the air. Incidentally he will smile and say, "And we can take care of every one that comes up to our standard". Yet right when the Royal Air Force entered Canada—fifteen months ago—voluntary enlistment seemed to have waned to

the vanishing point. Since that time they have combed the country for thousands of mechanics. They have been sending for months in regular batches scores of trained aviators, men who with a couple of weeks' "finishing-off" in England would be ready to engage with any experienced knight of the air. In addition, they have in training a force of men which in numerical strength has grown beyond the size of a brigade.

How was this force stimulated into action and brought together? Attracted by the fascinating appeal and novelty of flying, you may say. True in some measure. But the real, big fundamental thing that produced this result was organization.

Simultaneously with "starting something" in the way of building an aeroplane factory and several aerodromes, the Royal Air Force mission launched a recruiting campaign, through public speaking and adver-



A Typical Anteroom to Officers' Mess, Royal Flying Corps



Summer Camp of R. F. C. Mechanics at Leaside



A Squadron Engine Repair Shop

tising. The results that followed were gratifying. But the most important effect of this initial campaign was the interest it provoked from the "Aerial League". This body promptly approached the Royal Air Force and made a generous offer of its assistance. Much credit is due to the members of the League for the whole-hearted way in which they placed themselves at the disposal of the Royal Air Force. By a happy stroke of fortune, the membership of this League included prominent citizens in the leading communities in Canada. Through their activities the recruiting officers were put in touch with many young men who wanted to fly. The Aerial League have also shown their interest in the work already accomplished by raising funds to present planes for training use in Canada. It was early decided to appoint committees in every locality with a view to interesting young men in the air ser-

vice and obtaining the necessary publicity.

The country was divided into four districts, with recruiting headquarters at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver. Each district was placed in charge of a recruiting officer. The committees worked under the recruiting officer for their respective districts.

The care of detail relating to this recruiting organization demands the services of more than twenty officers and 100 men. The daily mail in the head recruiting office requires the employment of sixty stenographers; it would, indeed, make many a mail-order house envious.

"Only a very exceptional sort of young man is any good as an air-fighter," says H. G. Wells. And that testimony is borne out by all who have been in close contact with the aerial service. It is a matter of some importance therefore that in Canada

the men who enroll in this splendid service are first chosen by public men in their community. The pilot who goes to France is a man with big responsibilities. In addition to having a clear brain, keen eyesight, quick perceptions, steady nerves, and a fair education, he must have sound common-sense. It is gratifying to think that these civilian committees have interviewed and been able to select so many men with these essential qualifications.

The Royal Air Force values highly the judgment of representative Canadians in selecting young Canadians for the air service. Young men, recommended by local business men who know their character and have been able to observe their conduct, are usually found to be most reliable in training and in actual service.

The Royal Air Force in Canada has grown within fifteen months to three wings. When military aviation has grown to be less of a novelty we shall all be able to calculate what strength that is. We shall know that there are five "squadrons" in a wing, each squadron consisting of four "flights". But at any rate it is but an indication of the big work the Royal Air Force has accomplished in Canada in training the cavalry of the clouds that leads the charges of to-day's battles.

The following briefly summarized facts will serve to amplify what we have herein indicated has been actually done since the work began fifteen months ago.

Between the time that voluntary enlistment was presumed to have stopped and the time the Military Service Act was passed, some thousands of mechanics were enlisted in the Royal Air Force—voluntarily. All are highly skilled men of any of the fifty-six different trades that go to form a Royal Air Force unit. Most of these men have been drawn from all parts of Canada, some even from the United States. There have been organized in addition two "cadet

wings" capable of accommodating 1,000 cadets. Here the aspirant to the aviator's glory receives his "infantry" training and preliminary instruction in the construction and use of the machine gun.

After this preliminary training, the cadet goes to the School of Aeronautics, which is held within the precincts of Toronto University. Eight hundred cadets at a time can be handled by this "ground" school. The instructors are all officers who have seen actual service. Here the cadet learns the theory of flight, wireless telegraphy, artillery observation, meteorology—and more of the machine gun. All this before he learns to fly.

It usually takes about four to six weeks to complete the training at the School of Aeronautics. The successful cadet then goes to one of the "wings" to learn to fly. During his instruction in flight he receives further instruction in wireless telegraphy, aerial photography, gunnery, map reading, etc. Here he gets a taste of camp life under romantic conditions. His day is made up of so many hours of flying and so many of study. While he has a certain degree of freedom and enjoys an association with hundreds of spirited young men of the finest type, he is, of course, under military discipline. He has comfortable quarters and has his meals at the officers' mess. The final training in actual war tactics is given at the School of Aerial Gunnery, where he uses the machine guns in actual target practice. Wonderful practice, this! Starting with ground targets, the cadet soon becomes skilled enough to try his aim on swiftly-moving targets of many types. By concentrated study and practice the cadet soon acquires remarkable proficiency in using the machine gun. In about three weeks' time he is able to qualify as a flying officer and goes to England for his post-graduate course before going to France.

The complete course lasts about



A Sunset

five months and costs about \$10,000 for each man. Is it any wonder that the men are chosen with care? Think what it means to train 1,000 aviators.

Behind the scenes, as it were, the Royal Air Force has an immense organization to provide the equipment for these young men in training. For the handling of technical equipment and distributing it to the various units there is a "stores" department, in which over five hundred mechanics are employed. The purchasing of the supplies involves a knowledge of markets and a business capacity that one can realize if thought is given to the unusual nature of the commodity handled. Thirty officers and an enormous staff are required for this work alone.

Then there is the "repair park", a veritable factory running day and night. Here are rebuilt aeroplanes and engines, and performed such repair work as cannot be done on the field. Eight hundred skilled soldier-

mechanics are employed in this department, working three shifts a day every day in the week. The services of forty officers and staff are required to supervise the repair park. Repairs in the field are performed by the wing repair section. One hundred and fifty skilled mechanics go to form each of these repair units.

The mechanical transport is another important section of the service. They take care of hundreds of motorcycles, cars, tenders, lorries, etc.

Any commercial enterprise that could build up such a vast organization within fourteen months, as the Royal Air Force has done in Canada, would surely be regarded as a prodigy. We have been too apt to pay tribute exclusively to the German genius for organization. Let us realize that under the stress and exigencies of modern war, the British have proved to the world that they, too, have lightning capacity for efficient, thorough organization.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

FATHERS AND HUSBANDS

WHERE ARE WE LEADING THEM?

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", ETC.



It is strange to think that there are people still living who remember the days when children were seen and not heard. To most of us those days seem incalculably remote. To a coming generation their very existence may come to be a matter for speculation. Times are changing with breathtaking rapidity, and before long it may be hard for the earnest inquirer to talk personally with anyone who can give first-hand testimony of an age when children had a place of their own and were expected to stay in it. It was a real place, too, not a mere phrase—a comfortable, even if walled-off "thus-and-so", "do-and-thou-dost-it" sort of place, adjacent to, but not impinging upon, those wider spaces sacred to their elders and betters.

"But," we say in a doubting tone, due to our secret thoughts of children as we know them, "but did they *stay* there?"

"Yes," replies our informant grimly, "they stayed."

A tendency to do otherwise was, we gather, not popular. It received no applause from the gallery. Once in a while some adventurous soul essayed the barrier, but the result was not encouraging.

"Who is this?" asked the grown-up world, fixing eyes of cold amazement upon the abashed intruder. "A child?"

Children should be seen and not heard. Put him back in his place!" And back in his place he was put, tingling with salutary tingles. No one pitied him a bit. For in those days a child out of place was like a foreign body in the social eye—not to be tolerated.

Where was it? Did it ever really exist? Whither has it vanished—this place where the children used to stay? No one of the present generation seems to know much about it, the children least of all. The barrier, if ever there was one, is down; the boundaries are lost. Children are all over the place now. We live, it appears, in the day of the child. The child has come into his own, and his own, apparently, includes everybody else's. Beside him everybody else is as nothing. And if anyone ventures to object or tries to hang on to a little corner of anywhere he is promptly called a child-hater and shunned accordingly.

I wonder who it was who first found out that the child was being disgracefully neglected? I do not mean that most pathetic of all things, the child in the factory or the mine, where the childhood of the poor is shamefully ground into the luxury of the rich. I mean the child (common or garden) in the homes where children are just children and not wage-earners. I wonder if this discoverer had any children of his own, or if he was a

bachelor with no nephews, or a maiden lady who was not an aunt? Whoever he was, he is responsible for a whole lot.

You see, we always liked children. Even in those former dark days when we made them obey us, we honestly liked them. We did not dream that we were blighting their young lives, crushing their individuality, and ogreish things like that. We thought that a little blighting was jolly good for them! But all along our hearts were in the right place and when we had it pointed out to us, in special articles, in pathetic stories, in plays upon the stage, and lectures upon the platform, that we were in reality ruthless monsters preying upon our young, we began to sit up and take notice. The process of our education was subtle. We first endured (the children), then pitied (ourselves), then embraced (the situation). We became positively nervous. Every time Belinda cried because she was put to bed at seven o'clock and left there with the electric light on in the hall and the door open and someone sitting reading in the next room, we remembered all that we had read about "night-terrors" and the utter incapacity of any grown-up to understand the high-strung nature of a child who cries at night. Also we were afraid lest every howl should bring in the neighbours to find out what we were doing to that precious baby to make her sob so pitifully? It ended in our going in to Belinda and holding her hand and telling her stories until even the most heroic efforts on her part could not keep her eyes open any longer. A similar thing happened with Thomas and the porridge at breakfast. Porridge, it seemed, was good for Thomas's stomach, but not good for his soul. Thomas's soul abhorred porridge. As a soul, Thomas preferred waffles and syrup. In the old days Thomas would have had to eat that porridge or, if he wouldn't eat it, he would have gone

hungry until lunch. If Thomas howled at this dietum we would have allowed him to howl with perfect complacency. Think of it! The stomach first and the soul second. The soul, in fact, not anywhere. Thomas might just as well have had no soul at all. The idea of a delicate and subtle, psychical aversion to good porridge and milk, and a tender, mystical affinity for waffles we would have sniffed at.

It is different now. After all, who are we to attempt to understand these wonderful children of ours? Why should the likes and dislikes of a child be callously disregarded because he is a child? Can our years of gathered experience mean anything beside that marvellous instinct for knowing exactly what it wants which every child is born with? I am aware that this heaven-implanted instinct used to be called "original sin", and, as such, was subject to much discipline—a misunderstanding which now we shudder to remember. Is it not true that a child is very much nearer to the beginnings of things than we are? Nearer to the—the—hum!—the infinite cosmos, so to speak? Well then—that's reason enough, isn't it? No more porridge for breakfast!

Once, you know, a baby was just a baby. Ah, me, how short-sighted we were. We know now that a baby is an immortal atom, a breath of the eternal consciousness, a psychological miracle. Before the astounding wonder of him, we poor, ordinary, world-worn grown-ups had better wonder and be silent. True, we were babies ourselves once, but we have forgotten our early wisdom. Let us in our latter state be seen and not heard. It used to be that when we picked a baby up (if a mere man and a father) we trembled lest we drop him. Now we dare not pick him up at all, and our fear is lest he drop us. The position of the mother is a little more secure, seeing that even psychological miracles have to eat. But the modern mother, even when enabling the

miracle to perform this necessary rite, is much more self-conscious than her old-fashioned sister. Motherhood is not merely motherhood now. It is a "great regenerating experience", "the fulfilment of the female ego", etc., etc. All the wonderful things which must always have been inherent in it, but were never talked about or insisted upon, are now plastered up as mottoes on the wall. The mother must be made conscious (by much insisting) of her unique privilege. She is not to sink into slothful ease and contentment, knowing nothing save the joy (purely physical) of a soft little baby in the warm hollow of her arm. She must be made to realize herself, and her position.

Appalling the ignorance of that olden time! It used to be that mothers did not know a thing about babies except what they learned incidentally from bringing up eight or ten of them. These women had never read a book in their lives on the "Care and Management of Children", on "What to do Before Baby Comes", on "How can I make my Child a Personality?", on "Baby's Diet for the First Three Months". All that they knew about baby's diet for the first three months was that if that diet were other than that so thoughtfully provided by nature, all the family and friends (especially on the father's side) called around at once and wanted to know why? And the reason had to be one that was passed upon by the family doctor. If she had told them that she wasn't nursing baby because in the throes of her great regenerating experience she could not trust her moods, they would have suspected incipient insanity or at least would have gone home wondering, audibly, why George hadn't married someone with common sense? They never gave the soul a thought! It was all stummy.

Then there is "What to do Before Baby Comes". All that the old-time mother knew about that was just to go along as usual. Positively, she

didn't do *anything*! She just went over and borrowed grandma's patterns and was careful to choose a good quality of flannel. Everyone that came in, of course, told her a few things, such as a bit of baking soda on the tongue being good for heartburn, and that if one can take a bite to eat before getting up in the morning it is sometimes helpful, and that on no account must she go down-town to see the circus parade. Save for these well-meant efforts she was allowed to do pretty much as she wished. And she did it with an easy mind.

But not now. How, I ask you, can a prospective mother sit in a hammock and sew tiny "nighties", with an easy mind after having read "Myself the Architect of my Child's Character?" and "Am I my Baby's Keeper?" or "How Baby may be Given a Beautiful Face", and "Why my Babies Never Cried", or "How to Evolve an Ideal Nursery out of Nothing", and "Why Young Babies do not Need Clothes", also "Why a Baby's Layette Should be Dainty and Exclusive?" etc., etc. You will see by this elementary list that modern mothers can't swing in hammocks. They have something else to do. From the first moment, after reading "How I Felt when I First Knew", a sense of awful and overpowering responsibility descends—even before, perhaps, if one should be thoughtful enough to study "How to Help the Stork Choose Baby".

And to think that the old folks left all these things to Providence! The carelessness of it! The incredible slackness! Yet do not blame them too much. They were ignorant, you see, and we must admit that their very ignorance held elements of bliss. Think how soothing it must have been when baby insisted upon "taking after" Uncle Henry to lay the whole blame of the catastrophe upon Providence! How comforting for the mother to believe that it wasn't her fault, and that she was doing her whole duty when she carefully nip-

ped the Uncle Henry propensities in the bud! At least, she was never kept awake at night wondering if by taking thought she might have managed an entirely different baby—one who "took after" Uncle William by preference.

Ignorance of this possibility spared her many disappointments, for even now, in spite of all our enlightenment and all the earnestness with which we attack the subject, disappointments are inevitable. Those who are most careful and follow all the rules do not always win out. Scientifically they ought to. Practically they don't. Perhaps some of the rules are still missing. Anyway, the results of true effort are often heart-rending. Think, for instance, of the incredulous chagrin of the woman who had set apart certain hours of each day to pore over the pictured faces of angelic children in a book of Old Masters, only to find that when baby came she looked exactly like Aunt Selina. (To be sure, Aunt Selina looked a little like an Old Master herself—but not an angelic one!) This mother never got over the idea that the dice had been loaded somewhere.

Can we blame her, or others in similar case? Who would like to think beautiful thoughts almost all the time, to restrain one's natural temper while fairly sizzling inside, and to produce an offspring which, to say the least, proves grouchy and inclined to shriek at the beautiful in life? Up to date there are many little disappointments along these lines. Perhaps we shall do better presently.

After the child has successfully arrived (whether as per esteemed order or not) we make more progress. Formerly, after the stork had departed and the monthly nurse had followed him, things were fairly simple. There was the baby and there was the mother. There was also the baby's lesser-parent, the grandma, the grandpa, and the aunts. But on the whole, mother and child had to get used to

each other in their own way. When baby cried, mother went and picked it up to see what was wrong with it. If she couldn't find out, she sent for grandma, who probably knew. If grandma failed, she sent for the family doctor. The family doctor always said he knew, whether he did or not. In time baby stopped crying. It sounds incredibly simple. But slack—terribly slack!

The modern mother has other methods. She has probably taken a course in "Baby's Cries, Their Origin and Meaning, Value and Duration". Whereas her old-fashioned sister would have declared, with the poet, "a babe has a thousand cries and they're all like one". The modern woman knows that baby's howls are really comparatively few in kind, definite in degree, and easily classifiable. There is the cry of temper, the cry of hunger, the cry of pain, the cry of weakness, the colic cry, etc., etc. It is her duty to study these cries, to distinguish between them and to act as advised on page 128, paragraph 14. She may make mistakes, of course. She may confuse the cry of pain (hot water-bottle) with the cry of temper (allow to cry itself blue), but if so only the baby knows it.

"My dear," remarks the older generation somewhat timidly, "the baby is crying, won't you go and see what is the matter with him?"

"Certainly not," says Mrs. Modern, "That cry is pure temper—listen—three sharp shrieks, one short shriek and a prolonged 'Ooo'. It is unmistakable. My child must learn to control himself."

"Yes, but—he isn't controlling himself! It might be a pin."

"I never use pins."

"It might be a pain."

Mrs. Modern smiles pityingly. "No, the cry of pain is quite different. Two short shrieks, one long, piercing shriek and a gasp."

(At this point the older generation excuses itself and goes home).

Knowledge like this is the very sim-

plest aspect of the new babyhood. A mother who really takes herself seriously (and they nearly all do now) has before her whole mountain ranges in the higher education of babies. Babies are plastic. You can do almost anything with a baby. (He can't help himself). All that is necessary is a little work and concentration on the part of the mother. Why, for instance, should a baby learn only one language? It must certainly be just as easy for a baby to say "oo" in French, Italian and Russian, as it is in English. All he needs in order to pick up these languages quickly is to hear them spoken in the home. Here is an opportunity which no earnest mother should neglect, offering as it does, plenty of employment for her evenings and leisure hours.

Then there is the matter of the classics. Why should baby wait until college days to become familiar with the sounding phrase of Virgil, Homer and all those other dead ones whose phrases certainly did have lots of sound? Think what an early knowledge of Greek and Latin would mean to a boy at college—releasing all his spare hours for football, and rag-time! Mothers should think of this! The project is quite feasible. It is just as easy to teach baby to lisp out "*Arma virumque cano*" as to chatter about "Little Bo-Peep", and if all nursery nonsense be cut out and a classic course be gently but firmly persisted in, the child may soon be quoting classics by the yard even without the faintest idea of what he is talking about.

Lullabies, too—oh, what pain to think of the time lost in singing children to sleep with "Rock-a-bye baby on the tree-top", "Sleep, baby sleep, the stars they are the sheep", or just the simple, quiet, senseless, "um-um-um", which babies love. The baby would go to sleep just as quickly if the mother were to chant pages from Plato and Aristotle—more quickly, perhaps. And who can tell the subconscious effect, or just what gains

the infant mind may treasure up. (Sometime when the baby is an old man and delirious with fever he may suddenly begin to shout Plato, in the original, to the wonder and admiration of listening doctors). We all have memories of those lullabies mother and big sister used to sing—we hear them at night, lilting through our dreams, fresh and sweet as ever, quite untouched by time. But do they add anything to our sum of actual knowledge? Alas, no. Stars, we know, are *not* sheep, neither is the moon a shepherdess. Babies do not rock-a-bye on tree-tops (except in cases of our most remote ancestors). Papa is not a nobleman, nor mamma a queen. So our first knowledge, gleaned from these delectable rhymes, is all wrong. Oh, yes, I will admit that we find pleasure in thinking of these foolish things. It is delightful to sit and let oneself be surrounded by all the dear old sillinesses of the nursery—the cow that jumped over the moon, the blackbirds who were baked in the pie, the bag-pudding stuffed so well with plums, the old woman who never told lies. The memories of these things persist with remarkable tenacity. I have sometimes wondered if they are not as immortal as the old Greek gods themselves? And there have been times when I have weak-mindedly asked myself if the things which they brought to us were not worth more than knowledge? But I realize that this is heresy and must not be told in Gath.

No. The thing which must be shouted in the streets of modern Ascalon is, "Start your baby right!" and once you get him started keep him going. Concentrate. Don't let the growing child sit down and begin to wonder. Give him facts. The child who begins to muse and wonder will soon be lost to true knowledge. He will create a universe for himself. He will imagine all kinds of fantastic nonsense. To him, the gold of the buttercups (whose botanical name he will not know) will seem as valuable

as real gold. The rainbow will resolve itself once more into a fairy bridge, the crescent moon become a shining ship, the wood (whose trees he may not be able to name) an enchanted forest. He will, if left alone, accumulate a great store of charming, childish fantasy and fairy lore which one day he must acknowledge for the absurdity that it is. He will then appraise it at its true worth. Or will he? Perhaps he will not even be able to do this. Perhaps he will insist that it has a worth (to him) which is not dreamed of in our new philosophy. Perhaps, he will always cling to it, love it, pass it on (oh, horror!) to his own children? The danger is startling. We cannot begin to counteract it too early.

Of course, the child which is undergoing the new intensive culture must be, to a certain extent, isolated. He must not be allowed to waste useful hours hanging on the back gate in unspecialized converse with the little girl next door. He must not gather the neighbourhood kiddies together for boisterous games without sense or meaning. Above all, he must not dawdle. Everyone knows the tendency of the normal child to dawdle.

Remember how you used to dawdle!

Remember those long golden summer days when you went fishing, or flower hunting, or—oh, just anything? Those glorious days when from morning to night you did not do a thing, or think a thought, but just lived and grew and enjoyed and—dawdled! The modern child who is going to be a wonder must never do this. It is waste of time. The schedule is the thing—so much sleep, so much food, so much indoors, so much outdoors, so much study, so much play (the disguised brand)—all this will make of Jack an infant phenomenon, ready (and willing) to teach his seniors all they don't know at the age when old-fashioned children were still in the heavenly background country where they might be seen, if clean enough, but not heard.

So here we are, back at the beginning, and wondering where that place is, how it vanished, if it ever really existed, and if it will ever come back! No, I am afraid it never will come back. For nothing ever comes back in just the same way. We must go on, and the children must come with us. But where? Where are we taking them? And couldn't we possibly take a few of their playthings with us? Poor little kiddies, they get so tired of being always on the move!





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

EVELYN FLETCHER COPP
And Her Music Method.



HE very original originator of the Fletcher Music Method, which for twenty years has exercised an important and growing influence on musical education in two continents, is an Ontario woman.

The second daughter of an able lawyer, Ashton Fletcher, Q.C., she was born at Woodstock in 1872. She and her two sisters began their education in the public schools of their home town, but in 1887 were taken by their mother, an Englishwoman of rare gifts and power of sympathy, to study music and languages in Europe. The girls were placed first in Leigh Court school, at Torquay, chosen because their mother had been a pupil of its "head", Miss Trevor, at Bonn, in Germany. The sisters next went to Brussels, boarding with a French family and becoming day-pupils in a large French girls' school. Here they studied music with Madame Cornelis Servais and other teachers from the "Conservatoire".

After Evelyn and her sisters had passed a year in Belgium, their father and mother came over from Canada, and they went for a holiday trip down

the Rhine. When at Mainz they heard of an excellent Conservatorium at Wiesbaden, directed by Dr. Albert Juckes, and it was arranged that the three young Canadians should be left in the care of the director's mother, to attend the Conservatory. Here they remained for more than two years, and Evelyn was put down for twenty hours' instruction a week, including lessons in harmony and on the piano and violin, from teachers of great reputation.

The girls, now left in a measure to their own resources and all intensely alert and alive to the impressions of their environment, had some trying and not a few droll experiences in that grim country where discipline is a fetish. They amazed their duenna and their teachers with outbreaks of that "initiative" which in our Canadian fighters has often played havoc with the calculations of German officers.

Mrs. Copp's estimate of the advantages of her five years' study abroad is suggestive. She recognizes that when, as a young woman of twenty-five she undertook to launch her newly-invented system in her own and other countries, it gave her prestige with those trained in the old methods when it was known she had studied under this or that famous master of music. Many a skeptic, unconvinced

of the merits of the new method by what the originator regarded as her most telling array of facts. "decided to believe that it must be all right", after hearing the names of the great musicians by whom the audacious young woman had been taught.

But her own conviction of twenty-five years' standing, which she has only dared to express openly within the last two years, is that the best thing she learned abroad was *how not to teach*. "It seems rather mean," she says, "to say this now"; but, to do her justice, her friends were well aware, long ago, when her system was but a project and a hope that she had no slavish admiration for either methods or manners made in Germany.

One of the glaring defects in the social customs of the country—a defect especially repulsive to girls brought up in the atmosphere of courtesy which surrounds Canadian women—was the slighting disrespect with which German men treated the women of their nation and households. And, according to Miss Fletcher's observations, the relation between teachers taught was little happier than that which commonly obtained between husband and wife or father and daughter.

The average pupil was afraid to ask questions. What the teacher was for if not to answer questions, puzzled the young Canadian girl, but the situation was accepted as natural by her classmates. "Now, I asked questions," she says, "and consequently understood in our harmony lessons at least much more than the majority, and it came about that I was appealed to to ask the questions for the class". Anyone, who can call up the picture of Mrs. Copp in her girlhood, with her small figure expressing concentrated energy, her crisply curling fair hair, her penetrating, fearless blue eyes, her quick directness of speech, will realize that it must have been a very obdurate "Herr Professor" who could refuse to answer her

questions and a peculiarly adroit one who could parry them.

It was excellent experience. The rôle of class interrogator got her into the way of learning to pass on information to others.

The reason her companions feared to ask was because everything was carried on in a "bullying system", and "the attitude of the teacher was inclined to be sarcastic rather than encouragingly interested in the pupil's problems. . . . This," she says, "was a stimulating suggestion to me when I came to teach teachers how to teach. One of the first lessons they have to learn is never to be bombastic or superior, 'but to allow the child to discover, explore and ask questions, whilst they follow his lead', inspiring and helping him to sort and tabulate his collection of ideas. . . . We have been under the mesmerism of Germany in music and her grasp of it has been autocratic in the extreme".

Mrs. Copp believes that the self-consciousness, nervousness and oversensitiveness which mars the happiness of many musicians is largely due to errors in their training. To illustrate, she relates how once, when awaiting her turn to "come on" at one of the Conservatorium recitals with a fellow-student, the late Max Reger, afterwards "the most celebrated harmony teacher of the Conservatorium of Leipsic", and a singer, the latter "told us she was not at all nervous, and, after she had gone on, Max turned to me and said in German, 'Ah, Fraulein Fletcher, she is not a real artist. She says herself she has no nerves. Now we have the artistic temperament. We are nervous', and I hid the fact from him, fearing his condemnation, that I, too, like Paula, was not really nervous."

After returning to Canada, Evelyn Fletcher taught for a time in the Ladies' College at Hamilton, and the Bishop Strachan School for Girls in Toronto, and it was at the latter school, when giving piano lessons to some young pupils, that she first tried

introducing the troublesome little notes into games and making up stories to bring out their values and qualities. The children learned quickly and enjoyed their lessons. The teacher saw that the plan was capable of far wider and more systematic application.

Soon she worked out the rudiments of her method. She proposed to teach music as a child learns his native tongue by means of his activities and of what he can see, hear and handle. She perceived that special methods and material might be devised to interest and impress the little beginner and so save him from the confused weariness frequently resulting from the stiff old conventional music-lesson.

But, like most innovators, she found lions in the path. None of her material was ready to her hand. It had to be invented and to a large extent modelled by herself. Enthusiasm, "grit", and ingenuity carried her triumphantly through. She took to pieces the keyboard of an old piano, to make a model keyboard which the children could take apart and build up again. She worked away with a fret-saw to cut out in wood large representations of printed notes and musical signs. She contrived a series of graduated blocks to impress the differences between the time-values of whole-notes, half-notes, quarter-notes, and so forth, and invented a "tone-ladder" to help the pupil to understand the construction of the major and minor scales.

For a while she talked "Fletcher Music Method" by day and dreamed of it by night. She accepted with gay good humour the gibes of her friends till at last the system was clearly mapped out in her mind, much of the necessary material had received tangible form and the usefulness of both had been tested with a class of children.

The next task was to convince teachers of the merits of the new method, and this process was neither so lengthy nor so discouraging as



Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher Copp

might have been. In 1896, even before there was any apparatus, the Metropolitan School of Music in Toronto, "through the musical alertness" of Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Edmund Roberts, became interested in Miss Fletcher's idea; and in the following year she was invited to hold demonstration classes in Boston, at the New England Conservatory of Music, where forty children and thirty teachers studied with her. She also taught successfully at the Perkins Institute and School for the Blind.

In 1898 Miss Fletcher and her family removed from Toronto (where they had lived for some years) to New York, which continued to be her home till her marriage to Mr. Alfred E. Copp in 1901, when she settled in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Miss Fletcher promptly patented her system in Canada, the United States and many European countries. Before the close of 1898 she had eighty teachers of her method in the United States and Canada. Now she has some eight hundred teachers, all of whom she has trained herself, refusing to admit to her classes any girl who

seems unlikely to make a competent and sympathetic teacher. With the same object of retaining control of her system so that it may do the work for which she planned it, she has refused to sell the patent rights for her games and apparatus, though she has been offered large sums for them. She has been disseminating her views broadcast for twenty years, by means of lectures, demonstrations and occasional writing for the press. Naturally she has not escaped that "sincerest form of flattery"—imitation; but she and her own teachers have bound themselves together into the Fletcher Musical Association, each member of which is pledged to give to all the benefit of any new and helpful idea in the line of their work.

Mrs. Copp's aim in the teaching of music is thoroughness in ear-training, in control of the hands, in the reading of music, in knowledge of the keyboard, and "in a basic knowledge of music in its theoretical aspects". In other words, she aims "to free the child from mental and technical difficulties and to stimulate him to think his own thoughts in music and to express them freely and fearlessly".

It is on the child's need of music that Mrs. Copp bases the whole philosophy of her teaching. "Music," she says "is as necessary as an outlet or means of expressing the beautiful and spiritual side of man as speech is necessary for the outlet of the intellect." "The value of learning music is not in the number of pieces one may play, but in the number of musical thoughts one may think". Not that all children who are encouraged to compose their own little pieces are likely to become great composers any more than all those who write essays at school are likely to become great authors. But "a child who has made his own reverie or dream has the keenest appreciation of a 'real composer'"; and "there are times when every human being feels the need of a language beyond the power of words. Plato said, 'Music is to the mind what

air is to the body'. Now, air is a necessity, but we moderns have not believed music to be a necessity. We have considered it merely an accomplishment. How much more it might be!"

Mrs. Copp is nothing if not courageous. Long ago she formulated a "Declaration of Independence" of foreign domination in music—a domination which since the outbreak of the war has been submitted to far less meekly than of old. She is a believer in what she calls "musical democracy", or "the direct recognition of each child's individuality in music", contending that "musical ability is part of the universal inheritance of man just as the ability to talk is, and the differences between individuals in respect to it are due much more to training than to differences in heredity".

Such a claim may provoke criticism alike from the musical and the unmusical. It is at any rate a hopeful standpoint to be adopted by a great teacher, and many of Mrs. Copp's achievements with the pupils of her method would seem to strengthen the claim. For instance, "Positive pitch—the ability to name a musical note when it is sounded—has often been considered a rare inborn trait, which marked its possessor as particularly fortunate in the inheritance of musical ability", but many a Fletcher method child has been taught, little by little, to recognize "the voices" of every one of the notes of the piano.

If the average child, beginning at six or seven years of age, can have daily lessons, the course may be completed in five years, otherwise it takes seven. Unfortunately many parents, acting apparently on the old adage that "Well begun is half done", think two or three years of the method sufficient as a groundwork for music lessons on the old lines, and so the child misses the end of the course.

Through all Mrs. Copp would make music study delightful to the child, holding with Edward Howard Griggs,

"The more we convert hard actions into glad spontaneous ones, the more free are we to press on in obedience to a still loftier call of duty".

EMILY P. WEAVER.

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A FRIEND OF LITTLE CHILDREN

ONE of the leading women of Canada", were the words used recently to a large audience in introducing Mrs. Rose Henderson, the distinguished worker among the probation officers of Judge Choquet's Juvenile Court, in Montreal. The subject of the address that Mrs. Henderson delivered following this justifiable tribute to her was "Impending Religious Industrial and Political Revolution". There is no more concise way of putting her opinion of present-day affairs. Born and educated in Bray, the "Garden of Ireland", Mrs. Henderson has lived for twenty-two years in Montreal, where her husband was financial secretary to the late Sir William MacDonald. Mr. Henderson's death twelve years ago not only robbed Sir William of an unusually capable secretary, but robbed Montreal of an able musician and writer.

Mrs. Henderson has always been interested in the moral and physical welfare of children regardless of their creed or colour, and since her widowhood she has devoted her entire time to their service. No one has done more for the waifs and strays of Montreal than this profoundly religious-minded woman whose work is illumined by that highest and brightest of all lights—love. To her, the principles involved in caring for children reach vastly farther than those which come under the jurisdiction of a probation officer. She is the type of woman who would find no joy in simply doing her duty; any one can do that. The radiance that shines in the life of some people comes from doing more than one's duty. It is not difficult to imagine, then, that she is ably fitted



Mrs. Rose Henderson,
Probation Officer, Juvenile Court, Montreal

for the position she holds. Her sympathetic temperament offers rare opportunities for obtaining deep insight into the warped lives with which she comes in contact. She is able to draw out honest admissions as to the reasons for temptations proving too strong to resist, and she is wonderfully discerning when it comes to seeing latent characteristic in her youthful criminals, characteristics which properly developed, will be the means of guiding their owners into saner, better, brighter paths.

Mrs. Henderson does all the investigating of the non-Catholic cases of the Juvenile Court before any form of judgment is passed upon the delinquents. This means a great deal

more than the unthinking person can realize. It means that the children themselves and their parents are able to present their story fully and without fear—and the story is often a pitiable, a tragic tale.

"The physical and moral conditions of these children," said Mrs. Henderson, "teach me that I owe much to humanity. Their chances are frequently so slim; their grimy little faces are so often turned in the wrong direction, without their ever seeing the other path which they might take, if they wished. And their bodies and their souls are so precious. They have a right to a good home; to be sufficiently fed—for although they cannot live by bread alone, they cannot live without it. They have a right, too, to be clothed warmly, and given the opportunities for education which will awaken their moral responsibilities as well as their ordinary intelligence. They have a right to such advantages as will help them to become good citizens, and noble-minded men and women, all of which they cannot hope to become while dens of infamy dominate their neighbourhood. They must be safeguarded from vice by liberating them from an environment where dens of debauchery are rampant."

This is a case where a woman's life-work grew out of teaching a Sunday school class, composed of children who were so poor that for the most part they attended barefooted and in rags. What clothing covered them was as filthy as were their half-starved little bodies, and with her own hands Mrs. Henderson used to wash them while trying to clear a spot for their souls to grow, in cleanliness and beauty. Perhaps it was their love for their teacher that gave her the inspiration to broaden her scope, for when dismissal time came the forlorn little creatures would try and cling to the person who had shown them what love

was like; they would beg to be allowed to stay near her.

"The beauty and the tragedy of it!" sighed Mrs. Henderson. "How readily they responded to kindness. Do you wonder that I longed to see society constructed anew?"

With a group of other women, she realized the necessity for a Children's Court where a private hearing of their struggles and temptations would give their judges a clearer understanding of future treatment for them. After three years of agitation, the Bill was passed, but in the meantime Mrs. Henderson had been paying her own expenses as a member of the court until such time as it should become a Government institution.

Naturally it follows that she is intensely interested in industrial conditions and has worked in sweat-shops and factories in order to obtain first-hand knowledge.

"At one time," she said, "I worked on shirt-waists, all week as hard as I could sew, and at the end of the six days I received ninety cents as a munificent reward. Out of this sum I was expected to feed and clothe myself."

An interesting experience took place during the time of the New York strike. Mrs. Henderson and a little Italian girl were doing picket duty when a burly policeman ordered them to move on. At their refusal he struck the girl and she fell—really more a result of starvation than the force of the blow, however. This and similar episodes determined Mrs. Henderson to take up the cudgels on behalf of oppressed workers. She is also a pioneer in the agitations for mothers' pensions, and she was called to the Federal Government conference in Ottawa last February to discuss war problems. "One of Canada's first duties," she said, when the matter of food shortage amongst the Allies was mentioned, "is to provide the bread".

MADGE MACBETH.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

SUNSET CANADA

By ARCHIE BELL. Boston: The Page Company.



IT is safe to say that no other book on Canada is quite so flattering or sumptuous as this one. It is a large volume, gorgeously bound and illustrated, and at once sets Canada down as one of the most attractive countries in the world to travellers. We have been in the habit of extolling our resources and opportunities for settlement, and have left our climate and our scenery to be admired by others. The author of this book treats mostly of British Columbia, but he departs from the Rockies and proceeds for some distance out upon the vast prairies. His praise of the "Sunset" Province he could apply (and no doubt will apply later on) to the rest of Canada, for there are beauties farther inland and in the Maritime Provinces quite as charming in their way as one finds in the Province that touches the Pacific. The Dominion of Canada, says Mr. Bell, is "one of the most remarkable stretches of land on earth—old enough to have a history, but a country the present and future of which is destined to be written larger in history than the busy outside world is likely to realize without personal knowledge of it, gained by contact with its people, who have an inheritance from nature such as few nations have had since man began to make the earth his home".

This book is attractively written, handsomely illustrated, with a num-

ber of colour plates, and is indeed a notable contribution to literature bearing on Canada.

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THE ROAD THAT LED HOME

By WILL N. INGERSOLL. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

AFTER reading this story, one is apt to remark upon the fact that there is no reference to the war; this makes it a little "different".

The young schoolmaster, Ernie Bedford, is a very likeable hero, but at times one might think that he seems just a trifle too inactive—inanimate might be a better word. This, however, could not possibly be said about Jimmy Loehinvar Young, a most energetic salesman, but not nearly so satisfactory or pleasing a young man as the "pedagogue"—which is the name most used by the author in referring to Ernie. The characters all seem very real, if one has any imagination at all: but it takes just a little more imagination to think up a "pale-green smile", such as Miss Ida Bethune, the self-appointed gossip of Oakburn, is said to possess. The story is very interesting without being sensational, and there is just enough of the dramatic element to hold the reader's sympathy and concern. On the whole the book is satisfying, the only fault being that the climax comes too soon, and one feels that a great deal could have been added; so much more might be told about Clara, who, suddenly in the very last paragraph, is introduced as Mrs. Ernest Bedford, wife of the pedagogue.

FLOOD TIDE

BY DANIEL CHASE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

FLOOD TIDE" is one of those leisurely books in which the hero grows to manhood under the eyes of the supposedly interested reader. The story is told in the first person. Perhaps that is why one never seems to get a really convincing view of the person who is telling it. The minor characters are much more plainly drawn. The result is a certain flatness and lack of sustained interest which begins to be felt about the middle of the book. In order to enjoy a long story, containing much introspection, one must be vitally interested in its principal characters. One may like or dislike them, but indifference is fatal.

There is evidence of much careful work in "Flood Tide", and much of its incidental information is worth while for its own sake. The rise and fall of "The Stores" ought to be intensely dramatic, but the author has missed the dramatic note somewhere. Even the awakening of the hero from his dreams to the knowledge that love and a woman are the first things in life leaves us doubting. We find it hard to believe that he really cared quite that much for Bess—a sprightly person who is whisked out of our ken just as we begin to like her and who does not appear again until her necessary return toward the story's end. Indeed, at the risk of being thought lacking in real literary taste, we might characterize "Flood Tide" as solid but slow.

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A FLYING FIGHTER

BY LIEUTENANT E. M. ROBERTS, R. F. C. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

FOR one reader at least the outstanding feature of this book is the vividness with which it has suc-

ceeded in leaving one scene set in the mind—a scene in the air.

Two flyers, flying parallel, neither able to get in position either ahead, behind, under or above the other. The two flyers, so close they see one another's faces, laugh grimly at one another. Then Roberts gets position and shoots his opponent's legs off at the hips and watches him and his machine go whirling down to a soundless crash.

The book is written in free and easy style, sometimes half slangy with the vividness of slang, always intense with the intensity of the soldier's zest. Lieutenant Roberts is evidently the kind of story-teller whose stories lose nothing in the telling; that is (the receiver hastens to add), he has the knack of imparting the immediacy of the event to the subsequent narration. From the time when, an American adventurer prospecting after oil in the Canadian West, he joined up with the Tenth Canadian Battalion at Calgary to when he was discharged from the air service as physically unfit some three years later, in a sort of impersonal personal way, he lets his readers have the tale of all his days. It is a tale that would have been unimaginable five years ago.

For those who are interested from any standpoint in the kind of life these war-makers of the air live this book will be worthy of attention. It is a chapter out of the psychology of that life, entrancing to those who want simply the excitement of the story, suggestive for those who are disposed to philosophize a bit.

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THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY

BY EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS used to please Toronto audiences (composed mostly of teachers indulging in uplift courses) with soulful talks on multifarious topics. There is

a sort of natural inevitability about the fact that Dr. Griggs, when taking up democracy for his consideration, should be primarily concerned for its soul. But the book is less fulsome and sentimental than the cynic's comment might suggest. It is a book marked by a reserve of manner and a dignity of treatment that is gratifying in these days. There is nothing shrill and little that is at all hysterical, and apparently none of that blind seeing which is the characteristic of so many books now coming from the press. The Socialist may dismiss the treatment of Socialism, the Feminist may be dissatisfied with the rather weak little gesture on Feminism, and the Pacifist and non-resister will certainly crave the right of reply, but none will claim against the book that it closes the door on discussion or that it is dogmatic in any blatant fashion.

Dr. Griggs preserves the international mind. His sense for history has not left him. This gives to much of his discussion, especially in the earlier chapters, a certain academic or judicial atmosphere that is not unpleasing. When, later in the book, he begins to deliver his own judgments one is rather prejudiced in their favour.

But the book is no epoch-marking contribution to modern thought.

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CANADIAN HOME VEGETABLE GARDENING FROM A TO Z

Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THE trick of this book is that while it is called Canadian it isn't. It is an American product conceived and developed south of the border. There is nothing that really deceives about the attempt of the publishers to get the book across as bona fide Canadian for Canadians—if one has the book in hand; a single glance at the preface suffices. The book is a good garden book. Its coloured plates are excellent, the compass of the field it covers

wide, its treatment of vegetables and vegetable gardening in most cases interesting and adequate. Dull would he be of soul who in these days would not sit down to the book and respond to its call. There is an illustration on every page and there are 289 pages. It is a fascinating text for the amateur gardener.

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THE CHURCH IN THE FURNACE

A Book of Essays by Chaplains on Active Service.

CAN ENGLAND'S CHURCH WIN ENGLAND'S MANHOOD? BY MAJOR REVEREND CANON DAVIDSON, of Peterborough. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is a dubiousness about these books that is a new note in Anglican discussion of the Church. A crowd of soldiers has jostled these chaplains and set them wondering. The gratifying thing is that the chaplains, some of them high dignitaries of the Church of England, are confessing with sincere frankness to their misgivings and are honestly and fearlessly calling the church in question. In the light of their recent experiences they can do no other. One imagines that certain dissenting "chapel people" in England will read these essays with amusement. Picture a typical high Anglican divine, who, having gone to the Front solemnly conscious of the duty that a sense of high Anglican divinity involves, questions Tommies, exclaiming, "Why, there are numbers of men who do not care for the Church of England!" and finally, being honest, and at last out of the conservatory of exotic privileges into the free air of common life, says, bluntly and like a man, "We've got to admit that the Church of England, in the matter of vital religion, has been a good deal of a failure". That, in a sentence, is about the impression a reading of these

books leaves upon one. To all Anglicans who cling to the denominational sanctity in formal and external fashion and who make "the Church" and religion synonymous, the words of some of these chaplains at least will constitute a challenge. There is a challenge in the books for Nonconformists also. Anglicans have a fashion of conducting their discussions with dignity and reserve and a delicate and firm fineness of mentality that certain rough-and-ready elements in Nonconformity are without. Nonconformity can learn from these volumes.

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CAN WE BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?

BY JAMES H. SNOWDEN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is safe to say that in our search to establish the infinite, a search that is constant in the human mind, we are no farther advanced to-day than Socrates was when he drank the fatal hemlock. Philosophers of all times have endeavoured to give us something on which we could rest our faith in the immortality of the soul, and here we have a modern thinker asking the question, "Can we believe in immortality?", and at the end of an interesting book on the subject answering it in anything but a positive fashion:

"Gathering up all the threads of our discourse, following all gleams of light, listening to all voices and intimations of mind and heart, nature and revelation, science and Scripture, and letting our deepest needs and finest moods speak, we join in faith with Socrates as he said: 'The venture is a glorious one'; with Carlyle in his 'Everlasting Yea'; with Job as he affirmed, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and apart from my flesh I shall see God'; with Paul as he declared that 'this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality'; and above all we trust the Lord of Life and Master of Death, who prayed, 'Father, I desire that they also whom thou hast given

me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory'."

The author is a doctor of divinity, and a liberal writer on religious, metaphysical and psychological subjects.

*

THE GLORY OF THE TRENCHES BY LIEUTENANT CONINGSBY DAWSON.

THE FATHER OF A SOLDIER
BY W. J. DAWSON. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

I AM going to say the worst that I think about these books first. There are times in the reading of them when one feels as if the books said: "Mark us. We are the Dawsons. If you go to war and send your sons to war as we have done it, you will be examples with us of all that is fine and chivalrous and splendid". In the reading of the books I cannot escape it. There is that savour. It was in "Carry On", Lieutenant Coningsby's book of letters. There were too many passages in the letters which sounded as if (maybe he didn't at all) the writer knew as he wrote them that they were to be published letters; they were self-conscious, and so lacked the touch of direct sincerity, and absolute artistic validity.

Having said this—it has to be admitted by the reviewer if he speaks the truth for himself—having said this, the books are delightful! They are so engagingly bright, so well written, so open, one is again and again inclined to the idea that the apparent egotism is really the truest humility and personal self-forgetfulness. In the father's books especially, it is so seriously taken for granted that his moods and soul battles are of importance, so obviously implied that the revelation of what he has felt can be of moment to all fathers with boys in arms, that one is won by the very naïveté of the presentation. If only they wouldn't blazon their photographs so! But that is perhaps naïveté also.



THE CITY OF VANCOUVER
From the Roof Garden of the Vancouver Hotel.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF FLEURY MESPLAT

BY LYMAN B. JACKES



COVENT GARDEN district of London, by the year 1773, had lost some of its claims to be a fashionable residential section. The market and market influences were gaining a foothold in the area. A market even if more or less specific and for restricted trade reflects commercial characteristic on any neighbourhood, and its commercial success may be judged by the varied trade and workshops which establish themselves about its boundaries, forming as it were an overflow.

During the early portion of the year in which our story commences this overflow had been increased by a tradesman who took up residence near the main entrance to the market. It was a small house which stood on an adjoining street and did its best to uphold a pretence of respectability and good-will toward the other buildings. But there is always a sugges-

tion of misery when a good house becomes tenanted by people for whom it was not intended. The little attentions that a good house always appears to appreciate were lacking and a small sign on the door-post informed the passersby that a French printing business was established here, a trade new to the district. The owner's name, Fleury Mesplat, was also displayed on a small sign-board.

Fleury Mesplat did not seek the company of his neighbours. They did not meet at church, for he did not attend. His walks were at early dusk, and his visitors were received after dark. From time to time he would go from this house on a journey lasting two or three days. He would seek for custom in distant portions of the city.

It was an autumn evening when he returned from one of these travels. He opened and passed through the creaky massive door.

"Aha! my faithful one, always

cheerful," he called to his wife, as she brought a candle to light his entrance. "Will another tale of poor business and ruin wipe the smile off your life?"

"Nay, not now! For I have news, and—"

"That the bailiff comes to-morrow or that the house agent waits within?"

"Nay, nay, Fleury," she continued. "A reply has come to your letter and Mons. Franklin is coming here to-night."

"The great Benjamin Franklin coming here? What idle prattle have you listened to!"

The woman handed him a letter and held the candle while he read.

"I swept the garret and have warmed the great room with a fire," continued the woman eagerly while her husband re-read the note, "and I have brushed your velvet coat and ironed your neckerchief." And she kissed him.

Fleury was dressed in his best attire, which comprised a dull green velvet suit, pink hose and polished brass buckles on his heavy shoes. The clothing was almost threadbare, but womanly care had made it just presentable in the candle glimmer. His careworn face had somewhat changed its expression since he entered, worried and dejected. Now he showed himself as one ready to face the world again.

The rumble of the carriage wheels had not faded on the pavement when the expected guest arrived. Benjamin Franklin's quick hand grasp showed eagerness to meet Fleury and his sweeping bow to Madame that her humble station in life was not in any way beneath his notice.

"You honour us greatly, sir," said Fleury by way of welcome, "and yet you do not come amongst strangers, for we have read of your speeches in the cause of freedom and often have we desired that France had a son even as yourself. My unhappy France is torn by wolves. They snatch the

bread from the prattling children. Taxes! Taxes! nothing but taxes and they become more oppressive year by year. They are like the torture of the thumbcrew and the rack."

Franklin assented. Already he saw within this man the uncultivated seeds of republicanism. He caught a glimpse of the bond which united this class with his own thoughts. As they conversed a concrete idea took form in his mind. He commenced to see the usefulness of this man to the cause of the thirteen colonies in America. If he could get him there!

"This world is depressed with the oppressed," said Franklin at length, as if to bring his host back to his original conversation. "And yet there is perhaps one spot where a decent living could be made if a man commenced aright."

"Where is that spot?" asked Fleury eagerly. "I have laboured many years to build a fortune for my Marie, but some evil is cast about us surely, for everywhere we go we fall deeper in the mire of failure and debt. What place do you speak of, sir?"

"'Tis far from here," said Franklin, slowly, "and many leagues across the sea. It is in New England, in America."

The eager look died from Fleury's eyes and a trace of his former worried expression returned to his face.

"You trifle with me, great sir," he replied, "for we have not the wherewithal to journey to America."

The eagerness lost from Fleury's face appeared to intensify the expression on Franklin's. Leaning intently on the table, he said that the expenses of the journey were as nothing.

"Consider," he added, "that there are hundreds, even thousands, of French folk, your own people, in Canada, held by the iron chains of England, and starving for a French printer such as you to tell them how the colonials to their south will aid them to throw off this oppressive yolk

and establish a great country where all men will be equal and brothers. If you will take your printing press to Philadelphia, I will soon be there to help you." And he tossed his well-filled purse across Fleury's knee.

II.

Philadelphia in 1774 presented awkward difficulties for a free-thinking journeyman printer. If Fleury had not possessed letters from Franklin his heart would have failed him as he stepped from a sailing sloop to the city dock one bright morning in April of that year. Religion and a severe order was noticeable on all sides. He had heard dimly of Quakers: now he looked into their stern faces and felt strangely out of place here.

He had been instructed to seek out Samuel Berger, and his first inquiries led him in the direction of the State House, which reared its massive bell-tower above the nearby elms.

"What a solemn city," remarked his wife as they walked slowly along the cobblestones with the uncertainty of those who have just arrived from a sea voyage.

The great clock struck noon as they stopped and shook the massive knocker on the door of Samuel Berger. A servant bade them enter a hallway panelled with darkly-stained walnut, which seemed to accentuate the ticking of a large clock standing between the fire-place and a walnut bench, the only articles of furniture in the entrance.

Samuel Berger was a portly little man, who appeared to be well blessed with the goods of this world. He bade his visitors be seated while he broke the seal of the document which Fleury had handed him. The solemn surroundings and the insipid reflections of the grate fire in the walnut awed Fleury, and he refrained from speaking while the document was being read. He had carried that nearly a thousand leagues and had been paid

for doing so. Now his journey was at an end and he would soon learn his connection with the business in hand.

Samuel Berger called his wife to meet the strangers and invited them to remain for the midday meal. The ladies passed up the stairs and Fleury followed his host to the study-room, where pipes and tobacco were supplied.

"You are fortunate to gain the patronage of Mr. Franklin," said Berger as they were seated. "How did you come to gain his friendship?"

"My life has been a grim struggle," replied Fleury. "And my dear wife has shared my trials. She could but repeat my tales of the relentless nobility of France who tax everything that a poor man has: and even in England, where we attempted to start anew, a Frenchman has no prospects, for business is dull there, and foreigners come last. We took the liberty of addressing a communication to Mr. Franklin, asking him to tell us where a French printer could go and meet success for hard toil. He came to see us one evening and advanced the money for our journey here."

"There will be much work to do, and a shop of mine is not now in use. Your press should fit well there. We will go and inspect it after we have dined."

Fleury was not by nature a beggar, but circumstances forced him to confess his inability to commence business with his meagre supply of money. Berger did not make an immediate reply. He re-read Franklin's letter and sat in contemplation for a few moments. He then arose and extracted his strong box from a secure place and passed one hundred pounds across the table to his guest.

"What a wonderful land!" said Fleury, in a thankful mood. "Every person is your friend." Samuel Berger advised him to lose no time in setting his press, and the two passed out to the dining-room.

III.

With the financial aid, Fleury established himself in a little low building on an obscure street. He had his press in working order but a short time when an order came from the Congress that was sitting in Philadelphia at that time. He was to busy himself with a pamphlet addressed "Aux Habitants de la Province de Quebec." The copy had been carefully edited. It set out to the French population, in the north, the alleged wrongs that the colonists to the south were suffering at the hands of the English monarch and his parliament. Attention was drawn to the fact that if the Atlantic colonists were reduced to slavery and servitude, the newly-acquired French colonists must so suffer also. But there was a way out of the danger, and if the French population would but stand firm with their brother colonists in their demands upon King George, they were sure to succeed. So Fleury busied himself throughout the summer and autumn translating these sentiments into French and the French into print. By Christmas all was completed, and the Congress delegated Fleury to transport the pamphlets to Quebec and to distribute them diligently where they would do the most good.

The journey from Philadelphia to Quebec, taken in mid-winter, was beset with many difficulties, for, besides the time of year and other obstacles, Fleury was burdened with debt, there being large sums owing for paper, ink, type, and string. Congress had made no reply to his efforts towards a settlement of his many weeks of labour. But to escape the pressing demands of the tradesmen he had closed his little shop and undertook the perilous journey.

The heavy pack, laden with his pamphlets, made the journey tedious. Sometimes he obtained a little assistance from some farmer, but his travels were mostly on foot. Over ill-defined roads and frozen lake and

river he trudged onward. His spare supply of money forced him to endure hardship and to abstain from all but the cheapest nourishment. Five weeks of this sapped some of his vitality.

The dull, grim citadel of Quebec towered above him as he entered the Lower Town late one afternoon in February, 1775. A sense of loneliness and his exhausted condition depressed him as he trod the narrow streets, deep with snow and lit here and there with the scanty glow of roaring fire that was able to pierce the frosty window-panes. A wayfarer directed him to a nearby inn, where he could obtain cheap lodging. A dizziness came upon him as he trudged along, and this soon increased by the cold and his burden of pamphlets on his back. As he entered the inn his knees gave way and he fell prostrate on the floor.

"*Mon dieu!* Here are books to read!" cried the inn-keeper as he rushed forward to the assistance of the fallen traveller, for the pack had broken in the fall and some of the contents were spilled. A British military officer rose from his comfortable seat by the fire and helped the host to extract the newcomer from his baggage and to lift him to a bed in a nearby chamber.

"Womanly hands are best for this," remarked the landlord, and he left Fleury under the care of his wife and daughter, who busied themselves with cooling lotions and applications in an effort to restore consciousness.

"Let me see one of those books," commanded the officer, as the landlord was clearing the floor. He resumed his seat and commenced to read it.

Meanwhile Fleury Mesplat opened his eyes to behold a beautiful girl standing at the foot of the bed. She would be perhaps eighteen years of age. Her sparkling black eyes set off a countenance which reflected beauty to her home-spun clothing. Fleury contemplated her beauty for a few minutes, while the events of the dis-

orderly entrance came back to him.

"Where is my pack?" he inquired, feebly, and the girl, by way of answer, lifted a steaming bowl of soup from the floor and bade him partake. He consumed it with great relish and asked a second time for his pack.

"Do not allow anyone to see it," he cautioned the girl. She dragged the pack in and stowed it under the bed.

"Tis a heavy enough pack to drag, to say nought of carrying it! Have you come from far?"

Fleury turned his head to see the speaker, and beheld the girl's mother. He had not noticed her before.

"A long way," he replied weakly. A rough knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the landlord. Behind him stood the officer and a small group of men.

"Our good friend the Major has come to know more of this fellow," remarked the landlord, pointing toward Fleury by way of explanation, "and to inquire on what authority he brings this pack of books into Quebec?"

"The man is ill," replied the wife. "and we must not use violence until he is well and able to account for himself."

"He looks as one who has a well-filled purse," she added quietly—for her husband's benefit.

Fleury was not slow in apprehending the situation. There could be little doubt that one of his pamphlets at least had reached the British military authorities. He dimly remembered seeing the officer by the fire as he entered the doorway. He was not prepared to face a charge of espionage. He must have time to think over his defence. So he closed his tired eyes and was still.

"See! He has again fainted," said the girl. "He is too weak to be questioned now."

The Major cautioned the inn-keeper to keep a close watch on the fellow, and promised to return again. He ordered his little company down the street.

The days that followed were valuable for Fleury. The monotony of his convalescence was pleasantly smoothed over by long chats with Marie, the landlord's daughter. Fleury would tell her of his travels, of the people of France, of the great cities he had seen, and how she, though never travelling outside her native Quebec, was fairer than other maids that he had beheld. In return for his compliments and his interesting stories she would tell Fleury of Quebec. Slowly and stealthily he acquired information of great value. This friendship that was developing between the two allowed Fleury to determine from the girl the number and location of the guns at the Citadel, the times and frequencies of the sentry charge, the approximate number of troops, the names of the officers, the location of the arsenal, and a vast additional store of information of military importance.

The relishes and appetizing broths that Marie prepared for Fleury were but a trace of the factors that slowly forced Fleury to believe that Marie was growing to love him. The willingness with which she parted with information and her eagerness to shield him from the British officers, who called daily, had at first surprised him, but at length lent strength to his theory. In all his conversation with the girl he had not mentioned his own Marie—away, far from him, in Philadelphia.

Three weeks had passed since Fleury first sought the hospitality of the inn. The day was bright and clear and through the window of the little room where he was reclining he could see the deep snow in the streets. Marie sat near to him, knitting busily. He watched her in silence for some time, contemplating his return journey. Intuition told him that he could not circulate the pamphlets he had brought with him. He had obtained the information that he sought, but he had not yet formed a clear plan of escape from the city. Thoughts of home were potent in his reveries,

and, turning to Marie, he told her of Philadelphia, his home and his own Marie.

"Are you married?!" exclaimed the girl, rapidly rising to her feet. Fleury's silence and expression of surprise answered her. "Wait until the British officers come," she added, and with a haughty toss of the head left the room hurriedly.

IV.

Fleury realized that the critical moment of his life had come. The biting words of the girl assured him that her protection would not be available when the British officers came again; and they might come at any moment. Voices in the outer room, already, attracted his attention, and he stepped quietly toward the door ajar to see whence they came. He saw a party of five roughly, but warmly, dressed men. They were drinking liquor and talking to the landlord. The snow melting from their coats and their attitudes about the fire told him plainly that they were recent comers and on further observation he noted the absence of luggage and surmised that they would depart soon. He joined the group.

"Aha! My patient," called the landlord cheerily as he saw Fleury. "'Tis not often that you come out to see us here. These men are journeying to Montreal."

The group turned upon him by way of recognition and passed him the wicker-wound bottle. Fleury joined in the drinking and, beckoning the landlord aside, inquired the prospects of joining the party on their way. The landlord assured him it was a journey of many leagues and one not to be undertaken lightly by a sick man; but Fleury determined to go if they would take him, and ordered an additional flask of wine as a means of introducing his proposal to the travellers. They agreed to take him for a price. In Pennsylvania currency he settled with the host and bade him farewell. Marie or the mother did not appear

at the parting, and he was soon being driven out of the city where he had been virtually a prisoner since his entrance. The horses pressed forward; the grim fortified city gave place to open country dotted with little stone farm houses, seemingly much too small to support their massive stone chimneys. His companions were eager to reach Montreal in haste and each church spire passed was to Fleury as a milestone on the road to freedom. The fourth day they reached the little city at the foot of the Royal Mount. Montreal did not surpass Quebec in those days. Fleury beheld a city inclosed by a palisade, the buildings chiefly of wood. The snow-covered mountain set a charming background, and the church gables and steeples, poking up here and there through the white mantle, gave it a likeness to a fairy picture. His companions took him to the Montreal Seminary, and the good Brothers made him welcome.

He did not feel the responsibility of his mission here as at Quebec. Though a spy for Benjamin Franklin and his associates, the kindness of the Brothers won his confidence in part and gradually he imparted some of his past to them. A printer in the town was a novelty, so it is not surprising that a business proposition should mature between the visitor and his hosts. When, a few days later, he prepared to start on the return journey to Philadelphia, he had secured an order to print "*Règlement de la Confrerie de l'adoration perpetuelle*." This was probably the first Canadian book published.

V.

Benjamin Franklin had returned from Europe when Fleury removed the shutters from his shop windows and prepared to execute the order for the Montreal Seminary. Franklin listened with great interest to a recital of the trip to Canada and assured Fleury that his hardships would not pass unnoticed from the Congress.

"Sir Guy Carleton," he told Fleury, "has refused to recognize the Continental Congress, and plans are already being formed for the military seizure of Canada. You may readily perceive the value of your information if this step is decided upon."

These were busy days for Fleury; when he was not at his press or composing-stone his services were required at the meetings of the Congress. One by one he met the leaders of the revolutionary propaganda. They appeared greatly interested in his work, but of the many new friends he made, there were two which stood out from the others. He met them at the home of Benjamin Franklin, where he had been invited to dinner. Fleury's breast swelled with pride when seated at the sumptuous table alongside General Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, with the famous statesman at the head of the table. He mused on the changes that fortune had wrought for him in two years. From an almost unknown printer, bankrupt and destitute, to a position of trust and friendship with the Congress leaders was his record so far, but this dream was disturbed by the military visitors inquiring minutely concerning Montreal and Quebec.

He told them all he knew.

"I will tell you of a secret," said Franklin at length when Fleury had again told of his adventures. "The Congress has decided to sweep down upon Canada and seize it before further English troops can come to the assistance of the country. Ticonderoga and Crown Point are already ours. General Montgomery starts soon with an army of three thousand to occupy Montreal, and General Arnold will capture Quebec."

Fleury now saw the full importance of his mission to Canada. The three men painted for him a glowing picture of his own future when the rule of Britain should cease from this continent. They instructed him to print manifestoes to the people of Canada assuring them of support and friend-

ship if they would rise against the British. General Washington, a name new to Fleury, was placed at the end of the manifesto.

Montreal was taken by surprise and occupied with but little resistance. Sir Guy Carleton and his little army, vastly outnumbered by the followers of Montgomery, withdrew from the city and fell back upon Quebec, the key of Canada. Benedict Arnold had a more complex problem in his designs upon the ancient city. He was fearless and enterprising. He led his army of a thousand men, mostly from the hills of Virginia, across rivers and wildernesses and over mountains in Maine until he arrived at the borders of Canada. History does not relate many tales of hardship equal to those which beset this band of invaders. When not paddling their canoes, the portages were rough and rocky and often interspersed with bogs, into which the men sank to their knees. Provisions grew scant, till at length they resolved to make but two meals a day. They had entirely misconstrued Fleury's estimate of the distance and before the journey ended they were reduced to half a biscuit and half a square inch of pork for a meal. The day arrived when they were compelled to kill the dogs which accompanied them and to boil their leather moccasins in an attempt to make soup, and finally nothing remained but such roots and leaves as could be found.

As they left the borders of Maine and entered Quebec, the Indian scouts gathered round the emaciated band eager to know the cause of their coming. "Summon your chiefs and young men," replied Arnold, "and I will tell you why we come."

Natanis, the principal chief, summoned a conclave, after replenishing the famished invaders to the best of his ability. Benedict Arnold addressed the gathering, telling the Indians that the wicked English King wanted to take their lands and money and had endeavoured to turn the people of Canada against his men. That

the wicked King's army had already killed a great many women and children while they were peaceably at work in the fields near Boston. He invited the Indians to join him, promising plenty of cheap rum and pay at the rate of one dollar a month. Natanis and his redskins had never heard of any of those wicked deeds, but their natural desire for blood was excited and little additional persuasion was needed to induce Natanis and some fifty of his followers to join the expedition.

Some time was required to gather provisions for the party and the November winds had swept the last yellow leaves from the trees when the invaders arrived on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite the object of their attack. While rude fortifications were thrown up and preparations made for camping, Arnold sent a few of his men across the river to distribute the manifestoes that Fleury had printed. These were scattered broadcast in the districts adjoining the city and large bundles of them thrown over the city wall at night.

Arnold landed a force at Wolfe's Cove and prepared for battle on the Plains of Abraham. He tried to draw the garrison out, as Wolfe had done, but failed: for the little band of British remained safely within the walls. Arnold then turned his efforts to persuasion, attempting to gain the assistance of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and failed again. The manifestoes had been futile; the French refused to join him, so he determined to attempt the seizure of the city by strategy.

It was New Year's eve, 1775. The attacking forces had been divided in two portions and were to attack the lower gates of the city from east and west. Montgomery had arrived from Montreal to assist in the scheme and he headed one party, while Arnold commanded the other. Montgomery, his two aides and several companions were struck down and killed by the British musket fire before the gates

were reached. The musket fire on Arnold's party was intense and his force was badly cut up and himself carried to the rear, severely wounded. In the morning he and his survivors retired to Montreal, and the British garrison came out and buried his dead.

VI.

The disaster was a hard blow to Benjamin Franklin. He could not understand the refusal of the French-Canadians to join his fellow-countrymen: yet he felt that their assistance was necessary if the rule of Britain was to cease in America. While he had sanctioned the military expedition of Montgomery and Arnold, he now decided that diplomacy must be resorted to if his object was to be gained. His ever-active brain formulated a scheme of education, and under his advice the Congress ordered Fleury to remove his press to Montreal and await the arrival of a commission which would follow and establish a newspaper for the French-Canadians.

The 18th of March, 1776, saw Fleury Mesplat, his wife and printing press start on another journey to found a home. From Philadelphia they and their goods were conveyed on creaky wagons to the shores of Lake George. Here a new difficulty faced them.

The passage to Montreal could be made across the lake in winter and could be packed by a small party of men in summer, by working around the shores; but to a woman and a heavy printing press, with a large stock of paper, this was impossible.

Five large bateaux and a pilot were secured after five days' search and the wagons dismissed. Across the cold waters of this lake the party slowly floated. Into Lake Champlain they went and into the Richelieu River. It was the season of spring flood and the rapids on the river between St. John and Chambly were running very swiftly.

"We'll make short work of the pas-

sage to-day," was the comment of the pilot to the nearest boatman, and Fleury was amazed to think that they would try the rapids at this time. After a great deal of argument, the pilot persuaded the travellers that all would be well, and the dangerous start was made.

Down they went with spray dashing between their rapidly advancing floats and dangerous jagged rocks. The bateaux careened from side to side. Clever pole work was necessary to keep them level, but the water was too much for the tired pilots. One unexpected swirl of water caused their bateaux to lean and the water shipped and flooded over the paper and Madame Mesplat's dresses. Fleury's warning, feebly heard above the rush of water, bade the pilot be careful, and without further mishap the party landed at Chamblay and proceeded to Montreal, where they landed on May 6th.

A tavern sheltered them until suitable premises were secured, and while thus busily engaged Benjamin Franklin and his party arrived. He had three friends with him, Samuel Chase, John Carroll and Reverend Charles Carroll; the last named being in the estimation of Franklin a most valuable member of the party owing to his priestly office and his knowledge of the Church of Rome.

The site of Fleury Masplat's printing shop in Montreal has never been definitely determined, but those who know the city well must mentally picture the portion of it which contains the Sailors' Institute, near the docks in the old section. Either on the site or very close to the present Sailors' Institute is considered to be the place from which the revolutionary litera-

ture was to issue. But it never appeared. For the military expedition against Canada was about to withdraw.

News of a large British force reaching Benedict Arnold and the invading troops in Montreal, and talk of evacuation was rife amongst the ranks. If Franklin was going to make a success of his mission he must strike at once, and he must strike through the Church. The people were unable to determine what to do; whether to cast in their lot with the rebelling colonists or to remain loyal to England. The priests of Montreal decided for them. When Charles Carroll and Benjamin Franklin approached the officials of the Montreal Seminary with their plans they received an answer that removed all hope from their minds.

"England," replied the priestly officials, "tolerates the Church of Rome. We have our liberty, and Canada has more to gain by loyalty than by separation."

Discouraged, Franklin returned at the end of May and the army evacuated in early June.

The seeds of the sentiment we see manifest to-day on every side in Canada were sown then and there, for the country had gallantly passed through one of her early hours of trial.

Of Fleury there is not much to tell. He remained behind by reason of his heavy debt. One more failure did not baffle him. Amongst his kindred in Montreal he felt freedom. The idea of an independent newspaper crossed his brain, and in one last great effort to succeed he launched a paper that is still published in Montreal to this day.



THE SHADOW OF DEATH

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN



LIZETTE was late for church; she knelt a moment, then rose and sat looking at the three people in the pew ahead of her—Eric's mother and father, and his grandmother; the mother, with soft dark hair and keen, kindly gray eyes; the father, with heavy eyebrows and firm mouth; the grandmother, tall and very erect, silver-haired, high-featured—a very proud woman, with the warmest heart in the world. Not so long ago—before he went away to the war—Eric might have been there, too, and then Lizette would have seen none of the others—would scarcely have heard the service—so would he have filled her eyes and heart.

Now she had leisure to look at them and to think; she could see the changes that four months of fear had made in all three: the little droop at the corners of the mother's mouth, the slight trembling uncertainty of her hands; the new lines in the father's face, and the heavier sprinkling of gray in his thick brown hair; the prouder set of the grandmother's head, braving misfortune. Across the aisle sat the girl Eric was to have married. Lizette looked at her still, clear-cut face, and remembered the last evening before Eric had gone away; the girl and her mother and some other people—near friends—had been at the house, and Eric had walked awhile in the garden with the girl, among the sad, scentless flowers of autumn—the dahlias, and golden glow, and late phlox; it was a misty

night, with a waning moon spreading a shadowless, ghostly radiance, and Lizette had been able to see them quite plainly from where she sat on the porch of the little house across the street, herself screened from sight by the reddening vine-leaves.

Later they had gone away, and Lizette had heard good-byes, and had seen the lights go out in the big house; then, at last, Eric had come to her and had said no word, only taken her in his arms; but when she would have drawn away from him, he had spoken, with joy fighting with grief in his voice: "I told her to-night, Lizette," he had said; "and oh, my dearest, we might have been happy long ago if I had been man enough to speak before; she said she had never really cared—in that way. It was because of our people, because she didn't want to hurt me; and so she had drifted—just as I did! But oh, Lizette, think of all we might have had! and now—only this little, little moment!" He had said other things, sweet to hear, sweet to remember; plans and hopes and dreams and lovers' talk. Then he had kissed her; the one kiss—save the one that had surprised them into the knowledge of love—that she had to remember; and so had gone away.

Lizette thought of all this now, and of the plans they had made; and of Eric's home-coming, and all that must follow. She was glad that the other girl had not cared; it would have been terrible to think that she must suffer.

Then slowly, across Lizette's mist of thoughts and wonderings, came a

new feeling: a chill of doubt or fear, she knew not what. It began when she saw old Mrs. Hardy lean across to Mrs. Armstrong in the adjoining pew, and whisper something; James Hardy, who was always late, had just come in. Lizette watched Mrs. Armstrong's face, and saw her quick glance at Eric's mother; something in the look made Lizette feel suddenly cold and weak; she was glad when the psalms were finished, and she could sit down again. Through the lesson she saw Mrs. Armstrong glance again at Eric's mother; she caught, too, her look at the girl across the aisle. Then when they rose for the *Benedicite*, she saw Mrs. Armstrong speak to someone in the seat ahead, and again she saw that glance towards Eric's mother. Lizette could feel, too, a strange stirring in the air: a sense of fear, or grief, or pity; there were strange rustlings, strange whispers. Some word was passing through the little church, some word that brought pity and terror with it, and turned all eyes toward one place. Lizette trembled, and strained her ears to hear; the woman in the adjoining seat had heard something and had given a little gasp; Lizette waited breathless—perhaps they would tell her next! Then the canticle ended, and as they took their seats, she saw someone whisper to the girl across the aisle.

Then fear gripped cold at Lizette's heart, and made her gasp and catch her breath, lest she sob with sheer terror; for the girl turned ashy white—so white that Lizette thought she would faint; but instead, she sat like a statue, looking straight before

her, her lips a little parted; Lizette, watching her, could have shrieked aloud with terror; she dared not think now, for she knew, unacknowledging, that Eric was dead. And she knew, too, that this silent girl had denied her love to give him joy.

Then, as the lesson ended, and they rose for the *Benedictus*, Lizette saw the girl's father lean across the aisle to Eric's father and speak rapidly; the girl had risen with the rest, and Lizette could see her hand at her side, clasping and unclasping.

"That we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies: might serve Him without fear;

"In holiness and righteousness before Him: all the days of our life," sang the people; and Lizette saw Eric's father, his face grown suddenly gray and drawn, totter a little and then bend forward to his wife. He spoke, and then they all three passed slowly down the aisle; the mother went as if blindly, one hand on her husband's arm, the other seeking the pew-tops for support; but the old grandmother, walking last, held her head high and walked firmly; but Lizette saw, through the veil, that her mouth worked convulsively; so they passed out, and again that sigh and rustle ran through the church, and Lizette faced the truth at last.

But the choir sang: "To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

Lizette bowed her head and thanked the Giver of love, the hot tears in her eyes; but the girl across the aisle stood erect and silent, clasping and unclasping her empty hand.



THEORIES OF STATE DESPOTISM

BY CHARLES MORSE



SOME months ago there was published in the United States an English version of a valuable monograph on State theories, by M. Léon Duguit, Professor in the Law Faculty of Bordeaux. It is entitled "The Law and the State". This was prepared, as M. Duguit explains, some years before the outbreak of the present war, and he, therefore, ventures to think that it will not be treated as a mere tract for the times. While it is more, it is chiefly a trenchant criticism of the popular German doctrine of State absolutism as expounded by jurists like Jhering and Jellinek, and crystallized by the philosophic historian Treitschke into the preposterous formula, "*Der Staat ist Macht*"—which is a short way of saying that material might is the only test of political right.

"Does there exist a jural principle (*une règle de droit*) superior to the State, which forbids it doing certain things and commands it to do certain others?" That is the question M. Duguit asks, and his comment upon it is this: "If the State is not subject to such jural principle, there is no longer any public municipal law, nor any international law. There is no longer any limit to the material power of the State, to the *Macht* as the Germans call it. The State is *Macht* and nothing more. Individuals become the property of the State, and small na-

tions the predestined slaves of a powerful State." M. Duguit concedes the difficulties surrounding the solution of this problem in juristic science, but affirms that it can and must be established, in a positive way, that there is a principle compelling State action in accordance with right (*par le droit*); otherwise social and international life would ever be the prey of violence and barbarism. The history of the present war demonstrates the soundness of this view.

In the course of a most exhaustive survey of German political theory, M. Duguit very properly stresses the tremendous part that Hegelianism plays there, but he points out that it is a very common error to excuse Kant and to blame Hegel for the philosophical doctrine that the individual has no native right which the State has not a higher right to disregard. "Both have worked out the same thing; like Hegel, Kant, in spite of his categorical imperative, in spite of his dream of perpetual peace, has been one of the greatest artisans of conceptions of imperialism and absolutism in the Germany of to-day." But Kant and Hegel were philosophers and not jurists, and we would, therefore, look elsewhere for an authoritative enunciation of the juridical theory of the State.

M. Duguit finds that it was reserved for Gerber, in the last half of the nineteenth century, to formulate the legal doctrine that the State is a

juridical person, distinct both from the Prince and the people who are his subjects, clothed with public power conceived as subjective right. It is because the State alone embodies what is the supreme good that it is in itself the supreme right. In laying down this proposition Gerber attempts to knit into the texture of juridical science Hegel's metaphysical conception of the State as the reality of the moral idea, *Der Staat ist die Wirklichkeit der sittlichen Idee*. In elaborating his theory, Gerber argues that the State, regarded as the highest realization of the moral good and, therefore, the most exalted juridical personality, possesses the power of issuing commands (*Herrschen*); furthermore, the power of the State must not receive the determinant motives of its action from a superior power existing outside of itself, but must find such motives solely within itself—it must be intrinsically sovereign. But is such a State a juristic entity without limits imposed on it by law? M. Duguit is pleased to observe that Gerber was able to resist the influence of the Hegelian doctrine of State irresponsibility, and to declare that the State is only supreme within the ambit of its juridical activity. In his view the individual citizen has natural rights anterior and superior to State sovereignty, in the domain of which “an intervention in the form of tutelage and constraint by the State would appear as an infringement of the moral dignity of the people and especially as an obstacle to its free development”.

But Hegelianism had yet greater conquests to make in the domain of law. Jhering does not hesitate to carry the invasion further than Gerber was disposed to do. In the former's *Der Zweck im Recht*, published between 1877 and 1883, he carried over bodily from metaphysics to juristic science Hegel's doctrine of the State. For him the State is the supreme power, superior to every other will within the territory over which

the State exercises its jurisdiction. Unlike Gerber, he conceives of no natural rights of the individual as existent after the formation of the State. He naïvely says: “The absence of material power (*Macht*) is the mortal sin of the State for which there is no forgiveness”. . . . “If a people find it difficult to pass from a state of barbarism to a political order, there is need of an iron hand to accustom them to education and obedience. The transition always entails despotism which sets up against the arbitrary power of anarchy the arbitrary power of the State”. There is, therefore, no law within the State unless it be created by the State. But while the State acknowledges no superior whereby it may be limited or coerced, it is unthinkable that the State is not subordinate to right and law. It is so subordinated, but only by a process of auto-limitation. Let us quote Jhering's exact words: “That is what is meant in our language by the word *Rechtsordnung*, and that is what we have in mind when we speak of a power (*Herrschaft*) of right or legal power. That is what we ask of law when we wish it to correspond to the notion we have of it, to the notion of a right—the functions of the State under law (*Rechtsstaat*). Right is in the full sense of the word the force of the rule of law reciprocally obligatory, the proper subordination of the power of the State to the law which it has created.” In this constitutional restriction imposed upon the State by its own will, Jhering finds the very strongest factor making for respect for law in society. It takes away from the State the reproach of irresponsibility, and in the last analysis the best politics is conformity to law.

Jellinek, in his *Allgemeine Staatslehre*, elaborates this theory of auto-limitation by the State. He holds that law is the exclusive creation of the State, and that, logically and necessarily, what the State wills is law. But although the State can mod-

ify the law or abrogate it, while the law exists the State is subject to it and any obligations imposed by the law can be enforced against the State. This leaves the unrestrained power of the State intact, since its subordination to law is voluntary, and remains self-determinate. Jellinek does not tell us what machinery would be available to compel the State to carry out the law.

M. Duguit points out how fragile is the foundation thus given to public law by Jhering and Jellinek. A power limited by law only because it so wills, spells an absolute and unlimited power. It is sophistry to argue otherwise. It is to be observed, however, that M. Duguit does not put the argument against this doctrine of auto-limitation as incisively as does Korkunov, the Russian jurist, in his "General Theory of Law". Korkunov's view is that the power of the State exists only to the extent that it is accepted by the citizens, who consciously limit their freedom in order that the State may not be hindered in its operations. Recognizing this, the State will never invade natural rights beyond the needs of national safety and good government. "The power which the State has over us, and the limitations applied to that power by law, have a common basis which is the notion which we have of our dependence upon the State, and also the consciousness which we have that there is a whole category of interests opposed to the interests of power, and that they require that an ascertained limitation be applied to the State's activity". That, indeed, is hardly more than a paraphrase of Hume's axiom that "Force is always on the side of the governed; the governors have nothing to support them but opinion".

M. Duguit does not confine his review of German State theory to the metaphysical doctrine, but makes a careful examination of the realistic doctrine as espoused by the Bavarian jurisconsult Seydel. Seydel denies that the State is a metaphysical entity

having an existence distinct from the people and separable both from the governed and those who govern. For him the State is a real thing, consisting of the whole body of people organized for government within a defined territory. The individual or individuals exercising the supreme political power within this territory he calls the *Herrscher*. To Seydel the conception of a State as a person is as false and untenable as the conception of it as an organism. Consequently the State cannot be said to have a will, nor to be the subject of rights; it is an object of the right of power belonging to the *Herrscher*. To the latter alone belongs the right to make the law, and it is above the law that it makes.

M. Duguit agrees with Seydel in the view that "all such expressions as personality of the State, will of the State, the State as an organism, are vacuous words devoid of meaning". But he emphatically repudiates Seydel's argument for the unlimited absolutism of the *Herrscher*. To quote M. Duguit again: "This *Herrschaft* is founded on *Macht*, that is to say, on force. The *Herrscher* creates the law by his own will; his orders are always law, however immoral and however irrational they may be; and he can compel obedience by material force". It is easy to see the deadly bearing of this doctrine of the *Herrschaft* on international law. Seydel, himself, appreciated it and did not hesitate to express himself as follows: "Between States no juridical command is possible, because the juridical command presupposes a superior will as the source of law. If such a superior will existed, there would be a world State, and the ideas of the Middle Ages would be realized in the lay *imperium mundi* or the spiritual sovereignty over States . . . Between States there can be no law; might alone counts as between them; there is therefore no international law".

When it is realized that what we have set down here is the teaching of

some of the greatest juriconsults of modern Germany, the policy of lawlessness that has characterized the conduct of this war by the military *vehmgericht* in Berlin can be more easily understood. Clausewitz and Bernhardt were not needed to cap with their "frightfulness" the doctrines of the philosophers and jurists. A nation cannot school itself in the devil's logic for two generations without becoming diabolical. Was it not the Marian martyr, Latimer, who said: "The devil is a busy bishop in his own diocese?" True, we of the British race have reared such a philosopher as Hobbes, who advocated the superiority of the sovereign over the civil laws of the land; but about the time that Hobbes published his "Leviathan" the English Parliament was busy putting on the sovereignty that Charles I. had been forced to put off on the scaffold. Charles II. indeed practised Hobbism in a sort of comic opera way; but James II. was the last to experiment with it, and it lost him his crown as well as his dignity. The way the matter was regarded by the

liberty-loving common lawyers of England was thus expressed by Coke: "Magna Charta is such a fellow that he will have no sovereign".

M. Duguit finds in the doctrine of "social solidarity" an affirmative answer to his inquiry whether there is a jural principle which constrains the action of the State. "The notion of public service," he says, "comes to replace that of sovereignty. The State is no longer a sovereign power which commands; it is a group of individuals having in their control forces which they must employ to create and to manage public service. The notion of public service becomes, therefore, the fundamental notion of modern public law".

We think that M. Duguit has reasoned well and that his conclusions are sound. If the present war results, as it seems likely to do, in the banishment from the world of what Lamennais called "that dread disease of Royalism", then the reign of law over the governors as well as the governed will be established everywhere on sure foundations.



NIGHT MARCH AND DAWN

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

MARCHING men,
Thirty score;
Round the corner hundreds more;
Glittering in the yellow streets,
Yellow with the lamps and panes,
Guns and faces; where retreats,
Skulking down behind black roofs,
Ragged day, marching men:
Where the East,
Saffron yeast.
Awesome pours upon the world,
From the darkness,
Marching men.

Hands and feet,
Swinging hands,
Swinging feet—
Hear the beat, insistent beat;
See the long line heave and sway,
All its body sinuous, sure,
All its colour lithe and strong,
Out of distance heaving true,
Into distance swaying on,
Within its law, a corporate will,
Indurate yet supple, too,
Power and motion governed—

Till—

Flames too sudden-redly dawn,
Thunders wildly a wild sky,
And a breath,
Sharp with shrapnel, whistling by,
Breaks and shatters;

Scattered wide,
Rent feast 'neath the fangs of Death,
Then the gaudy fragments lie.



HABITANT PLOUGHING, QUEBEC

From the Painting by Charles Edouard Huot, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada



“COCK-A-LUK” EVERYBODY’S GROUSE

BY HAMILTON M. LAING



E used to be everybody's friend, this sprig-tailed grouse of the Northwest, worthy friend-foe and a savoury dinner on the table in the gunning season, a dooryard friend in the mornings of white winter, a dancer and vaudeville performer in the springtime and a field policeman and foe to grasshoppers in the summer. He was a chap of many parts; and though the folks in the western Canadian provinces and a few parts of the western States often called him a "chicken," they meant nothing out of the way by it. The term also had—

and has—scant relation to a henyard.

But now the "prairie chicken" scarcely can be reckoned as more than a name. The present chief concern of the folks of the West, who live with him, and of those who visit him from elsewhere is whether or not he is going to leave them for good—take up the sad Trail of Vanishing Species, that cruel wild life trail where the travel is all one way. This concern—perhaps belated—has been much in evidence for a year or two. Local papers, game protective associations, old-timers and sportsmen have lamented that their fine bird has all but



An Ideal Grouse Country

gone. It is a lament with a pang in it: the West must have its beloved prairie chicken—bring him back. Two provincial legislatures already have tried by course of law to save him; to protect the remnant of the species from too eager guns and bring back this best-loved of the grouse to the covers that knew him so well in earlier days.

He is a fit game bird of this region, a hardy Canadian. Since the coming of the Red River pioneers to the Northwest this sharp-tailed fellow has borne the brunt of the battle waged by the guns of settlers and sportsmen. Indeed, it is as a friend-foe that most people are concerned with him. However pleasant his company about the buildings on the farm in winter, or entertaining his performance in the spring as he dances his dizzy jig on a knoll just where his progenitors capered generations ago, it is during the gunning season of autumn that he is best loved. Everyone cultivates him then. The farm lad takes the gun to the field and

even carries it on the gang-plow; the farmer going to and from town picks him up when he is handy along the way, and the small-bore rifle cranks drive about in buggies and “snipe” him from shocks and fences. The newest way, perhaps of converting him into a dinner is to shoot him from the seat of an automobile. But even this method can boast little novelty beyond that of the freight train hand who a few years ago described his way of it to the writer. The train man did his shooting from the engine or forward cars (grouse have little fear of a slow freight, or a fast one for that matter), then he jumped off, retrieved, and and as the engineer slowed down a little, he was able to get his game and make connection with the caboose. Of course, few of these methods are to be recommended, and the law has taken a hand against the newer ones. The dyed-in-the-wool grouse shooter will have none of them; a keen-nosed dog for him—or nothing.

However, the dog is not an essen-



"Got im."

tial. In fact, if the open season on sharp-tails is late—say October—he is not of much account. At this time these birds will not lie well to a dog; the coveys are large and flush en masse, and it is only in the middle of the day while the birds are sunning lazily that Pup gets his nose in the game to much purpose. He may be essential, a necessary part of the outfit for the shooter chasing the educated college-bred ruffed grouse of the East; but it is different with the sharp-tail in the West.

The sprig-tailed fellow is everybody's grouse because all hands get a chance at him. Just everyone cannot be a goose shooter or duck shooter, but almost any sort of Nimrod scores now and again with Cock-a-luck. He is a nice obliging chap, and even the ladies shoot him. His is always the first scalp to dangle at the belt of every young leather-stocking when he gets abroad with his first killdeer. For those who are not dexterous enough with a gun to stop him on the wing, there is always the opportunity

to bowl him from a fence post or straw stack or poplar tip or some one of the other perches he chooses upon which to sun himself on frosty mornings. For in the fall and winter he is as insistent a percher as the ruffed relative of the woods; perhaps he is even more so; and while he is aloft usually he makes vastly more noise about it. "Cock-a-luk! Cock-a-luk!" he chuckles; it is never loud, yet always far-carrying—an invitation that travels far in the sharp air of autumn, even when the plump body of the author is out of sight.

To get the most out of the game with the sharp-tails, the hunter needs but a shot-gun and a good pair of legs. Of course, he needs ammunition for the gun and sometimes a good deal of it. The fascination about it lies in the surprise element. You never know just where Sprig-tail is hiding, though if you are a good observer and a better guesser, you may come rather near it sometimes. Of course, if you bring the dog to find the birds, you may get more shoot-

ing, but scarcely more pleasure. The man who wants his bird spotted for him robs himself; he should stay with the clays. It is the surprise of having these bombs burst behind you or to the right or left with thunderous wing and loud and mocking "Cuk-cuk-cuk!"—or even a dozen or score of them at once—that provides the thrills and scares and tingles that make the game worth while.

The scrubby copses at noon are the places to find him. Every normally constituted sharp-tail spends the middle of the day there. However far afield he may go to forage in the early morning, he always swings back to cover for his sunning and dusting and sleeping at mid-day. Next to the scrub and poplar woods, his choice for a noon-day siesta is a grassy knoll where he can snuggle down and escape the sharp eye of the prowling marsh hawk that always torments him. For though it is hard to imagine this flimsy hawk doing any real damage to a sharp-tail, the rascal takes delight in routing the grouse at every opportunity. From 10 A.M. till 3 P.M. are the hours of sunning and sleeping in cover.

And finding him there is a game worth while—provided always that the shooter does it himself. Though apparently a hopeless task when the grouse have to be ferreted from fifty acres of broken scrub-land, there usually are hints to their whereabouts. If there is wind they will always be on the lee side of the cover, or within it; but, best of all, they love the edges. "Out of the wind, but in the sun," is his motto; but almost invariably when he is routed he tears off up wind or quartering. Also, the mounds of the pocket gophers are another guide. Their powdered soil provides most acceptable dust-baths; the grouse love to wallow in it, and in likely cover such mounds are nearly all cupped and hollowed.

But it is one thing to find a Cock-a-luk and another to get him. For though he has little of the cunning

that is accredited to his enlightened cousin of the Eastern woods, nevertheless he has a way of keeping out of the way of the load of sixes intended for him. When the cover is higher than the shooter's head there is always trouble for the shooter. Sprig-tail usually thunders out of the far side of the cover, and he has an exasperating way of keeping a willow-elump in a dead line between the shooter's eye and himself. Also when a dozen of these noisy feathered bombs are bursting up in all directions, it is easy for anyone to lose his nerve and to find something suddenly gone wrong with his right eye. But as to that there are shooters who hit best when surprised so, and usually miss a bird marked down exactly and walked up.

It requires two shooters working together to get square with him. Because he loves best the broken cover, two have him at a disadvantage. When he runs through the cover and breaks straight away from one shooter, he is merely driving on the other. Head-on shots and close ones—for sprig-tail cannot change his course suddenly much more than a cannon-ball can—are often difficult; but such is the game. The shooter is always put to the test of thinking and acting like lightning; whether to have at him head-on, or to let him whizz over, then to swing around after him and nail him from the rear. It happens sometimes that one shooter stops some of the load intended for Cock-a-luk, but little things like that are merely incidentals.

But this grouse is not always playing the rôle of game bird. In the spring his dance revels on the stamping-ground are a thing to be marvelled at. The parallel performance of the ruffed cousin is strange enough—indeed, to judge by the half-dozen different theories that have been advanced by naturalists in the past, it is a mighty problem—but the sharp-tail's caperings at his love-making time are stranger still. What is bet-



Looking for More

ter, the latter bird shows off to the world, whereas it is a more difficult thing to see a ruffed grouse at his drumming. Everyone in sharp-tail territory has seen the performance. The youngsters driving to the little school in the morning halt to watch the dizzy birds swirling about—heads down, tails up, wings adroop; the plowman stops in the furrow to enjoy it. The musical “Poom! Poom!” of the revellers is pleasant, too, a pleasing addition to the wondrous spring melody of the western plain-land.

He is everybody's grouse, too, in the summer. It is a fine sight during haying-time to see the little mother with her brood of half-grown youngsters catching grasshoppers on the hay-field. They have been at it daily for weeks; but now the mower

has cut down the cover for the 'hoppers and the latter are at disadvantage. A sharp-tail is marvellously nimble of foot, and huge now is the havoc wrought by mother and brood. The skipping 'hopper may win for the first wild leap or two, but he is playing a losing game. The birds gobble till their crops are sagging; the numbers of these insects consumed is enormous—quite sufficient to place the grouse in the list of birds immensely beneficial to the farmer. Perhaps it is partly due to this that even in the go-as-you-please Northwest we are meeting more and more signs: “No Shooting Allowed”. Farmers who never fire a shot themselves say that they like to see these birds around, and so make an effort to protect them.

That he needs efficient protection almost goes without saying. In addi-

tion to his natural foes (almost every hand in the wild was originally against him: hawks, owls, crows, wolves, coyotes, foxes, mink, weasels, skunks, badgers, and a few more) man came and brought with him the plow and prairie fire and shot-guns. But, again, to offset the overbalancing tide of destructiveness the settler got rid more or less of the enemies of the bird, and gave him a supply of rich food. This doubtless countered somewhat the effects of settlement, and to-day sharp-tails are still numerous, periodically, in portions of the West that were settled years ago, and this, too, with a fair open season in October.

Recently the bird has fallen upon very evil days, and sportsmen, naturalists and legislators have been discussing the probability of his passing along the trail of the buffalo and passenger pigeon. Manitoba law forbade his killing in 1917 and 1918. Not without reason; for strangely enough, covers that held an abundance of birds in the autumn of 1914, a year later were decimated sadly, and in 1916 were found almost empty. Cock-a-luk was almost an extinct species.

Will he come back? To answer, we must first know what was responsible for his disappearance. Perhaps a dozen theories on the subject have been aired in the newspapers; in fact, almost every old-timer has one of his own. The following causes have been given: two successive severe winters with deep snow; abundance of goshawks during these winters; abundance of crows; wet and cold nesting seasons preventing incubation and killing the chicks; illegal winter shooting; disease; coyotes and wood-ticks. But there is another less mooted factor in the game that perhaps deserves mention. As Mr. E. T. Seton has demonstrated in "Northern Mammals", almost all northern animals from mice to moose rise and fall in numbers in more or less regular waves. The fact is indisputable, but the cause of it not easy to find. In

certain years big families are in order: the species is prolific and it is difficult to discover why. And the sharp-tailed grouse follows the same rule. During the spring of 1914, the last year of abundance, large grouse families were quite the thing in grouse-dom. While a round dozen is a fair hatching for a mother of this species, during this high-water year nests were found well up in the teens and two extraordinary nests of twenty-three and thirty eggs respectively were reported to the writer. Whether the mother layed all the thirty herself could not be ascertained but she hatched them. Then came the decline—as it always does—and the sharp-tail all but vanished. The completeness and suddenness of his fall was due to the fact that the series of adverse factors enumerated above all fell upon his luckless species when it was on the wane. The combination, the odds against him were too strong. But Cock-a-luk will come back again as he has done after lean years in the past, and he will be everybody's grouse as before.

The Province of Manitoba has solved its grouse problem fairly well by keeping the open season down to the first twenty days of October. Within her borders lie some of the best sharp-tail territory, and birds are still abundant — intermittently at least—in districts that were settled forty years ago. This is rather a refutation of those elsewhere who explain the shortage of grouse by the old plea that the birds must give way before the settler. The sharp-tail will hold his own against settlement, provided too much is not asked of him. Usually too much is asked.

The plow and the prairie fire are two sources of havoc to this bird. The grouse that makes her nest in the stubble, as is very frequent, has a very slim chance of achieving her purpose. When she builds in a grass-plot that is fated to be fired some May day by a thoughtless owner, she has no chance at all. It ought to be a



Western Prairie Grouse in Winter

punishable offence to set spring fires that roast the eggs of grouse and other valuable birds, but, alas, such offences are all too common in the easy-going agricultural ways of the West. But there are many humane farmers who do their best to save the brood located in the stubble. Plowmen have been seen to swing their four-horse teams around and leave an unsightly triangle of stubble rather than turn the nest under; and others have been known to carry brush-wood and lay it over the sitter to protect her in a measure from the ravishing crow—at nesting-time her worst foe.

For though during the days of laying or early incubation the mother grouse is rather easily disturbed and driven to abandon her nest, later when incubation is advanced, she is different. Many a grouse on leaving her nest has fluttered out among the feet of the horses on the plow, or between the wheels of a wagon; and they have been seen to hold to their eggs even to the extent of being scorched by the flames of a prairie

fire. It is this tenacity of purpose that enables the farmer to save the hatching that with a less ambitious bird might be lost.

A trait about the sharp-tail that makes him beloved is his reliability. He is always on hand when he is wanted; he is non-migratory except that at the approach of winter the coveys leave the more open sections and take up quarters in the scrubby and half-wooded districts. When a rainfall halts harvesting operations in October, the boss is very apt to see blessed good in the ill wind and go off with his gun after "chickens"; when the thresher is tied up through rain or breakage, the hum usually has scarcely died away before some of the hands may be seen stealing off half surreptitiously with a gun. When Johnny goes for the cows at evening, he lugs the gun, and he knows for a certainty just about where he will find Cock-a-luk feeding. When the city man has two days, and only two, poor fellow! to spend afield, he leaves the ducks and geese to the other fel-

low with more time, and so chases sharp-tails. He can be sure of them—some of them. When the duck flight has been poor in the morning, the devotees of punts and decoys and such things put away their duffle and strike fieldwards to get more reliable sport during the middle of the day. When the morning flight of mallards to the stubble has been a disappointment, the man who knows spends his early hours listening for the cackle of the sharp-tails, and marking them down for reference when the sun gets warm.

Usually the future referenees have little need to apologize. At ten o'clock the old democrat is headed toward the broken lands of field and scrub; the outfit is left in a convenient shelter, horses fed, and then all hands scatter. And what an amount of ground is

covered in an hour by an ambitious walker on such a quest—in a course so crooked that it would set a butterfly dizzy. Choice places are invaded without result; unlikely spots yield up surprises; excitement comes tingling in waves. Now a bird rises fair and is killed neatly; now one rises at twenty feet and merely chuckles derisively at the two frantie, misplaced loads sent at him; now a dozen burst up and all escape in spite of a hammering of shots; now a double is achieved—a shot to be proud of. Game pockets grow heavy, ammunition pockets grow light. Such is the game with sprig-tail; and there is appetite and health in it and the zest that clears the eye and brain—that zest that comes of matching wits with a worthy wildwoods foeman.

TO DUTY

BY CUTHBERT GOODRIDGE MACDONALD

THOU who didst bind the bondsman to the free,
 The freeman to his king, the king to thee;
 Dread spirit who hast led this nation forth,
 Grasping our best with an imperious hand,
 Pouring the strength and valour of the North
 To death and glory in a ravaged land;
 Thou who hast taken all our youth could give,
 Blinding and maiming, crushing out its breath,
 Bidding the hero die, the coward live
 To eat and drink and meet a coward's death:
 Strengthen our hearts to fight the battle through,
 To reap the harvest that in tears we sow.
 Oh Duty, hold us to thy service true,
 That we may rise triumphant o'er the foe!



Dahabeah Days

BY HELEN M. EDGAR

IV. FROM ASSOUAN TO THE FRINGE OF EDFU



FEBRUARY thirteenth. A dead calm, so we took measures to secure a tug to take us as far as Assouan. Achmet was despatched to the nearest

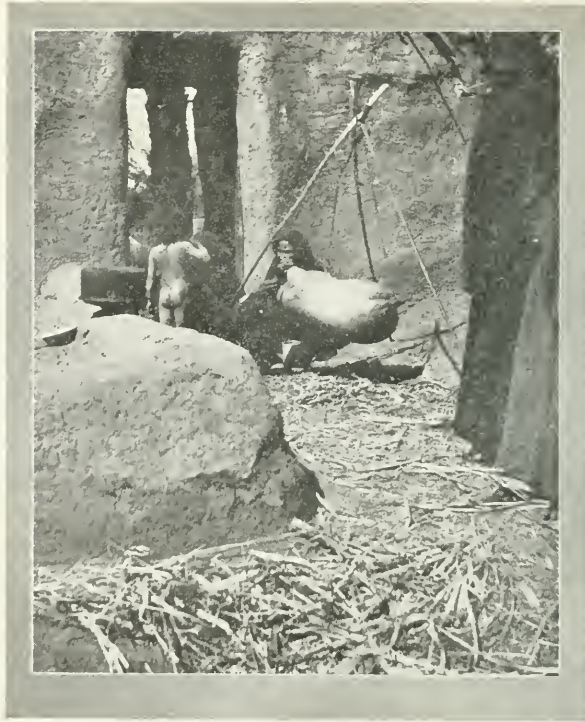
sugar factory to obtain a rescue party. We were lucky in being stranded in such an interesting spot. In the morning when we landed we were immediately surrounded by sellers of antika, and spears and armlets, bracelets and beads were obtained at bargain prices, the buyer often having to flick off the eager sellers with a whip. We visited one house where the woman received us in a not too clean garment, but fine gold ear-rings and large bead necklaces adorned her person. Her most coquettish touch was a silver nail thrust through her left nostril. We purchased there, I am sorry to say, a lamb, and as the live stock was kept in the attic the purchasing party had to mount a steep stone staircase.

We prowled once more over the site of Akhenaton's palace, villagers acting as escorts. One of them, a youth with a sheepskin slung across his

shoulders, sold his rope sling (in pattern the same as used to slay Goliath) to C. for two piastres. We heard him relating his wondrous luck to a comrade who, more sophisticated, replied, "God of gods, he should have given ten!"

When we returned to the *Dodo* there was no sign of wind or tug or Achmet. A tramp of some miles to the nearest railway station was then arranged to establish telegraph communication with Kittikas of Cairo.

At this point two nondescript members of the crew gained the distinction of nicknames. "The Kicked" and "The Cured" figured in separate engagements. The former interrupted C.'s careful instructions about summoning a tug, with the plausible suggestion that as the wind would not take us to Assouan, why not let it blow us back to Cairo? This was too much for C., who, I really think, contemplated pushing the *Dodo* himself to Assouan if all other means failed. To this day I am sure "The Kicked" cannot understand why his suggestion was so unceremoniously treated. "The Cured" was christened immediately



“The native butter-making, a dirty process for a dirty product”

after “The Kicked” had retired. His ailment was a swollen finger, which C. attended to with his pen-knife. The results were satisfactory both to patient and operator, for C., having drawn blood, seemed to await with unprecedented calm the return of Achmet.

Feb. 15th.—We ignored our stranded state and explored two villages opposite El Amarna. In the first village C. purchased so many spears that the *Dodo* had the appearance of an arsenal. There also we watched the native butter-making, a dirty process for a dirty product. The butter issues from its pig-skin churn in semi-liquid state, much extraneous matter adhering to it. Mat-making was cleaner and more picturesque.

The women are chiefly employed in the manufacture of fuel, and sit over the unpleasing mixture of manure and earth patiently moulding it into flat bricks, which are then sun dried.

We wound our way through palm groves to the adjoining village and reached the station where at least fifty camels were unloading sugar cane and jars for the syrup. Some of the animals were most noble-looking beasts. On our return we visited a native sugar factory, where oxen turned the crusher which sent the juice running through a tube into vats below. Huge brick cauldrons receive it and boil it for a stated time, and later it is cooled off in the jars. The crowd that came with us was too vast to enter the enclosure, so as many as possible satisfied their curiosity by removing part of the roof to gaze on our satisfaction. On our way back to the felucca we gathered natives at every step. Even the blind attended, and one crazy old woman shrieked and waved her tattered garments like a witch in Macbeth. We passed a mud hut with its doors and lintel painted white, and on that ground was drawn

a representation of the owner's journey to Mecca. We could trace his start by camel, then his unique portrayal of a railway train and his equally archaic replica of the boat that helped him on his pious pilgrimage. We collected more spears and several necklaces. The women could not bear to part from their gewgaws, and it was only when we were on board the felucca that they recklessly tore off their beads and ear-rings and accepted piastres in return. Their ear-rings are huge affairs and they generally wear two pairs, a hole being pierced at the top as well as at the

lobe of the ears. Their nose-rings look permanent possessions. The tug appeared about six p.m., and we lost no time in starting off in search of bread.

Feb. 16th.—We journeyed all day and reached Assiut too late to go through the bridge, so we spent the night in the midst of stone-laden feluccas all on the *qui vive* to be first through in the morning.

February 17th. We had our usual excitement in getting through the bridge, but no fatalities, in spite of the fact that our steersman had deserted us during the night. The Rais



"We passed a mud hut with its doors and windows painted white, and on that ground was painted the owner's journey to Mecca."



Sugar Cane and jars for syrup

distinguished himself by his volubility and nothing else. Our luck has not yet "set fair", for after a run of thirty-four miles we stopped suddenly in a weird spot and the tug's Rais informed C. that his engine was broken.

Feb. 18th.—A north wind kindly visited us, so leaving our disabled tug we set sail with orders that another tug was to follow. We had a lovely sail close to shore, the Arabian cliffs now rising from the water's edge, and anchored in mid-channel near El Maraghah.

Feb. 19th.—We again sailed on, our

two tugs overtaking us about eight miles from our starting place. We reached Girgeh by moonlight and at once landed in search of expected boxes of provisions from Cairo. Girgeh seemed refreshingly clean, perhaps it was the moonlight that threw a glamour over everything. Native policemen stalked about in hooded cloaks, carrying staves, but one shirker of duty was curled up on a doorstep having a snooze, his red morocco shoes and staff carefully placed beside him.

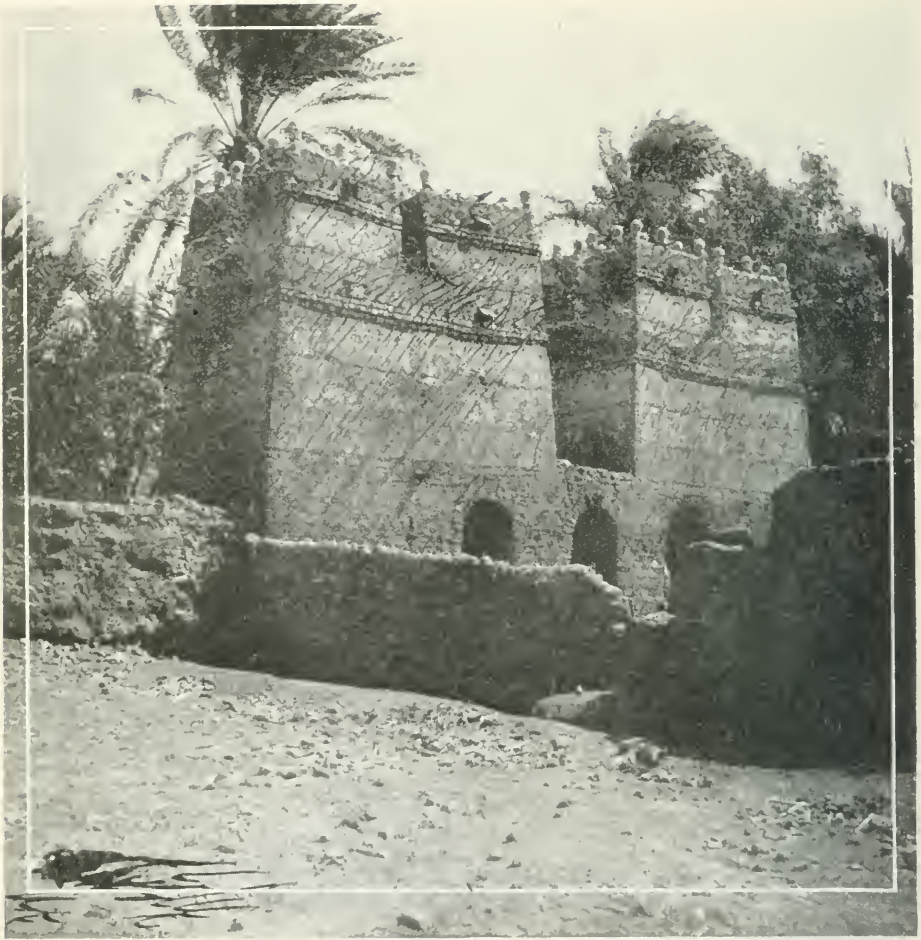
Feb. 20th.—This morning we steam-



A Shadoof, a primitive water elevator, as used along the Nile.

ed off and had a day of watching many villages, some composed entirely of pigeon towers strung along the river bank. Four or five boys ran miles along the shore, plunging into the river to obtain bak-

shish in the form of tin cans and water bottles. The shadoofs pierced the bank at every fifty yards, the rhythmic movement forming an accompaniment to the lilt of the workers. Only one shadoof have we



Pigeon Towers

seen with human ballast instead of the usual lump of mud. It was the acme of grace to see the slender forms of the boys, their bronze skin glistening in the sunlight, as they balanced themselves with a see-saw motion. By a great stroke of luck we negotiated the railway bridge at Nag Hamadi, and the men of the party landed to complete arrangements for our journey south. Infinite were the complications, high the prices and subtle the duplicities of the Egyptians controlling the bargain, but finally a successful if somewhat expensive result was obtained. We sat out late on the deck enjoying the soft air and

watching Jupiter trying to outshine the moon. Along the dim river bank a procession passed chanting a song, the voices being rich, deep and infinitely sad.

Feb. 21st.—C's magic ring was in good working order, and we steamed ahead with great ease and comfort. A divine day, with sky and water of deep Egyptian blue, brought us by night to a mud walled village, guarded by a frieze of barking dogs. The moon was so bright that we decided to dine without candles and managed to eat our simple fare by the light of the heavens alone. After dinner the C's and ourselves decided

to visit by moonlight the ruins of Koptos. Achmet, the mate, and Abderachman came as escort, and C. had his revolver for emergencies. Skirting past the village walls, topped by the barking dogs, we reached the open country, an ancient dike being our highway. The night was breathless, the only sound being the never-ceasing *sakiyeh* and the clear voice of a child singing his sweet water song as he watched the blindfold oxen slowly tread their monotonous way. A few camels stalled for the night munched their food as they gazed out into the starry night, their eyes untroubled by terrestrial things. A mile beyond the railway station, which looked strangely civilized, lay the city of Koptos, that Diocletian took pleasure in destroying in 292 A.D. The first written record of a journey along the road we were treading dates from the 11th Dynasty, 2020 B.C. "The King, Mentuhotip III., sent me,"

says Henu, "to despatch a ship to bring for him fresh myrrhs from the chieftain of the desert, which had been offered to him by reason of the fear of him in those countries. Then I went forth from Koptos upon the road as his majesty commanded. Troops cleared the way before me, overthrowing those hostile to the King, and the hunters of the children of the desert were posted for the protection of my limbs. Then I reached the Red Sea, and I built this ship and despatched it with everything after I had made for it a great oblation of cattle, bulls and ibises."

The shadows of the past seemed with us, and we were not unduly startled when crossing some rubbish heaps an armed man arose and challenged us. We explained our presence and were allowed to pass, he joining our party. We wandered among the ruins and gloried in the fine carvings seen in the mysteries of moonlight.



Obelisk of Hatshepsut at Karnak



Part of the crew of the *Dodo*

We continued our prow into the modern addition of Koptos. On the outskirts no less than six armed kaf-firs rose to bar our way. When they heard C.'s name, they remembered he had once been the guest of their Amdeh, and insisted on conducting us to his house. Arriving there, we found everything in darkness. Our guides gently knocked on the door with the palms of their hands, which soon brought some response. The Harem dwellers were first awake, and we saw the little latticed windows pushed out to view the intruders. In a few moments the owner appeared, and with the light of many matches we were ushered into a dark and dusty room. Cushions equally dark and dusty were produced for us to sit on. Our host seemed a trifle per-

turbed and even C.'s fluent Arabic had not a soothing effect. When the Amdeh heard we did not wish to spend the entire night there, his spirits revived, though I fear the sleepy cry of a baby told us that preparation had already begun for our reception. A candle now materialized, a small fire was lighted in the courtyard and over burning corn stalks one of the guard was busy making coffee. We all accepted a cup and tried to drink with gusto the cloying, sweet stuff. We left shortly after this refreshment, saying in hastily-learned Arabic, "*Ma as salama* (Peace be with you)."

In spite of the brilliant moon the Amdeh insisted on having a man to guide us with a lantern, and he was much disturbed when we refused his

kind offer of camels to take us back to the river. The Amdeh accompanied us to the end of the village, and then left only under protest. Our guard formed a bristling hedge about us till we held a council of war midway and by a skilful use of piastres induced them to say good-bye. We returned through the frieze of barking dogs, most of them of Ermenti breed, introduced into Egypt by Napoleon. The *Dodo* looked most homelike on our return and the porcelain bath a most refreshing spot.

Feb. 22nd. — We made an early start after casually picking up our "laundry maid" from the opposite bank. He had been given leave of absence two days before at Nag Hamadi to visit his wife and new-born son. We were now drawing near historic Thebes. Between these banks mighty Pharaohs had swept with spoils and captives of many a vanquished foe. Thothmes III. first of empire-builders, had made the river his highway. Countless times had the Thebans greeted him returning from the subdued lands of Syria, Somali, the marshy lands of the Euphrates, Cyprus, Sahara, and the Upper Cataraacts of the Nile. The obelisk of his hated step-mother Hatshepsut rising from the ruins of Karnak must have recalled, even in his hours of triumph, the bitterness and humiliation of his early years. We had passed Dendera early in the day and now at Der el Bahri, Karnak and Luxor we also looked askance, reserving a luxurious ten days on our return trip for all the beauty and interest of this ancient shore. Much as we were tempted to delay, our tug puffing piastres at a ruinous rate, forbade it. Luxor was mourning, outwardly, at least, with half-masted flags, for Boutras Pasha. As we steamed by news was wafted of a Liberal victory at home, and we continued on our way, rejoicing, or the reverse, according to

our politics. I doubt if it was a political discussion that led to the Rais's dismissal of the *Vulture*. Shortly after we passed Luxor we slowed up while the felucca manned by two of the crew took the gloomy bird ashore.

Having returned to the *Dodo*, the crew remembered that the deserted one's bread was still on board, so, mounting quickly to the deck, they hurled some baked loaves at him. He stood like a gaunt and tattered *Aunt Sally* amidst the descending showers, vowing vengeance and spitting defiance at his mates. The bread that reached him he again cast upon the waters, and we only hope it followed biblical directions and returned to him again. We passed the night at Erment, ten miles south of Luxor, and anchored near a sugar factory. The sickly sweet odour of the crushed cane spoiled somewhat our enjoyment of the balmy night. The following day we "tugged" serenely between banks of ever-changing scenes. Esneh and El Kab we took no notice of, reserving their charms till we returned. The crew, tired of incessant idleness, took to dressmaking and sat solemnly stitching at their many-coloured garments. The Rais discarded his black costume and emerged in a blue cotton garment of the latest cut. Those members of the crew who had no new material to work upon employed their time in washing their old clothes and turbans in a strong solution of Rickett's blue. It was rather amusing to watch the result of the process. Achmet and Mohammed were its votaries and emerged clad in brilliant blue, only to fade like plucked corn flowers under the hot sun. The amount of blue that has been consumed in our few weeks would have supplied a public laundry for a year. The blue and white Nile meet at Khartoum, but they also meet every washing day around the *Dodo*.

AN ESKIMO PATRIOT

BY LACEY AMY



THE grief of it is keener to me to-day than it was a week ago when the news first reached me; and I know the shadows of time will never hide it, though tingeing the grief to a brighter hue in a great pride at having known him, at having been called by him one of his two friends in England during his trying days in khaki.

To know John Shiwak, even in the old days of peace, was to be filled with a mysterious admiration that grew without realizing its own roots, a quiet fondness that complimented one's self-respect. But to have been in touch with him even by mail at the end, to have heard from his lips, in words only a few hours old, the unfaltering admiration of him, was to be branded with a mark time dare not try to obliterate. And to have seen him in the moment of his passage! But John's story must be told first—and I hope that ten thousand slackers may read it and see the picture as I see it—which is infinitely better than I am able to present it.

It was in the summer of 1911 that I met John. It was *only* in that summer that I met him. But to have met him once was to remember him always. Seeking new out-of-the-world places in or around Canada, I had picked on the bleak coast of Labrador. Across the straits from North Sydney the boat had plunged through a parallel swell all night, and in the morning landed us at Point aux Basques. Twenty-six hours of travel on a narrow-gauge railway, through hours on

end of manless land, had brought us to St. John's, that inimitably quaint capital of Newfoundland.

And one afternoon we pushed our way through the heaped boxes of cod and salt and general merchandise that line St. John's piers and boarded a little mail steamer that ran twice a month—seldom more than five times a year—"down" the semi-settled coast of Newfoundland for five hundred miles, and then another five hundred far off to the north, into the birth-place of the iceberg, along the uncharted, barren, rugged shores of a country God never intended man to inhabit—Labrador.

Yet it was a pleasant trip, one to look back upon with no shuddering memories, but with a dreamy halo of unreality dimming its thousand unwonted events and sights, a composite picture that frays off about the edges and centres about one lone figure—John Shiwak, the Eskimo.

We were a motley crowd on board. For the next two weeks we would be bound to each other in the depressions and exaltations, the trials and strains of a confined existence that centred and circled and spread no farther than the tight dining-room and the after-deck. My personal variation was visits to the bridge, where I spent days at a time. The transient passenger list consisted of the woman-who-worries and myself, three professional world-vagrants who travelled as most people work, a mysterious newly-married couple whom none knew better at the end than at the beginning. And below

decks crowded a score of Newfoundland fishermen and fish merchants on their way to the great cod grounds along the Labrador.

And there was John.

I was aware of him at first as he sat at the Newfoundlanders' table in the dining saloon, never uttering a word, watching with both eyes every movement at the table of the "foreigners". Presently I noted that he ceased to spread his bread on his hand, that he gave up his knife except for its legitimate purposes, that he stopped reaching as the others at his table did. Frequently I caught his eye, and always it dropped in confusion—only to return in a minute to the ways of our table. In a couple of days he was eating in the manner of so-called culture.

I watched for him on deck, but for several days caught only fleeting glimpses of him. And always he was the daintiest man on board. Evidently he had invested in a new wardrobe in St. John's, and the muscular, short, straight-standing figure of him did each garment fullest justice. Twice a day he appeared in different array—in the mornings usually in knickers and sealskin moccasins.

Not a word did I ever see him speak to another. He would appear on deck for a half-hour twice a day, lean over the railing within sound of our voices, and disappear as silently as he came. I set myself the task of intruding on his reticence, of breaking his silence. In truth it was a task. Observing him one day watching the unloading of salt into the small boats that play the part of wharves on the Labrador coast, I leaned on the railing beside him and made some trivial inquiry about the scene of bustle. His reply was three words. To my second question, after several minutes, the reply was two words. And then he turned away. It was discouraging. But soon thereafter I noticed that when I stopped to look over the rail, if it were not in too quiet a part of the ship, John was leaning just far

enough away to be out of range of questions. I took to wandering about, stopping by myself to look out on the sights of shore and iceberg. The interval between us decreased.

Then one night we stopped, in the sudden darkness that falls in that quarter shortly after ten of an August evening, to pick up a missionary and his wife and household goods. It was a task of hours, for everything had to be brought out to the steamer in one small rowboat. I was looking down from the forward deck on the twinkling lights below, hearing the oaths of busy seamen, in my ears the creaking of the steam winch. Suddenly there broke on the night from the outer darkness the shuddering howl of a wolf, then a chorus of howls. I raised myself to listen, peering out into the darkness of the sea where there were only scores of tiny islands, and beyond, scores of towering icebergs.

"The Labrador band," explained a quiet voice beside me, modest to the verge of self-deprecation, but with a twinkle in it somewhere.

It was John Shiwak. And the ice was broken. I soothed his obvious nervousness by keeping to the text for the moment. "The Labrador band" is the term applied to the howling huskies, most of whom are set down on islands during their summer months of uselessness that they might be out of the way.

Far into the morning John and I sat up there in the dirty, deserted bow, as the ship felt its way through the islands on its northward crawl. By the pitch of the boat we knew when the islands ceased to screen us from the swell outside. Now and then an icy breath registered the passing of an iceberg; and once a disturbing crackling far outside, and a great plunge, told of a Greenland monster that had yielded at last to the wear of sun and wave. Not a sound of life broke the northern silence save the quiet voice of the captain on the bridge above, and the

weird howls of hungry or disturbed huskies only one stage removed from their wolfish origin. And in those hours I learned much of John Shiwak's immediate history.

He was a hunter in the far interior by winter, a handiman in his district by summer. The past winter had been a good one for him—a silver fox skin, for instance, which he had disposed of to the Hudson's Bay Company for four hundred and sixty-nine dollars. And on the strength of such unusual profits he had gone down to St. John's, Newfoundland, whence all good things come to Labrador—and whither all good and bad things go from Labrador—and had plunged into the one great time of his life. His memory of that two weeks of civilization congealed into a determination to repeat the visit each summer. And I know that the dissipations of a great and strange city had had nothing to do with its attractions.

In his conversation there was the solemnity of a man who does much thinking in vast silences. Everything was presented to me in the vivid succinctness that delights the heart of an editor. John's life had been filled with the essentials. So was his comment on life. When we parted for our berths I was conscious of a series of pictures that lacked no necessary touch of a master hand; but repetition in the stilted language and phrasing of civilization was impossible. The wonderful gift of nature was John's, and the marvel of it grew on me through the night hours.

Next morning I smiled at him from our table, and some new life in his eyes convinced me the recognition was not unwelcome. And when we few wanderers collected as usual on the after-deck, there was John a few yards away leaning on the rail. I went to him, taking the woman-who-worries, and after a few monosyllabic words he took advantage of our interest in some scene on shore to glide away. But an hour later he was there again, and thereafter he adopted us

as his friends. For the next two days we separated only for meals and sleep. And on the night of the second day, as we swung a little into the open to make the Hamilton Inlet, a storm arose. And through the storm a tiny rowboat bobbed up to us in the moonlight, poised for minutes in the flush of a great danger as it struggled to reach us without crushing against our sides, and then quietly dropped aboard us two Moravian missionaries. And it was John who seemed to know just what to do to make the boarding possible. The missionaries recognized him and rewarded him with a smile and thanks, but John appeared unmoved. A moment later he was standing beside me, staring into the torn reflection of the moonlight, held by the same strange affinity that had been working on me.

Early the following morning we cast anchor far within the Inlet, before Rigolet. And as we glided into position, John and I were talking. In his manner was a greater solemnity than ever. I believe now it was the knowledge that in an hour or so his new friend would pass from his life.

"Can you read?" he inquired. And the unusual embarrassment of his manner made me wonder. Then, "Can you write?" And when I modestly admitted both accomplishments he hesitated. I made no effort to draw him out. In a moment he explained. "I can, too." There was a great pride in his tone. I recognized it quickly enough to introduce my commendations with the proper spirit. "And I write much," he went on. "I write books."

Having received my cue, I succeeded in finding out that his "books" were diaries written through the winter months of his long season in the interior. For John, the Eskimo, had taught himself to read and write.

"Will you read my books?" he pleaded of me.

We climbed over the side then and sat together in the little boat that

was to take us to the Hudson's Bay quay. As I climbed first to the pier a great husky leaped at me. I had heard of huskies and their idiosyncrasies, and I was prepared to put up some fight; but John came tumbling up over the edge and rushed. A sliver of a lad jumped likewise from the other side and drove a kiek into the husky's ribs—and then I learned that this particular husky was unwontedly playful. Yet even the Eskimo and the liveyere never trust the husky.

John led me off, past the white buildings of the company, past several ramshackle huts that looked as if a mild wind would make loose lumber of them, and stopped before one a shade more solid than the others. He paused before entering. It was but one of his expressive movements that meant more than words. I was not to follow farther; he did not wish me to see within. I read into it that it was not shame, but a fear that I might not understand his home life. Inside, a few half-hearted words were uttered, and John replied quietly; and presently he appeared with two common exercise books in his hand. These he handed to me and led away from the life of the company buildings and the pier towards an ancient Eskimo burying-ground where we need fear no interruption. It would be a couple of hours before the boat would leave.

But someone shouted. The missionary who had boarded our boat two days before wanted someone to help to unload his household goods, and John, the always ready, supplied the want. And that was the last word I had with him.

I seated myself on the steps of the factor's house and opened one of the books. The first thing I saw was a crude but marvellously lively drawing of a deer. With only a few uncommon lines he had set down a deer in full flight. Therein were none of the rules of drawing, but in his own untrained way John had accomplish-

ed what better artists miss. "This is a deer" underneath was but the expression of first principles. And on the second page was a stanza of poetry. Unfortunately it is not at hand, but this dusky son of nature had caught from his mother what he had never read in books. There was meter and rhyme and a strange rhythm, and there was unconscious submission to something working within. I began to read.

It was all about his past winter back there in a frozen world alone. After a time I became suddenly conscious that something was happening beneath me. I started to a cognizance of my surroundings. A husky had crept beneath the step and jerked from beneath me one of a pair of sealskin shoes I had purchased at the store. For huskies are immune from the appeal of an Eskimo's soul. Anything is fodder to the insatiable fire of hunger that burns within.

They were shouting to me from the quay—and there are more attractive dangers than to be marooned on the coast of Labrador. With the diaries I started for the steamer, thinking to meet John there. But on the way we passed his boat returning with its last load. I shouted that I had his books; and his reply was to nod his head slowly, then to rest on his oars a couple of strokes, watching me as we drifted farther apart.

I never saw him again. During the six years that followed I received from him a half-dozen letters a year, all there was time for in the short two months of navigation along the Labrador. I wrote him regularly, sending him such luxuries as I thought would please him and add to his comfort—a camera and supplies, heavy sweaters, coats and other comforts, books, writing-paper and pencils, a dictionary. From him there came mementos of his life—a beautiful fox skin for a rug, with head and claws complete; a pair of wooden dolls made entirely by the Eskimo and dressed in exact replica of the sealskin suits of the

farthest north; a pair of elk-skin moc-casins; a pair of seal gloves. It was significant of John's gallantry that most of these gifts were specifically for the woman-who-worries. For me he was ever on the look for a polar bear skin, and had planned a trip farther north to get one, when other events intervened.

But, best of all, each summer there came out to me his diaries. Diaries have small prospect of breaking through my prejudices, but John's invariably inaugurated a period of seclusion and idleness until I had read their last word. They were wonderful examples of unstilted, inspired writing. They started with his hunting expedition in the late fall (September, in Labrador) into the interior before the waterways froze over, and through the succeeding eight months, until the threat of breaking ice drove him back to the coast with his fur-laden sleigh, they recorded his daily life, not as a barren round of uneventfulness, but as a teeming time of throbbing experience. He *felt* everything, from the leap of a running deer to a sunset, from a week's crippling storm to the capture of the much sought silver fox, from the destruction of his tent by fire to the misfortune of pilfering moccasins. And he had the faculty of making his reader feel with him. In a thumb-nail dash he could take one straight into the clutches of the silent Arctic. Now and then he broke into verse, although in his later diaries this disappeared, perhaps under the goad of more careful register. Breathlessly I would read of the terrible Arctic storms that hemmed him in, all alone in there, hundreds of miles from the nearest human being. And the joys and disappointments of his traps bore almost equally for the moment on the one to whom he was telling his story.

From his diaries I gathered bits of his life. He had left home when only ten years of age, to carve his own fortune, but his father and beloved little sisters were still to him his home,

although he never saw them now. He was everyone's friend, grateful for their kindnesses, always ready to help, contemptuous of the lazy Indian, whom he hated. In the summer he fished, or worked for a Grenfell doctor—all mere fill-ups until the hunting season returned. But always there was a note of incomplete existence in his writings, of falling short of his ambitions, of something bigger within the range of his horizon. Even before I waved farewell to him that day, I had him in my mind for a sketch. "John, the Unsatisfied".

Throughout his diaries were many gratifying references to the place I had strangely attained in his affections—communings with himself in the silent nights of the far north. And each summer his letters almost plaintively inquired when I was coming to the Labrador that he might take me away up the Hamilton River to the Grand Falls. Even in his last letter, written from a far distant field, he reintroduced our ancient plans. Once he informed me in his simple way that he had his eye on the live-yere girl for his future home, and asked me to send her a white silk handkerchief with "F" in the corner. John was growing up. During his last summer in Labrador he was much absorbed in an ambition to set up as a Labrador merchant, but he had not the money.

During the first three years of our friendship he embarrassed me much by proposing each summer to come out and visit me; and in one letter he had almost made up his mind to come to me in Canada and take his place permanently in the competition of the white man. I fumbled the issue each time. I had no fear of his ability to hold his own with brain and hand, but the Eskimo in civilization seemed too large a responsibility to assume. At every landing-place in Labrador was, at the time of my visit, a notice threatening a fine of \$500 for anyone inducing an Eskimo to leave the country. It was a result of the dire conse-

quences of the Eskimo encampment at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893. And I could never rid myself of the solemn warning of an Indian chief friend of mine against the risk.

Once a letter arrived in midwinter. The familiar handwriting on the envelope was like a voice from the dead, for I knew Labrador was then frozen in impenetrable ice. Inside I learned that a courier was coming on snowshoes overland through those hundreds of miles of untracked wastes of Quebec. I replied immediately. And his diary the next summer told of his joy at the receipt in mid-winter of a letter from his friend. A pair of hunters, on their way to their hunting-ground somewhere beyond John, had carried the letter from the little village on the river and left it in one of his tilts.

During the fall of 1914 my letters to him were going astray. His arrived regularly, always lamenting my seeming negligence. A dozen times I wrote on alternate days. The summer of 1915 opened with his diaries and more letters of lonesome plaint. Through June and July they continued. Not a letter of mine was reaching him. Then one day came his despairing effort. On the outside he had written in his most careful hand: "If anyone gets this please send it to Mr. Amy". Whereupon I wrote to St. John's friends to get in touch with John at any cost.

In a couple of his letters he had mentioned his desire to be a soldier, but I had dismissed it as one of his ambitions unattainable owing to his race. In the one that was to be forwarded to me he announced that he had enlisted and was going to England immediately to train.

I ask you to consider that. An Eskimo, a thousand miles from the nearest newspaper—no outside life but that of the Newfoundland fisherman for eight weeks of the year, no industry but hunting and fishing, eight months in the snowbound silences of the most desolate country in

the world! And John Shiwak, of another race, untutored, a student only of nature, was going out to fight for his country! Hundreds of thousands of young Canadians could scarcely read it without blushing. Within the little Eskimo was burning that which put conscription beyond the pale.

In the early spring of 1916 I came to England. Within a week I had found where the Newfoundland regiment was in training. John's reply to my letter is too sacred to publish. There was joy in every line of it. "I have nothing to write about," he said as usual, in his simple way. And then he proceeded to impress me with a mission in life I had scarcely appreciated. But he was in Scotland, and I in London. And travel in England is vetoed during the war. Within a very few weeks he was on his way to France, full of ardour.

Almost every week, and sometimes oftener, I heard from him. He was not liking the life. There was something about it he did not understand—this killing of men week after week—and his modesty and reticence, I fear, made him a prey to more assertive fellow soldiers. And thereafter, for months, for some reason, no letter of mine reached him. His petitions for news of me drove me to drastic measures, and then I regained touch with him. Once he was sick in hospital "with his neck", but apart from that he was in the lines every time his battalion was on duty. And after eleven months without leave, suddenly he came to England.

It was unfortunately characteristic of our merely spiritual propinquity that I had left only two days before for a holiday in Devon; and when his wire reached me on a Friday night there was no train to bring him to me and return before Monday night, when he was due in Scotland. I hastened back from Devon to catch him on his way through to France, but the letter he sent me from somewhere in London neglected to include his

address, and I could not find him before his train drew out that evening.

His letter of regret, written from Folkestone as he waited for the boat to France, is by me. "I hope we will meet again somewhere," he said, and I imagined a tone of hopelessness rang in it.

Upon his return to France sorrow seemed to dog his steps. He had induced two other Eskimos to enlist with him, but they could not stand the life and were sent back. But his real grief was the loss of his hunting mate, who often shared his winter rounds in Labrador, a white man. "I am the only one left from the Labrador," he moaned. And the longing to get back to his old life peeped from every letter. But to my sympathy and efforts to brighten him he replied: "I am hanging on all right. The only thing to do is to stick it till it's over."

It is through misty eyes I read his letters of those last three months. The duration of the war was wearing on him. He had no close friends, none to keep warm the link with his distant home. In September he lamented: "I have had no letters from home since July. There will be no more now till the ice breaks". And in his last he longed again for the old hunting days. Labrador, that had never satisfied his ambitions, looked warm and friendly to him now. He wondered what the fur would be for the coming winter, what his old friends and people were doing, how the Grenfell doctor managed without him.

I had been sending him books and writing-paper, and small luxuries in food and soldiers' comforts. "It is good to know I have two friends," he thanked me. (The other was a woman living near his training camp in Scotland). "I don't think a man could be better off." Simple, grateful John! He complained of the cold, and I despatched a warm sweater and a pair of woollen gloves. But they never reached him.

That was in mid-November. A month later an official envelope came to me. Inside was my last letter. On its face was the soulless stamp. "Deceased". More sympathetic hands had added: "Killed", "Verified".

It was a damp-eyed sergeant told me of his end, this native of Labrador, the only Eskimo to lay down his life for the Empire.

"He was a white man," he whispered. Would that John could have heard it! It happened in the Cambrai tank drive. The tanks were held up by the canal before Masnières, and John's company was ordered to rush a narrow bridge that had unaccountably been left standing. John, chief sniper of his battalion, lately promoted lance-corporal, the muscular son of the wilds, outpaced his comrades. The battalion still discusses which was the first to reach the bridge, John or another. But John ran to the height of the little arch and turned to wave his companions on.

It was a deadly corner of the battlefield. The Germans, granted a respite by the obstacle of the canal, were rallying. Big shells were dropping everywhere, scores of machine guns were beginning to bark across the narrow line of protecting water. And just beyond the bridge-head, in among the trees, the enemy had erected a platform in tiers, bearing machine guns. As John stood, his helmet awry, his mouth open in unheard shouts of encouragement, the deadly group of machine guns broke loose. That was why the bridge had been left.

The Eskimo swayed, then sank slowly. But even as he lay they saw his hand point ahead. And then he lay still. And they passed him on the bridge, lying straight and peaceful, gone to a better hunting-ground than he had ever known.

And my thoughts of John Shiwak, the Eskimo, to-day, are that he must have been satisfied at the last.

THEODOSIA'S SUN-DOG

BY WILLIAM CHESTER ESTERBROOK



VERY Tuesday morning for thirty-two years Oliver M. McVeagh had brought a big white envelope to our little country post-office, had sealed and stamped it with emphatic slaps, had poked it through the mailing slit with an emphatic poke, and had turned to those who happened there with an emphatic smile that would have puzzled a stranger, but that never failed to reassure us for whom it was intended.

For we were known to the world only through Oliver M. McVeagh. Without him we would have been what we were in the long ago—when our children were as our grand-children are now and Oliver had not yet “contributed to the press”—an unsung rural neighbourhood of six square miles, plodding our uneventful way from planting to garnering and from garnering around to planting again.

When the world contemplates a community through a single glass, it is well (for the community) that the glass be an excellent one. Oliver was our glass. Never had he focused us wrong. Never had he permitted the hand political, the hand religious, or the hand scandalous to turn him till we were blurred. The world saw us as we were, and since we were properly proud of ourselves, it pleased us to be seen just that way.

I wonder, now, that we withheld so long from him his merited meed of hard-won appreciation. I wonder

that we used to jog our horses up a bit when we drove toward past his farm, hoping to escape his column of “Eden” items in the forthcoming *Daleville Sun*; that we tried to conceal our betrothals from him, the minutiae of our weddings and funerals, the proud bashfulness of our births, and the destination of our long-planned trips.

I wonder, I say, that we ever tried to conceal such things from him, seeing that he always found them out anyway and that somehow or other they never looked so ill in print as we thought they would. Indeed, we got to liking them there, and all because we had learned, at last, to trust ourselves to Oliver M. McVeagh.

Every Tuesday morning in thirty-two years, I have said, found him at the post-office with his Eden budget. Perhaps that is putting it too strong, and we are chary of exaggeration in Eden. He did lose out *once*, when his brother, in a distant State, was dying. I was at his house when the message came and he asked me to wait till he could get ready, so I sat there in his barren, bachelor’s parlour while he packed his old-fashioned slick valise and donned his sabbaticals.

“I must stop a minute at Theodosia Parkman’s,” he said, as we climbed into the buckboard his hired man had brought around.

He was accustomed to refer to Miss Parkman as “my literary competitor”. When I told her about it once she got hopping mad.

“Competitor, indeed!” she sniffed.

"Ol McVeagh my competitor! Why, he never wrote a line in his life that was good enough to publish outside *The Daleville Sun!*" I wish there were some way of indicating in print a modicum of the contempt with which she garnished *The Daleville Sun*.

I must confess there were people in Eden who put Theodosia in a class clear above Oliver's. She wrote poetry, exclusively, she claimed with fine pride, and it found semi-occasional lodgment in that type of publication which abjures swear words and the names of intoxicating drinks. We know a thing or two in Eden. We know, for instance, that real poetry is as far above ordinary reporting as heaven is above earth. But what we never did settle to everybody's satisfaction was whether the sort of poetry Theodosia wrote was above the sort of reporting Oliver did.

Theodosia was in her garden when we drove up and she came to the fence to meet us. She was a tall, lean woman with superb black eyes and a rather severe face. I can remember when she was called the prettiest girl in Dubois county. Oliver cramped the buckboard to bring it closer and then turned in his seat, draping his long legs over the end.

"Theodosia," he said. "I've got a mighty sick brother back East, and I'm hurrying to see him before it's too late. I thought I'd stop and ask if you'd mind gathering a little bunch of news for the *Sun*? Needn't go to any trouble, you know. Just take whatever comes your way."

She was quick in her expression of sympathy for him; she never failed anyone as to that. Indeed, there were folk right in Eden who were cynical enough to declare she would have written better poetry had she been less sympathetic. Even Oliver, who rarely criticized her, once told me he wished to heaven Theodosia would quit drying her eyes long enough to look at her feet—meaning, of course, her poetical ones.

In the first half-minute she spent

condoling him, I thought I detected a lurking hesitancy to grant the favour he asked. She gave me the impression of sparring for time. Still, I knew there had never been anything evasive about Theodosia Parkman. When she fought, she fought in the open, and when she poked fun at anything she poked it the same way. But she was just as proud as the rest of us, and she must have recalled how often she had ridiculed Oliver's reportorial task. If there was any hesitancy, however, it soon passed.

"I'll do the best I can," she said, "only I must do it in my own way, Oliver."

"That's just what I want you to do, Theodosia," he declared, how heartily I did not at the instant appreciate. "Give yourself full swing. I may have to be gone two weeks. Be sure to send the items in Tuesday morning. You'll have two days to get the first batch off, and I'll give you for a starter what I've got together since the last issue."

He tore a few leaves from his notebook and reached them across the fence to her. "I guess you can make them out," he said. "I'd have had them in better shape if I'd known somebody else was going to use them."

"I'm sure I'll have no trouble at all with them," said she, with a critical glance at the untidy scrawl.

After we had left her, with profound thanks on Oliver's part, I remarked that it took a good deal of courage to ask Theodosia to do a thing she had always given us to understand was quite beneath her talent. Oliver regarded me with a quizzical grin.

"She's been itching for years to show me how to do these Eden items," he said. "Now she's got the chance, we'll see what she makes of it."

He had arranged with me to drive his rig home after his departure from the station, and I was about to pass Theodosia's lane an hour later when she arose from the porch, where she had evidently been awaiting my re-

turn, and beckoned me to enter.

"If you're not in a hurry, let the horse stand and come in," she called, and I went up and took a seat on the porch beside her. She had the notebook leaves which Oliver had given her, and her black eyes were dancing.

"I want you to read these items over with me," she chuckled, and we read down the first page:

Ten-pound boy at Joe Faber's. Mother and son doing well. Congratulations, Joe.

Davy Hillet is building a five-room cottage with all conveniences, on his forty opposite Rodney's schoolhouse. Rumour saith he's trebled his visits to a certain farmhouse on Wheatly Ridge. Tired of baching, eh, Davy?

Sol Rogers has a bran-new driven well in his dairy yard now. Sol says people were beginning to object to the taste of the old well in his milk.

And so on, down to the bottom of the page. A simple, bucolic narration of the little things that make up life in Eden, told in the vernacular of our community. We had seen it every week for years and we had accustomed ourselves to whatever was wrong or inane or crude about it. At all events, we argued, it lacked the one thing we detested above everything else in Eden—affectation. And that was something!

But I had never realized what a terrible affliction we had endured in Oliver M. McVeagh till that morning on Theodosia's porch. I had not known that country correspondents, if they were like Oliver, had so much to answer for. It was really quite dreadful from Theodosia's point of view. Till then, too, I had never appreciated how silly we had all been to concoct romances—as we had been doing for years—between Oliver and Theodosia, based on their "literary affinity". Indeed, by the time Theodosia had finished her comment on Oliver's items I had quite concluded that "literary" and "affinity" were words clear beyond Cupid's power of hyphenation.

"For twenty years Ol McVeagh has been making Eden ridiculous by this

sort of thing," cried she, shaking the poor, mussed leaves challengingly beneath my nose. "Oh, I know how he pooh-poohs what it pleases him to call 'cloud-writing'. He's eternally harping on simple facts. But because, a thing's simple is no reason it should be left *naked*! The trouble is that he hasn't any imagination, nor any vocabulary. He's lamentably short on verbal raiment, consequently his poor facts are forced to go strutting around in tights! I think I can promise that you'll see a change in the Eden items for the next two weeks. You may not get so much news, but you'll get what's vastly more important, a certain literary flavour, a delicacy and an imaginative element that will appeal to anyone with an imagination! And I'll see to it that my facts have verbal skirts that will decently cover their knees."

Naturally there was no lack of curiosity when we got our next week's *Sun*. We expected a certain tang of precocity, knowing Theodosia as we did, but we were scarcely prepared for what appeared under our familiar caption:

EDEN

In the "wee sma' hours" of last Wednesday night there came, straight from elfin-land, a man-child—

"... little goddikin,
No bigger than a skittlepin,"

who took up his abode in the hospitable home of Mr. Joseph Langdon Faber and Mrs. Eugenia Dale Faber, where he was rapturously received.

O thou, Sweet Child! To be beguiled
By thy infantile mirth,
Is joy supreme to those, I ween,
Who gave thee mortal birth.

Up in the old clover-field opposite Rodney's schoolhouse, where the bees hum and the birds sing and the bloom nods and the sun dapples the meadows, there is heard, these bright summer days, the sound of a solitary hammer.

For Davy Hillet is building a house up there. Handsome Davy Hillet, whom everybody in Eden knows and loves. Perhaps Davy doesn't call it a house—he'll call it that after a while when he's as old as some of the rest of us are now. But let him call it the nest he knows it's going to

be. And let it prove not only a nest, but a castle for young love's dreams as well. Speed and strength, say we, to his honest arm, and fulfillment of his ambition.

It isn't necessary to quote her on Sol Rogers's well and other Eden subjects of interest. In the main she made use of the two styles of writing shown above—one intended to be highly poetical, the other that nudgingly intimate style adopted by so many ultra-modern publications. Oliver's list consisted, usually, of some thirty paragraphs, gleaned goodness knows how, for he farmed just as ardently as the rest of us. There were only six of Theodosia's. Naturally, her method of treating them precluded their being very numerous. At the bottom of the column was an editor's note announcing that other items had been omitted for lack of space.

What Eden thought of it was easily learned on Friday morning when the *Sun* reached us. Old man Farady read the items twice—once without glasses and once with them, to make sure, and leaned over to Daniel Mace-man, his neighbour.

"What about this here man-child business?" he asked contemptuously. "What do you understand by a man-child, Dan'el?"

"Jist a plain he-baby," replied Daniel promptly.

"Why the dickens didn't she say so then?" demanded Farady.

"If Theodosia Parkman had the rummin' of them items all the time we'd soon have poetry names for dogs and cats and houses and sich like," vouchsafed another neighbour savagely.

Just then Davy Hillet came in for his paper.

"Hello, Handsome Davy!" called Maceman; "how's its little bird's nest this morning?"

Some one read the item aloud to Davy, and, circumspect lad that he was, he dropped a comment which I am not at liberty to set down here.

Oliver was gone two weeks and we were anxious to see Theodosia's second

budget, but, alas, it never appeared. On that second Thursday, for the first and only time, the name of our beloved Eden was absent from the columns of *The Daleville Sun*. It was a long time before I learned why. Then, one day, Oliver showed me a battered old letter from Gilsey, the editor, dated about the time of Oliver's return from the East. "Tell that old blue-stocking to whom you delegated your job that I'm neither running a heart-to-heart journal nor compiling an anthology of pink-tea poems," he wrote.

That was the reason Theodosia's second effusion was never printed. It was a terrible blow for her. After that her most ardent partisan could be immediately squelched by the mere intimation of her inability to "correspond" for the *Sun*. I'm satisfied that Oliver told no one but me. Nevertheless, Eden learned, possibly through Gilsey himself, that the second budget had been ignominiously turned down.

Some years later Oliver published his "History of Eden Township", a huge blue and gold volume with multitudinous woodcuts of Eden places and faces, sold by subscription only. Theodosia's picture was among the others and the author had fairly outdone himself in a short biographical sketch of her, to which was appended a goodly array of her best verses.

The competitive spirit always soared high in Eden, and it soared just as willingly for our literary output as it did for our more prosaic crops. Oliver's adherents chuckled anew while Theodosia's were plunged still deeper in despair. Theodosia herself, I'm inclined to believe, regarded that portion of the history devoted to her as but a sop thrown to her very natural feeling of envy over her "competitor's" advancement in what the *Sun* called "the literary world".

"Oliver tells me he has done remarkably well with his book," I said to her one day, nodding to the big volume on her library table. "He

thinks he stands to make as much as six hundred dollars on it."

"Indeed! I'm so glad. Gorgeous book, isn't it? So rich in blue and gilt."

It always amused me immensely the way Theodosia could let go a fling like that. "It will take just one more thing to make Eden's pride complete," said I.

"What's that?" she demanded curiously.

"Your book."

"My book?"

"Yes; you'll have to write one, now that Oliver has had his published."

I shall never forget the mingled pleasure and envy and wistfulness that came into her sweetly severe face. I didn't know till then what a pesky thing the literary microbe must be.

"Oh, my book," she laughed deprecatingly, although one had only to look at her black eyes to see that her book had been a dream insistent. "My book will have to be of different stuff from Oliver's. I can't compile. It will have to be straight out of my heart. I suppose I'm foolish, but do you know I actually feel I couldn't take money for a book like Oliver's. It's too much like making capital out of other people's affairs."

"What about Bancroft and Boswell?"

"Oh, of course I'm silly. But my book will have to come out of my own heart, just the same. And that's the reason it likely will never be published."

"Because it's like you?"

"Because people don't care very much for me, I think," she said sadly.

I made all manner of fun of her for that remark, but it didn't seem to do much good, she was so terribly discouraged. Theodosia's life had not been a particularly happy one. Ever since her brother's death, many years before, she had lived practically alone in the old-fashioned farmhouse he had left her, where, in spite of a most erratic management, she made a liv-

ing from the few acres that had remained after his debts were paid. She had retained an old serving woman who had long been with the Parkmans, while the farmwork was done by a labourer, who divided his time between his own scant fields and hers, with results that were not always remunerative for her. We had tried, unsuccessfully, but times without number, to get her to change the management of her affairs. "Lemuel suits me exactly," she always retorted. "He mayn't know much about farming, but he understands me, which is more to the point."

One drizzly, cold evening in November I saw her driving the stock in from the fields—Lemuel's chore—and hurrying past a few mornings later, what was my astonishment to see her actually splitting wood in the yard back of the house—another of Lemuel's jobs, of course. I called that person to his door a quarter of a mile farther on. "I saw Miss Parkman splitting wood a minute ago. What's the matter with you?" I demanded.

He grinned slowly. "Nothin' the matter of me," said he; "Miss Parkman's set on doin' her own chorin' this winter. Going to 'economize.'"

Determined to know what was behind it all, I stopped at Theodosia's on my return and was received where I had never before been received—in the kitchen.

"We've been too busy to start a fire any place else," she explained. "The kitchen won't hurt you for twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes!" I echoed.

"Yes; that's all the time I can spare this morning." And this was Theodosia, who usually stuck to a visitor like a plaster!

"I'll go the minute you tell me what this stock-driving in the rain and this wood-splitting in the cold means," said I.

Theodosia put out her hands for my inspection. She had always been frankly proud of those hands. Now a ribbon of muslin was wrapped

about a thumb, a middle finger was in a stall, and the firm whiteness of her skin was marked by sundry scratches.

"Well," said I, "out with it."

"It's the 'Sun-Dog,'" said she, laughing.

I looked at her vaguely. Then I recalled that "The Sun-Dog" was her single poem worth while, one of those exquisite little things mediocrity attains in spite of itself.

"What about it?" I asked.

"I'm going to have it published—along with some others," she began, a hand lifted to stop my incipient applause. "I'm going to do it myself. I've hawked it around from publisher to publisher, and it's no use. They won't take it on their own responsibility. In a thousand years I would not find anyone willing to do it. So I'm going to pay for it right out of my own pocket. I'll need six hundred dollars for the first edition, and it's going to take two years of scraping and saving to get the money. Is it plain now? If it is, run along home like a good boy, and let me get back to work."

"Theodosia," I cried, "there are a dozen of us right here in sight who would be tickled to death to loan—" The look in her eyes stopped me. I might have known better than to have suggested such a thing, she was that proud and independent.

"My cake must be paid for when I'm ready to eat it," she said soberly.

As I hurried away, I couldn't help noticing the big basket by the range, its bottom velvety brown and black with fluffy, newly-hatched chickens; nor the big pile of carpet-rags the old serving woman was sewing in the corner. Chickens and carpet-rags were not the only things Theodosia had neglected. She was the sort of woman who spends hours in her flower-garden and buys all her vegetables.

"How comes 'The Sun-Dog'?" I called to her from the road some weeks later.

"Not very fast," she called back,

and I thought I detected a quiver in her voice. "I don't seem to be able to learn the incubator. Half my last hatch died."

"Poems?" I asked.

A smile lit her severe face. "I begin to think it would have been better had I let the poems die and turned my attention to chickens."

"Nonsense. Cheer up. Oliver says —"

"I don't give a rap what Oliver says!" And she refused to waste any more time on me.

From my own house I could see her quite plainly, at times, tramping across the snowy fields to bring the horses in, or making repeated trips to the chicken-house, or milking the new cow—she had hitherto bought all her milk and butter—or doing the hundred other things about a farm that it is a man's business to do.

One morning in February I had occasion to go very early to the station. It was bitter cold, so cold that a great sun-dog showed in the eastern sky, almost as fine a one. I thought, as Theodosia had painted in her poem. As my wheels creaked past her place she came out, muffled to the ears. She had resurrected from some forgotten corner an old great-coat of her brother's. She had a hatchet in her hand and I knew she was going to chop the ice out of the watering-trough. It startled me—Theodosia Parkman chopping ice out of a watering-trough or anything else on a morning like that!

"Take cheer," I called, waving my whip toward the sun-dog; "it's propitious."

But things did not go very well with Theodosia. The real sun-dog had not helped matters much after all. "I'm afraid I've waited too long to turn my hand to money-making," she once admitted sadly. She had confided her plans to no one in Eden but her old servant and myself. She could not keep her sudden rigid economy from her neighbours, but she concealed its purpose.

When I saw that she was determined to slave the winter away, I divulged the whole business to Oliver, in the vague hope that he might suggest some way out for her. We were sitting in his little old parlour at the time. It was sleeting—an abominable day.

"So that's the reason she's working her fingers off, eh?" he said, and, knocking his pipe empty against the hearth, he got up and strode to the window, where he stood looking out, his hands jammed into his pockets.

"I'd never have told you but I thought you might suggest some plan to help her, without her knowing it. Of course, it will have to be done that way."

Till a late hour that night we turned over plan after plan, only to discard each in its turn. "Let's sleep over it," I finally suggested, and departed.

The next morning I was laid up with rheumatism and had to forgo my usual drive to the station. I was very much surprised when one of the neighbours brought me word that Oliver had been called to Chicago. He was home again in three days and went directly to Theodosia. She it was who called to me on my way over to see him, and through her I got the first version of his trip.

"Oliver had some urgent business to attend to in Chicago," she explained, "and while there he happened across an old schoolmate who is a publisher and persuaded him to give me a hearing. I sent Lemuel to the station to post 'The Sun-Dog' only a moment ago."

It was wonderful to see how hope had rejuvenated her. I offered my congratulations, and chuckled, after I got away, over Oliver's "urgent business". The acceptance of the book came surprisingly soon—had I known more about such things then I should have thought suspiciously soon. I called on Theodosia at the very first opportunity and as I drove up the lane I saw that the chicken-

house door was open and that Lemuel was loading the incubator onto his own wagon.

Theodosia didn't wait for me to knock. "Come right in," she cried, opening to me. It was a rather warm day for March, but she had a blinking red log in the fireplace.

"What extravagance," said I.

"Not now," she laughed happily. "Of course, you know about the book?" She was radiantly happy. Never had I seen her half so pretty. "Isn't it perfectly glorious?" she asked, with all her charming frankness.

"It's fine, Theodosia," said I, squeezing her hand again.

"Oliver says he's sure the publisher can sell five hundred copies right here in Eden," said she. It was surprising how often she Olivered this and Olivered that during my brief stay.

"It's a great thing for Theodosia," said that gentleman to me some days later. "Anybody can compile a book and get it published if he is willing to pay the price. But to have a book taken outright on its merits, the publisher assuming the risk, that's quite a different affair, I can tell you."

The book was to come out in June, an ideal time, Theodosia declared, from a poet's point of view. A few weeks before the date set for its appearance I got a letter from Oliver, who had been called to the city in a business emergency. He requested me to search his desk for a very important document which I was to mail immediately to him. "You'll likely have to read every drawer through before you find it," he wrote.

It was while searching for the letter in question that I came upon another that was vastly more important to me. It bore the name of a Chicago publisher and read:

My Dear Oliver:

Your friend's "Sun-Dog and Other Poems" will be ready on date specified. We shall do what we can for her, which is not much, as you know. It will be well for her, if she wants to get rid of the edi-

tion, to sell as many copies as possible among her friends.

You will find receipt inclosed for six hundred dollars, payment in full as per arrangement between us. Will make settlements with her as per contract and will return to you whatever may accrue to us up to the amount you have advanced. I fear, however, it will be many a year, magnanimous soul, before you get your money back.

There followed some schoolboy reminiscence and the publisher's signature. Dear old Oliver! I could have hugged him!

When he came back I told him about having learned his secret. For a minute he was more annoyed than I had ever seen him.

"We can keep it from her," said I reassuringly.

He gave me one of those quizzical side glances of his and a smile lit his usually sombre face. "It isn't going to be very easy for me to keep secrets from her after the middle of June," he remarked quietly.

"Oliver!" I shouted.

"There, leave me a piece of my hand," he laughed.

We were driving past Theodosia's lane. It was dusk and the odour of early summer was in the air. Theodosia had lighted her lamp. The blind was up and we could see her shadow on the wall across from the fireplace.

"You'll be literary *partners* then, I suppose," said I.

"Better than that," said he quietly, "much better than that."

MIDSUMMER

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE year dreams idly on her blossom bed
Beside a glimmering pool; her smiling mouth
With spoil of sun-ripe berries is made red;
And over her, from meadows in the south,
Breathe winds, so long the rifiers of wild bloom,
That they are verily drunken with perfume.

In the warm garden-ways the lilies lift
Their pearly chalices, where plundering bees
Are drowned in sweetness; great cloud-galleons drift
Over the sky, becalmed argosies;
Even the echoes, haunters of the hills,
Have fallen asleep beside the hidden rills.

The pale, wild poppies by the eastern sea
Nod through the calm hours of the afternoon,
And the blue ocean drownses languorously
To the low lullaby its wavelets croon;
Earth's beating heart seems for the moment stilled,
With every young spring wish and hope fulfilled.



DOLLY AT THE SAROT
MAKERS

From the Painting in the National
Gallery of Canada by
William Brymner, President Royal
Canadian Academy

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

III.—MR. JOHN CAMERON AND THE BLAKE WING



FOR half a century *The Advertiser* and *The Free Press* of London have been influential throughout Western Ontario. Neither has been overshadowed by the newspapers of Toronto nor submissive to their authority. Mr. Josiah Blackburn, for many years editor of *The Free Press*, was a distinguished figure in Canadian journalism. He gave *The Free Press* an authority which it has retained. Although a devoted Conservative, his conception of the relation of an editor to the party leaders was that of Mr. Goldwin Smith: "A sort of literary statesman guiding his paper according to his own opinions, though in concert with his political party". No doubt like all political journalists Mr. Blackburn had occasionally to submit to the authority of the party caucuses, and unfortunately for the journalist the world looks on as he turns the corner. There is a tradition in London that it was Mr. Blackburn who said when he was required by the action of the party leaders to bless where he had cursed that "it was a d— sharp curve, but he could take it". Investigation, however, has disclosed that Mr. Blackburn has no title to the gratitude of posterity for this expressive and picturesque confession of self-confidence and party fealty. In a history of the Canadian Press Association by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, it is declared that the author

of the telegram erroneously attributed to Mr. Blackburn was Mr. Robert Smiley of *The Hamilton Spectator*. "In 1854 *The Spectator* was attacking Honourable Robert Spence, who sat for North Wentworth as a Reformer. When the Coalition was formed Spence became a colleague of John A. Macdonald, who promptly pleaded with Smiley to cease firing at a man who would next day be his associate, and Mr. Smiley wired back, 'It's a d— sharp curve, but I think we can take it'. And he took it, thereby contributing vastly to the gaiety of nations." This rests upon the word of Mr. H. F. Gardiner, for two or three years chief editorial writer of *The London Advertiser*, but mainly celebrated as the editor of *The Hamilton Times*, to which he gave much distinction and authority. In 1879 Mr. Gardiner met Sir John Macdonald at the railway station in Hamilton and in conversation the Conservative leader admitted that he had telegraphed from Quebec to Mr. Smiley urging merciful treatment of Spence, and in reply had received the famous message. Mr. Gardiner reminds me that at that time the Great Western Railway was under construction. Hence "sharp curve" was a common expression among the people of the district.

There is, however, a reason why the phrase which should have made Mr. Smiley famous was ascribed to Mr. Blackburn. *The London Free Press* was reluctant to follow the Conserva-

tive leaders into the advocacy of Protection. In 1876 Honourable Thomas White made a Protectionist speech at London. *The Free Press* contested his teaching, but when the party became fully and irretrievably committed to Protection, Mr. Blackburn submitted. He made the curve with such gallantry and discretion that not a wheel left the track. It could not be said of Mr. Blackburn as has been said of Mr. John Redmond when he committed Nationalist Ireland, with moving fervour and eloquence, to unity with England in the Great War that he "took the curve too sharply and did not carry the train with him".

Among living journalists in Canada no man has had a fuller or richer experience than Mr. Gardiner. He learned to set type in the office of *The Canada Christian Advocate* of Hamilton, of which his father was editor. In 1871 he was reporter and night editor on *The Hamilton Standard*, directed by Mr. Jonathan Wilkinson, who afterwards published *The St. Thomas Times*, and whose descendants have followed his calling with like distinction. In 1872 Mr. Gardiner joined the staff of *The Hamilton Times*, controlled by Mr. C. E. Stewart, who also published *The Weekly Expositor* at Brantford. In the famous contest between Sir Francis Hincks and Mr. William Paterson for the representation of South Brant in the House of Commons Mr. Gardiner assisted in producing a tri-weekly campaign sheet in support of the successful Liberal candidate. In the spring of 1873 Mr. Gardiner was again in Brantford as chief press counsel for Mr. A. S. Hardy, who succeeded Honourable E. B. Wood in the Legislature. He was the first editor of *The Daily Expositor*, but when Mr. Stewart died in 1874 he was recalled from Brantford and sent to Ottawa to represent *The Hamilton Times* in the Press Gallery during the first session of Parliament under the Mackenzie Government. The only survivors of that Gallery are Mr. Gar-

diner and Honourable C. H. Mackintosh. Thirty-five or forty years ago Mr. Mackintosh was among the most dashing and intrepid controversialists of the Conservative party. For a time he edited *The Strathroy Despatch*, and had a passing connection with other journals in Western Ontario. From a youth he was active on the platform, vigorous in attack and fertile in political expedients. In 1874 he acquired *The Ottawa Citizen*, which under his direction was distinguished for its destructive criticism of the Mackenzie Government, its devotion to Sir John Macdonald and its eager espousal of the National Policy. For many years he was influential in Conservative councils, in the confidence of the leaders, a pathfinder in strategy and policy. For two years he was Mayor of Ottawa and for two Parliaments represented the Capital. Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories in 1893, he passed out of Government House five years later, still alert and vigorous, and still deeply concerned in the greater issues of national policy, but since, although his pen has often been busy, he has not been in the forefront of the battle. A picturesque figure with much daring and courage, Mr. Mackintosh was more influential in the public life of the country than has ever been disclosed and gave to the Conservative party services of value far greater than any recognition he has received.

But to return to Mr. Gardiner. In October, 1874, he became assistant editor of *The London Advertiser* under Mr. John Cameron. Returning to Hamilton in March, 1877, for three and a half years he was managing editor of *The Spectator*. From October, 1880, until July, 1903, he was editor of *The Times*, greatly impressing upon that journal his own vigorous personality and faithfully proclaiming an economic gospel which began with Low Tariff and Economy and ended where it began. Mr. Gardiner was a journalist before he was a politician; he was a teacher rather than a parti-

san. He loved to stroke the back of the under dog. He had little reverence for authority. In political controversy he was not obedient to the maxims of prudence, nor was he ever proficient in the language of compromise. If in the hour of battle he could fight well for the candidates of the Liberal party, between elections he was unmanageable. But he was not capricious or untrustworthy, nor was he unamenable to discipline save when decent loyalty to his own convictions forbade trimming or faltering. After thirteen years of service as superintendent of the School for the Blind at Brantford, he has come back to Hamilton, to live among his friends and his books, happy in old associations, surrounded with affection and respect, fresh and strong in mind and body. There may he still have many years of rest and peace and much of sunshine.

For twenty-five or thirty years the chief occupation of *The London Advertiser* was to attack, and the chief business of *The Free Press* to defend Sir John Carling. It was all very trivial and very futile. Those old volumes reveal symptoms of madness such as still appear in municipal contests in Toronto. No doubt there was corruption in elections in London, but no one would now suggest that Sir John Carling deserved all the vituperation and violence to which he was subjected. Nor would they suggest that his assailants were encased in any panoply of virtue. Carling's chief offence was that he was usually successful, and what title has a candidate who will not be defeated to courtesy or justice or compassion. He was a placid, wholesome, honourable gentleman who would have been esteemed and beloved even by those who hunted him with so much ardour and malignity if he had kept out of politics. Even as it was, he was trusted and respected in no ordinary degree. If not a great man, he gave the country service of sound quality throughout a long public career. Once, no doubt, he held the seat for London in the

House of Commons by a dubious title. There was technical justice in the judicial decision by which he profited, and perhaps it is difficult to determine the moral validity of a legal technicality or what latitude judges may exercise in interpreting the letter of the law instead of the spirit. It is said that once in Council Sir John Macdonald looked long at his colleague from London and at length remarked, "I wonder, Carling, if God ever made a man as honest as you look". It may be that he was not as honest as he looked, but he was honest enough for Christian communion, reverential burial and kindly remembrance. The press never killed a public man who deserved to live. If this were not so Honourable George Brown never would have reached middle life and Sir John Macdonald would have died in infancy. I think sometimes that if journalists would periodically examine the old files of their newspapers there would be far more of charity and justice in political controversy.

It is doubtful, however, if any newspaper in Canada has a more honourable history than *The Free Press* or has been a more effective ally of the Conservative leaders. So *The Advertiser* has been a staunch champion of the Liberal party in London and the western counties. At times wayward, it was ever valiant in the day of battle. Like its Conservative contemporary, *The Advertiser* has had individual flavour and distinction. Founded by Mr. John Cameron in 1863, until 1883 it was as much the expression of his personality as was *The Globe* of the robust courage and flaming spirit of Honourable George Brown. Associated with Mr. John Cameron in the conduct of *The Advertiser* were three of his brothers, of whom only one is living. Less resolute than Mr. Brown and more distrustful of himself, Mr. Cameron was more tractable and more submissive to authority. But it would be unjust to suggest that he had no settled opinions or was yielding when his cherished convictions were chal-

lenged. He was a prohibitionist by example long before we all became prohibitionists by compulsion. Until he withdrew from the active direction of *The Advertiser* to become editor of *The Globe*, liquor advertising was not admitted to its columns. Forty years ago when there was no such volume of advertising as newspapers now carry this involved a serious sacrifice. Nor was there much popular sympathy for what was regarded as pharisaical pretension and commercial imbecility. Two or three months after Mr. Cameron relinquished his personal control over *The Advertiser* I was detailed to write a sympathetic account of the Carling brewery. Just why I was assigned to that particular duty I have never understood. There were other members of the staff who could have pronounced a more seasoned judgment upon the quality of the product. But I had an amiable conversation with Sir John Carling and thereafter *The Advertiser* gave Carling's ale the benefit of its circulation. Mr. Cameron was favourable to woman suffrage when advocacy of the political equality of women was regarded as a feminine eccentricity. He was religious, but he hated heresy hunting and narrow denominationalism. He was loyal to British connection, but doubted the permanence of the colonial relation unless equality of citizenship throughout the Empire could be established. Restless under the domination of *The Globe*, he naturally drifted into relations with that element of the Liberal party which chafed under Honourable George Brown's ascendancy.

George Brown was not jealous of equals nor contemptuous of inferiors, but he was a natural Dictator and was intolerant of carping and disaffection within the Liberal party. Those who were contumacious he would flog into submission or drive into the wilderness. If there never was an open quarrel between Honourable George Brown and Honourable Edward Blake it is certain that Mr. Blake sometimes resented the dicta-

tion of *The Globe* and its masters. Thus there were two forces, if not two factions, in the Liberal party until Mr. Blake became the Federal leader. It may be that the responsibility for this division lies upon Mr. Blake rather than upon *The Globe*, for he had the zealous and faithful support of the Liberal organ while he was Prime Minister of Ontario. I have been told by Mr. William Houston, M.A., who was on the staff of *The Globe* as far back as 1872, that Honourable George Brown exercised all his power of persuasion to get Mr. Blake to enter public life. It was the judgment of the Liberal Dictator, who was as just as he was downright, that Mr. Blake had no intellectual equal in Canada, while among British statesmen he ranked only below Gladstone and perhaps Lord John Russell. This estimate was not accepted by his brother, nor perhaps will we all agree with George Brown that Lord Palmerston was inferior to Russell in capacity and genius for government. But while Mr. Mackenzie was leader of the Liberal party, Mr. Blake was an uneasy and uncertain ally. Between the two there was constant friction and misunderstanding. If they had personal relations they were frigid and reluctant. When Mr. Mackenzie died I was sent to ask Mr. Blake if he would be a pallbearer at the funeral. He acquiesced but hesitated. There came into his face a look of memories that were not pleasant. As I turned to go he murmured, "How I was misunderstood". Whether there was discord or music in Mr. Blake's memories among Mr. Mackenzie's adherents there was a rooted conviction that he had not been generous or chivalrous in his treatment of the head of the Government or of the Government itself towards which his relation was so capricious and uncertain.

The truth is that Mr. Blake could lead, but he could not follow. There is reason to believe that he could have succeeded to the leadership of the Federal Liberal party upon his resig-

nation of office in Ontario if he had permitted the Parliamentary caucus to choose between Mr. Mackenzie and himself. One reads much into a letter which Mr. Mackenzie wrote shortly before his Government was defeated: "From the first I was more willing to serve than to reign, and would even now be gladly relieved from a position, the toils of which no man can appreciate who has not had the experience. I pressed Mr. Blake in November, 1874, to take the lead, and last winter I again urged him to do so, and this summer I offered to go out altogether, or serve under him as he might deem best in the general interest." But Mr. Blake persuaded himself or deluded himself into the notion that he did not want to be leader. He was not frank with his associates nor frank with himself. He was more ambitious than Mr. Mackenzie, but his ardent and honourable craving for place and power was poorly concealed beneath an affected pretentious indifference. He was sensitive to every wind of criticism, blow it ever so softly. He was so mortally afraid he would be misunderstood that he never fully understood himself. Disabled by temperamental defects, this man of whom giants might well be afraid let his soul be harried by insects and to the gnats gave victories which belonged to the gods.

It was natural that Mr. Blake, who wanted to blaze the trail instead of Honourable George Brown, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who hated the Browns and *The Globe* as he hated Disraeli and the Jews, Mr. David Mills, who was rising to leadership in Western Ontario and was not convinced that when George Brown set his hand to the British North America Act the era of constitutional reform was closed forever, and Mr. John Cameron second in authority among the Liberal journalists of Upper Canada but not unwilling to be first, should seek a basis of alliance and co-operation. But surely there never was less promising material for conspiracy. There is no evidence that Mr. Blake had complete

confidence in Mr. Goldwin Smith, while in politics the Sage of The Grange trusted no one but himself. One can imagine that at the first conclave they would adopt a resolution of mutual distrust and commiseration and disband. Mr. Cameron could have gone with the company for a day's journey, not too happily, but with the quiet fortitude of a Christian fatalist. As for Mr. Mills, he had a wise humour, a collection of stories that even Sir John Macdonald relished, much knowledge of books and of human nature, and a confidence in Mr. Blake that he gave in equal measure only to Sir Oliver Mowat. A rare company for social converse, if the mood was mellow, but difficult for any political enterprise.

If there was any intimate political understanding between Mr. Blake and Mr. Goldwin Smith it is not revealed in the speeches of the one or the writing of the other. Mr. Goldwin Smith was never happy in any political household. No man denounced party so freely and laboured so continually to organize new parties. No other man of his time wrote the English language with such beauty and simplicity, or had greater command of searching irony and biting invective. He had a genius for depreciation. He never saw a human face without warts and he painted the warts first and often in colours that never faded. His "Canada and the Canadian Question" expresses political despair with scholarly elegance and a suggestion of enjoyment. His "Political History of the United States" is as brilliant as it is destructive. He left both the Dominion and the Republic almost without a hero or a patriot. It was said when he published "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" that having wholly lost faith in man he was beginning to lose faith in God. I doubt if he ever lost faith in either God or man, but he would be perverse and unhappy. Surely there never was a finer or sadder look on a human face than when I saw him just before he died, and he said at parting, "Good-

bye, when we meet again it will be in another world". He had genuine sympathy with organized labour, but to the cherished ideals and projects of Collectivists and Socialists he was resolutely opposed. No man fought more stubbornly or more continuously to prevent construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway by Government. We are told by Baroness Macdonald that when British Columbia entered Confederation on condition that direct railway communication between the Province and Eastern Canada should be established, Sir John Macdonald desired to have the road built by the Government, but was overruled by his colleagues while he was engaged in negotiating the Treaty of Washington. There is reason to think that Mr. Mackenzie entered upon Government construction with reluctance and only because no satisfactory agreement with private capitalists could be effected. The Mackenzie Government and the Macdonald Government while engaged in building the railway were embarrassed by gross charges of ineptitude and corruption. Many of these charges were the emanation of partisan credulity and malice, as subsequent events established. No one was more active in these assaults than Mr. Goldwin Smith in *The By-stander* and other publications. The atmosphere of suspicion thus created throughout the country was among the chief reasons for the final decision of the Macdonald Government to reverse the policy and commit the undertaking to private capitalists. We do not know just how the negotiations with George Stephen and Donald A. Smith began. The chances are, however, that the Government was at least as eager to be relieved of the undertaking as the private capitalists were to build the railway.

Here perhaps was the only real bond of sympathy between Mr. Blake and Mr. Goldwin Smith. Neither had faith in the transcontinental railway project. Mr. Blake not only denounced Sir John Macdonald's contract with British Columbia under which the

railway was to be completed within ten years from the admission of the Province to Confederation as extravagant and impossible, but was hostile to the "better terms" secured by the Mackenzie Government. He created disaffection in the Cabinet, in the Commons and in the Senate, and spread throughout the country that vague sense of insecurity which is so fatal to the spirit and unity of a political party.

Mr. Goldwin Smith was neither a Nationalist nor an Imperialist. He denounced American Imperialism as illustrated in the adventure in Cuba and the acquisition of the Philippines, while he sought to extend the sovereignty of the Republic over Canada. As long ago as 1866 at Manchester, which begins to rival Oxford as the home of lost causes, he delivered an address in which his vision of the future of Canada is freely and boldly disclosed. "Grow," he said, "the American Federation must. Its people know that it must grow; and diplomacy will do well at once to acquiesce in the natural and inevitable course of things. But the growth will be that of peaceful expansion and attraction; not of forcible annexation, of which I believe no considerable party at the North dreams or has ever dreamed. The British North American colonies will in time, and probably at no very distant time, unite themselves politically to the group of States, of which they are already by race, position, commercial ties and the characteristics of their institutions a part. No one can stand by the side of the St. Lawrence and doubt that in the end they will do this; but they will be left to do it of their own free will." To this vision Mr. Goldwin Smith was faithful. He would not have the prophecy unfulfilled. While the British North American colonies, with high hope and eager counsel, were evolving a Commonwealth, he was making sepulchre for the new birth of Empire. It is clear that Mr. Blake was affected by his teaching, but averse to any severance of the con-

nection between Canada and Great Britain.

During his first years in Canada there was a disposition to forget or overlook Mr. Goldwin Smith's academic declarations in favour of political union between the United States and the British Provinces. It was believed, perhaps, that the consummation of Confederation gave adequate and final security against absorption in the Republic. He had the most intimate personal relations with the Denisons and other uncompromising British Imperialists. Even by *The Globe* he was eulogized as a distinguished scholar and publicist and his decision to settle in Toronto treated as a signal favour and distinction. There was a serious movement, in which Mr. D'Alton McCarthy was active, to have him appointed editor of *The Mail*, but, according to the tradition, Sir John Macdonald would not consent. He was the first president of the National Club established as the social home of the Canada First group, but never was in full sympathy with a movement peculiarly dedicated at its origin to Canada and British connection. Originally a faithful expression of the political faith and outlook of Colonel George T. Denison and Mr. W. A. Foster, the Canada First movement developed into the Canadian National Association, was invaded by advocates of political independence and became a refuge for doctrines upon which *The Globe* fell with characteristic ardour.

In the famous address at Aurora on October 3rd, 1874, Honourable Edward Blake, eagerly acclaimed as the mouthpiece of Canada First, advocated federation of the Empire, reform of the Senate, compulsory voting, extension of the franchise and representation of minorities in Parliament. *The Globe* treated the speech with reserve, but was not unfriendly. It said that a great Federal Parliament for the British Empire was not a novelty and was an idea that had "many attractions for a certain class of minds". Much in the abstract could

be said in its favour, but its practicality was a very different affair. "The subject affords material for interesting and harmless speculation, which in the course of time may issue in some arrangement which will fuse the whole Empire more thoroughly into one united whole, and make the inhabitants of all its different parts so entirely one in sentiment and feeling and aspiration that the only country they will recognize as theirs will be the British Empire, and the only national sentiment they will deem worthy of cherishing will be one that thinks not of 'Canada first' or 'Australia first' or of 'Heligoland first' or 'Norfolk Island first', but of the grand old British race first, and of all who love their Sovereign and all who swear by the 'old flag' as first and last and midst as well". *The Globe*, however, deprecated "tinkering" with the Constitution, argued that the Senate as constituted assured reconsideration and amendment of measures adopted by the Commons and effectively prevented hasty and injurious legislation. It was the part of wisdom to hasten slowly, since nations, institutions and sentiments grow slowly. Changes in due time would be needed, and when needed would be effected. It argued that an elected Senate would produce conflict with the Commons, and that any second House elected for a longer period than the Commons would reduce the authority of the popular Chamber. "In the interests of the people of Ontario, who struggled for fifteen years to secure representation by population, and who are enjoying the full fruits of their labours at the present moment, we enter our protest against any change which will weaken the power of the popular Chamber in which they possess their fair share of influence and authority".

The London Advertiser accepted "the Aurora platform" without substantial reservation. It was especially whole-hearted in support of his protest against early construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia. It was strongly in

favour of his demand for reorganization of the second Chamber. Indeed in its columns Mr. David Mills was advocating an elective Senate. There are sentences in Mr. Blake's attack upon British Columbia and the Transcontinental Railway project which constitute an instructive warning against rash political prophecy. He emphasized "the insanity of the bargain thrust upon you by your late rulers". He believed that it would cost \$36,000,000 to build the British Columbia section, and doubted "if that section can be kept open after it is built". At best we could only find "the least impracticable route through that inhospitable country, that sea of mountains". He affirmed, "If under all the circumstances the British Columbians were to say, 'You must go on and finish the railway according to the terms or take the alternative of releasing us from the Confederation', I would—take the alternative". Finally, he declared, "I am confident that a bushel of wheat will never go to England over an all-rail route from Saskatchewan to the seaboard".

In the speech at Aurora the more extreme Conservative newspapers saw only conflict between Mr. Blake and George Brown, and between Mr. Blake and the Mackenzie Government, which was negotiating "better terms" with British Columbia and proceeding with the construction of the Transcontinental Railway. According to *The Toronto Mail* Mr. Blake in urging reform of the Senate, to which, it must be remembered, Honourable George Brown had just been appointed, was "in great hostility to Mr. Brown". If it were not that Mr. Blake had "removed himself from the list of Reform leaders" it would have to be said that "the Grit party had at last issued an ultimatum which means nothing if it is not a declaration that the sooner the British Columbians take themselves out of the Confederation the better". It declared that "Mr. Blake has virtually severed himself from the Grit party". Furthermore, "The foresha-

dowed exodus of a great body of intelligent men from the Grit organization, led by one of the boldest and bitterest spirits among them may well cause a shaking in the secret councils of the faithful at this juncture". It might be said "in respect of the crib that Brown built that the Aurora pronunciamento is the beginning of the end". *The Toronto Sun* said that for "this outspoken disloyalty there can be only one fate in store for him, and that is to blackletter him in *The Globe* as a traitor, and to read him out of the party as a renegade". *The London Free Press* denounced the Aurora platform as impracticable and absurd. But *The Montreal Gazette*, in an editorial of great moderation and dignity, said "that Mr. Blake is momentarily out of harmony with his party friends is quite possible. That they are very decidedly out of humour with him is proved by the kind of criticism which has been bestowed upon his Aurora speech—one organ declaring that the Reform party cannot consent to follow him in his principles and another dismissing him with the statement that his utterances were quite 'harmless'."

Generally, however, Mr. Blake's address at Aurora was treated with consideration and respect. There was clear evidence that he was at variance with the Mackenzie Government, but the Liberal newspapers were discreet and conciliatory. So many of the Conservative journals discussed the Aurora proposals with such breadth and restraint as *The Montreal Gazette* displayed. It is not possible to follow the controversy in its various phases without sincere respect for the press of Canada forty-four years ago. But Mr. Blake could not escape association with Mr. Goldwin Smith and the Canadian National movement. Mr. Goldwin Smith was the first president of the National Club, and naturally was regarded as an authoritative interpreter of the Canada First movement. He rejected federation of the Empire, and proclaimed the ulti-

mate inevitable separation of Canada from Great Britain. In answer to strong and sustained attack by *The Globe* he explained that he looked to gradual emancipation as the natural end of the colonial system. "Gradual emancipation," he said, "means nothing more than the gradual concession to the colonies of powers of self-government. This process has already been carried far. Should it be carried farther and ultimately consummated, as I frankly avow my belief it must, the mode of proceeding will be the same as it has always been. Each step will be an Act of Parliament passed with the full consent of the Crown. As to the filial tie between Canada and England I hope it will endure forever." He said he could club with Imperial federationists, but could not agree with them in opinion. This was in direct conflict with the teaching at Aurora. Nor was Mr. Blake's utterance at Aurora his only declaration in favour of federation of the Empire. He had said at Montreal in 1873 that he desired "the intimate union of the British Empire". He believed that Canada must have a greater voice in "the disposal of her interests", but that voice need not be acquired by disruption. "We looked to a brighter future, to the reorganization of the Empire on another basis, which would open to us a wider and higher destiny as a member of the great British Empire".

But if Mr. Blake and Mr. Goldwin Smith divided over federation, it is impossible to doubt that they were animated by a common hostility to Honourable George Brown and *The Globe*. Through Mr. Cameron, of *The London Advertiser*, they found a common medium of expression and action. In 1875, *The Liberal*, with Mr. Cameron as editor and Mr. W. F. Maclean as Ottawa correspondent, was established at Toronto. Behind *The Liberal* were Mr. Blake, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. David Mills and Mr. Thomas Moss, who represented West Toronto in the House of Commons. But the days of *The Liberal*

were few and full of trouble. Its resources were inadequate for a contest with *The Globe*, while as an agency of division in the Liberal party its motives were distrusted and its constituency restricted. In its pages there was brilliant writing and a flavour of independence as refreshing as a summer shower. But it was only a summer shower, for in a few months *The Liberal* disappeared. Mr. Blake re-entered the Mackenzie Government, Mr. Moss became Chief Justice of Ontario, and *The Globe's* ascendancy was re-established if it ever was seriously threatened.

The failure of *The Liberal*, inevitable from the outset, laid a burden of debt upon the backs of the Camerons. When Mr. Blake withdrew from the movement of which *The Liberal* was the mouthpiece, Mr. Goldwin Smith said that he "left him to the tiger". But it was the Camerons rather than Mr. Goldwin Smith who were devoured. It is understood that before they embarked upon the adventure in Toronto *The London Advertiser* was yielding a satisfactory revenue to its owners. But for years they did not recover from their losses in *The Liberal*, if indeed they ever recovered. There is no evidence, however, that Mr. Blake or Mr. Goldwin Smith were unfaithful to any obligation or understanding. I never heard Mr. John Cameron reproach either or suggest that he was misled or deserted. Moreover, it is certain that their personal relations were not disturbed. After Mr. Cameron became editor of *The Globe* he had intimate social and personal intercourse with *The Grange*, while there is no doubt that Mr. Blake was influential in the movement to seat Mr. Cameron in the chair of the Browns. I was told often that when Honourable George Brown died it was discovered that *The Globe's* finances were in disorder and the annual deficits heavier than was suspected. There was nothing dishonourable in Honourable George Brown's system of finance, but his statements were arbitrary and his

optimistic estimates not always according to actual results. As a consequence the directors attempted to exercise authority for which there was no warrant in the Brown tradition. Friction developed between the board and Mr. Gordon Brown, and in degree as he became intractable the directors became determined. But I am bound to believe from many facts which came to my knowledge that political differences were a vital factor in Mr. Brown's deposition. He was not willing to be only a speaking-tube for the political leaders. He held that the function of a public journal was to discuss public questions with reasonable freedom and independence as a loyal ally, but not as the subservient creature of the party caucus. *The Globe* had marched in front with the word of command for the party which it had created, and Mr. Gordon Brown would not lower the flag and step to music which was not of its making. Faced with the alternative of submission or withdrawal he left the field humiliated but not dishonoured. It was perhaps inevitable when Mr. Blake became leader of the Liberal party that this should follow. It was as natural that Mr. Cameron should be Mr. Gordon Brown's successor. So far as I can learn there was no intimacy between Mr. Blake and Mr. Gordon Brown. There was intimacy between Mr. Blake and Mr. Cameron. It was necessary to have complete mutual confidence between the leader and the chief Liberal journal if the party was to be strong and united. The differences between Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie, between Mr. Blake and *The Globe*, had long consequences.

Honourable David Mills succeeded Mr. Cameron as editor of *The London Advertiser*. But at most he was the chief editorial writer. He exercised no authority over the staff and had only a perfunctory interest in the news columns. According to my recollection he rarely if ever gave a suggestion to the reporters or concerned himself about the treatment

of the despatches. But we liked to have him in the office, and in his bearing towards us there was a gracious friendliness. For a long time Mr. Mills had contributed to the editorial column. But he was not a journalist nor was he ever an easy or luminous writer. There was a curious heaviness in his sentences, and he travelled far before the argument was completed. Mr. Mills was a philosopher, learned by the books, and "apt to teach". In his writing he did not fully reveal himself. He was best revealed in social converse and among his constituents. It was my privilege to attend the convention at Florence which nominated Mr. Mills in 1882, and to report other meetings in Bothwell which he addressed. He was like a father among his children, confidential, companionable, wise and tolerant. Between the member and his constituents there was such mutual confidence and affection as distinguishes a happy household. One felt, too, that he was invincibly loyal to his convictions and would not compromise with truth for any man's grace or favour. I can think of no man in public life who had more courage than Honourable David Mills, who was more scrupulous in argument, more just in praise or censure, more resolutely faithful to himself on the platform and in Parliament. "Praise is comely for the upright". More than once these qualities distressed associates and comforted opponents. Between Mr. Mills and Sir John Macdonald there was a firm and enduring friendship. It was often suggested unworthily that the Conservative leader flattered Mr. Mills in order to discover the designs of the Liberal party. The truth was that they had much in common. Both had read widely and thought beyond most of their contemporaries. Each had a fund of stories which could be wisely exchanged only in very confidential intercourse. The country knew how human was Sir John Macdonald; it did not know that Mr. Mills was just as human and just as companionable.

Joseph Howe said in the House of Commons in 1870: "I will pass over the philosophical declamation of my honourable friend from Bothwell, but I may say of him in passing that I am not aware he ever says an ill-natured thing if he can help it."

Mr. Mills, as has been said, had confidence in Mr. Blake that never was shaken. To Sir Wilfrid Laurier he gave only a perfunctory allegiance. There is no doubt that he aspired to the leadership of the Liberal party when Mr. Blake resigned and never was convinced that a wiser choice was made. Mr. Mills was defeated in Bothwell in 1896, and chiefly because in obedience to his interpretation of the constitution, he would not deny that the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba had ground of appeal to the Federal Parliament. Losing the votes of Catholics because the Liberal party opposed remedial legislation, and the support of extreme Protestants because he would not deny validity in the position of the minority, he was beaten when his party came into office after eighteen years of Opposition. No man had fought its battle with greater ardour, courage and ability, and the blow was severe. He was deeply stricken, too, by his exclusion from the first Laurier Cabinet. It is doubtful if he ever recovered his natural buoyancy and serenity. As leader of the Senate he was not happy. On the Supreme Court bench he was in an alien atmosphere. He fought a long and gallant battle and was sorely wounded in the hour of victory. What humiliations and tragedies mark the paths of public men! How grudging is public gratitude until it is cut into the sonorous phrases of an epitaph!

I was amazed to receive a letter written under the assumption that I had advised Sir Wilfrid Laurier to exclude Mr. Mills from the Government. My advice was not sought, nor was it offered. If I had so advised I would have been guilty of ingratitude and presumption. I fear, however, that Mr. Mills never was con-

vinced that I was not among those who had "conspired" against him. It was the fashion to think that the editor of *The Globe* was busy behind the curtain with decisions and movements of which he had no knowledge and for which he had no responsibility. With Mr. Mills as editor *The Advertiser* laboured somewhat heavily. Even Mr. Archie Bremner's daring and incisive paragraphs hardly relieved the sobriety of the editorial columns. At his best, Mr. Bremner was as brilliant and pungent as Mr. J. R. Cameron of *The Hamilton Spectator*, but Cameron was more spontaneous and more prolific. For many months my copy passed through Mr. Bremner's hands and I have often said that he never made an erasion or a correction that did not improve the style and the sense of what I had written. For a young reporter that was a great concession.

Few Canadian journalists have had a gift of humour equal to that which Mr. J. R. Cameron possessed. Few had a career so picturesque and adventurous. He was a printer's devil at Seaforth, and a compositor on *The Sarnia Canadian*. At twenty years of age he went to Arkansas and saw service during the Civil War. Returning to Sarnia at the close of the war he joined a company of volunteers organized during the Fenian Raid, but which was not called for active service. He was a reporter on *The Detroit Free Press* when rebellion broke out at Red River. Again he enlisted at Sarnia and became quartermaster-sergeant in the first battalion of Ontario Volunteers under Lord Wolseley, which made the long journey through the wilderness to Fort Garry. He assisted Mr. W. F. Luxton, with whom probably he had made acquaintance at Seaforth, in establishing *The Manitoba Free Press*, destined to become one of the great newspapers of Canada. When twenty-five years of age he was elected to the Winnipeg Council. For a year he was a reporter on *The Minneapolis Tribune*. But he had not yet found the soil in which he was to

take root. He came back to Canada and had a short connection with *The Stratford Herald*, *The Guelph Herald* and *The Ottawa Citizen*. Finally, in 1894, he joined the staff of *The Hamilton Spectator*, of which he became chief editor and in whose service he remained until his death in 1907.

Mr. Cameron's connection with the Red River Expedition, wholly honourable in itself, was often made the subject of gibe and banter by his contemporaries. Once in *The Toronto Evening Telegram*, Mr. J. R. Robinson, between whom and Mr. Cameron there was a happy vendetta for years, said "only a typographical error could have caused *The London Advertiser* to refer to Colonel John Robson Cameron as A.D.C. to Sir Garnet Wolseley. The historic fact is that Colonel John Robson Cameron was A.D.C. to Sir Garnet Wolseley's horse". Mr. J. P. Downey says that in his boyhood he thought Mr. Cameron "the funniest man alive". It is Mr. Downey's impression that he hardly wrote a serious editorial or a serious paragraph until he joined *The Spectator*. As editor of *The Spectator*, however, he had marked distinction among his contemporaries. He was clear and persuasive. Very often his leading articles were singularly moderate and dispassionate. He could be very partisan and even ferocious, but he could also carry on a long debate with a contemporary in admirable temper, quoting fairly, reasoning clearly and seeking judgment upon the facts as tested and established by reason and experience. But to the last his paragraphs were the salt of *The Spectator*, and never was he so happy, boisterous, delightful and insolent as when the Hamilton baseball nine defeated the Torontos in the old Canadian League contests of twenty-five or

Between Mr. Cameron and Mr. Alexander Pirie, of *The Dundas Banner*, there was constant interchange of badinage. *The Spectator* described Dundas as situated on the g. g. c.—the god-given canal. It had some

verses beginning, "A. Pirie stood at heaven's gates". When *The Buffalo Express* said that "Canada doesn't know enough to come in out of the Reign Britannia", Cameron retorted, "Canada knows enough to keep out of the Hail! Columbia". When a grieving Conservative newspaper insisted that it was a shame to bring in Sir John Macdonald's nose when Hugh John Macdonald's qualifications for public life were under consideration *The Spectator* said, "Shame! It's more than a shame. 'Snoutrage!'" Charging *The Ottawa Journal* with cribbing from *The Citizen*, Cameron ended the protest with "Three shears for *The Journal!*" Mr. J. Gordon Mowat, perhaps better known as "Moses Oates", for many years connected with *The Globe* and various periodicals, acquired some celebrity as a weather prophet. Once he predicted a dry, warm summer, but in contempt of the prophet the summer was cold, wet and disagreeable. Towards autumn an Indian named Moses Oates was arrested and lodged in jail at Brantford. *The Spectator* had this paragraph, "Moses Oates, who is confined in Brantford gaol charged with a heinous offence, wishes us to announce that he is not the Moses Oates who predicted a dry, warm summer". Devoted altogether to his profession, Mr. Cameron has left only memories of an attractive personality and the simple records of a laborious and faithful workman. But Mr. Mills, Mr. Bremner and Mr. Cameron passed through the obituary column long ago, while only the old and the garrulous write *Reminiscences*. If Mr. Mills did not give vivacity to *The Advertiser*, he gave it authority throughout Canada almost equal to that which *The Globe* exercised, and a steadiness and consistency for which the chief organ of the Liberal party was not so distinguished throughout quarrels and tumults which were fast coming upon the country.

(To be continued).

JUST A PAGE OR TWO

FROM THE DIARY OF A CANTEEN WORKER IN FRANCE

BY MURIEL JOCELYN



June 16th.
ON jour, ma petite. This brings you greetings from the window of a little house in France, where I am sitting over my *petit déjeuner*, resting

after my first night in the canteen. Yesterday, Madame la Directrice placed me in charge of the night shift for the summer, and this morning I am rejoicing at the change.

Since January I have been on duty every day from seven in the morning until five in the evening, and I have polished great coffee cauldrons and have cleaned the railway bar in which we have our canteen, until every scratch on the cauldrons and all cracks in the floor have become intimate friends. Such intimacy, however, palls after a time, and I longed to share the adventures of the more fortunate ones who were on night duty; for this is a station through which the soldiers pass in large numbers, and, with rare exceptions, they pass in the night.

On one side of us is the main line, and on the other a big freight yard. Through this pass, from the trenches to the trenches, all sorts of troops—men on leave, men going back to fight after having been in hospital, men singly and in detachments, men of every regiment and from every little corner of France.

We give them *café noir*, *café au lait* and biscuits, and dispense these from the steps on the yard side. The

men come up in single file, holding out their tin cups, and one of us standing on the top of the steps pours from a large jug, drawn from one of the cauldrons boiling on the stoves. On a lower step another girl distributes biscuits.

In the day-time the canteen seems a trap for all the heat grilling over Europe, but last night a full moon rose over the roofs of the station sheds and turned the freight-yard into a place of dreams. Men waiting for their trains were sleeping on the ground or standing about in groups talking, their rifles stacked and their kits flung down beside them. A constant stream comes to our doorway for coffee; often the men linger for a moment and are always responsive in their individual ways to a smile and a friendly word.

Once a huge *Chasseur d'Afrique* having emptied his tin of coffee to my good health, took a red rose which he had been wearing jauntily in his fez and gave it to me, because "I had the air of an angel". A few minutes later an infantryman, hung about with all the implements of war and most of the utensils of cooking, cast eyes upon my rose and asked me to give it to him. Not knowing where the *Chasseur* might be, I hesitated, and as I did, the soldier murmured, "*Madame is trop gentille* to refuse me a rose. I am very tired and the perfume of the rose is as sweet as madame herself." Of course, he had the rose, and he tucked it into the bosom of his dirty

gray coat with such an air. Is it any wonder that, with such children, France is the adorable, unforgettable country she is?

June 23rd.

There are lovely woods about us here, and an old lady has a boat on the river, which we may use at any time. Last night the other girl and I took our dinner in a basket and rowed up the river until the little town was left behind and only the spires of the cathedral showed gray above the trees. Then we tied up and ate our crisp croissants with salad and fresh fruit and drank our sweet red wine and watched the night slip over the hills.

Nine o'clock found us at the canteen again, and I had hardly filled my jug, when a party of soldiers, full of good cheer, came to the steps. "Eh, Madame la France," one of them cried. "*Avez vous a boire pour vos soldats?*" Can't you picture my delight at being apostrophized as "Madame la France", and at being asked if I would give "my" soldiers something to drink!

One soldier, a rather ancient specimen, (he made me think of Barlaseh, in Henry Seton Merriman's "Barlaseh of the Guard"), began hovering around the door about eleven o'clock, and by the time his train left, at four in the morning, I had heard not only his entire life history, but that of his family as well. He had been wounded, he had a daughter just like me—she, too, knew how to smile. She was going to be married. Was I, by any chance on the point of marrying? "*Non? Mais c'est pas possible, mademoiselle est si gentille*, as all the world can see. Mademoiselle is English? *Non? Canadienne! Mais,*" with his eyes raised to Heaven, "what are the Canadians about to let *si gentille* a demoiselle escape them?" They could fight—ah, yes, he granted that—St. Julien, Ypres—all the world knows of them, but in *les affaires du coeur* they are strange, but how strange!

And then he told me of his daughter's approaching marriage and of his wife. "*Qu'il est dur se dire adieu! Elle n'est pas jeune, non plus, que moi,*" and then after a few minutes he repeated, "Ah, no! we are no longer young, and we wept." Before his train left, he came back to say goodbye. "*Vous avez été bien gentille envers un vieillard,*" he said, smiling; and he emptied his tin of coffee to my good health.

You will ask if I do not find the work tiring. Of course, I do, but then, as the soldiers say when they sympathize with me over the heavy jugs, "*C'est pour la Patrie, n'est ce pas, madame?*"

July 1st.

Last night we had our first glimpse of what war really means. Some few miles farther down the line lies the great hospital of X—. In the ordinary course of events the ambulance trains pass through our station without a stop, but last night a breakdown on the main line necessitated the wounded being detrained here. Ambulances were in waiting and the worst cases were rushed to X— immediately, but it was morning before the station platforms and yard were empty of their ghastly burden.

Our canteen was hastily turned into a species of operating-room, with the French Red Cross in command. Those who were not badly wounded helped us to carry coffee to their less fortunate comrades, and one of us remembered a great store of cigarettes. And they laughed, those gentlemen of France, as we lit their cigarettes with hands shaking with pity at their white-lipped agony. "*Ce n'est rien, madame, c'est pour la France*"—and never all through that hideous night did I hear a cry.

As I raised one poor fellow's head to give him a drink, he asked, with obvious difficulty, if I would wash his face. As I did so, he noticed the rose I had tucked in my belt a few hours earlier—one of the late roses one finds only in France. Would madame give him the rose?

Returning a few minutes later with hot coffee, I found he had gone out with the rose at his lips. He had served his mistress well—his beloved Madame la France, but I wonder, did he leave some other, some Juliette or Nanon, to go down the long road alone? Did the rose bring back to him some golden day in Touraine or Calvados? I wish I knew.

July 2nd.

This morning, Monsieur le curé, silver-haired and kindly, came to La Directrice, while we were restoring order in the canteen. It seemed that at early mass he had missed an old parishioner, and after his *petit déjeuner* had gone to make inquiries. Knocking gently at the door of her little house on the river, he heard a muffled voice call "*Entrez*". On entering he found his good Marie kneeling by the side of the rough bunk that formed her only bed. One hand held that of a sleeping khaki-clad youth, the other her rosary. She had found him wandering by the river, shortly after the ambulance train came in. "*C'est un petit Anglais*," she explained, adding that he would not go back to the station and so she had taken him in. He had gone to sleep thus, because he liked it so—and Monsieur le curé must have a care lest he awaken him.

"Would Madame la Directrice come and see for herself?"

They took me with them, but our entrance awakened Marie's protégé and he sat up hurriedly—a mere child with puzzled wide blue eyes, pink cheeks and golden hair. Our English voices seemed to reassure him, and when La Directrice questioned him gently he told a disconnected tale of a "bally shell and a headache". Murmuring "shell-shock", La Directrice sent me in search of a carriage, and when I returned with an ancient vehicle, driven by an old villager in a hairy coat, we bundled Marie's *petit Anglais* into it and started out for X—, followed by the soft bless-

ings of Monsieur le curé and Marie of the white coif.

Our patient dozed uneasily most of the way, and, greatly to our relief, the examining surgeon recognized him immediately. La Directrice was right. It was shell-shock, but a mild case, and he would be quite himself in a few weeks. It was thought he had slipped away from the orderlies in the confusion of the arrival. We told of Marie and of how the curé had found her telling her rosary by his side. "*Eh, c'est bien la main du bon dieu*," said the little surgeon.

July 16th.

To-night I had a lively detachment of Chasseurs to deal with. Their sergeant came to me as I stood on the steps. "Madame," he said, "we have so many men. Can you give them coffee before we entrain?" Telling him to draw up his men in two lines, I started out armed with my jugs. But they no sooner saw me coming than they began to shout and to beat with their tin cups upon their rifle-barrels, and though they were on the best possible terms with their officers, they paid no attention to my order about lining up. In fact, they played leap-frog, sang for me, and introduced me to the regimental dog—an excited mongrel with a tail a yard too long, and gaily sporting a Chasseur coat with the Chasseur arms embroidered on it.

It was a delightful party, but time was going and there would be others to attend to, so I appealed to the men. Did they want coffee, or did they not? Would those who did get into line? You should have heard them cheer as they pushed each other into place. One enormous man with the *Croix de Guerre* on his breast stepped out from the ranks and with sublime indifference to the presence of his officers, announced in tones for all the world to hear, that he and he alone would protect *la petite demoiselle*. Whoever lacked politeness to madame should answer to him!

He followed me up and down the lines, glaring at his comrades as if I were in the midst of a tribe of hungry cannibals, and was in imminent danger of being eaten alive. There wasn't a man amongst them who would have worried me, and they knew I knew it, and they laughed and cheered and jeered at my self-constituted guard, until a company of infantrymen sweeping in upon us, drew me away. So I bade my *Chasseurs au revoir* and *bonne chance*, and as they entrained there were cheers for *la petite Canadienne*.

Dawn. Our freight-yard is empty now, the last train has gone out, the last gay cry has died into silence.

Behind me in the canteen, I hear the voices of my two assistants as they clean the great cauldrons. From my doorway I watch the dawn steal up into the skies. Over the cathedral, silver gray against the hills, hangs one silver star. On the river faint mists are adrift and somewhere there calls the sweet wild note of a bird.

In another hour we shall be gone across a wooden bridge, along a quay, and up a cobbly street shaded with ragged poplars, and into the little house where the most rosy-cheeked of old ladies prepares our *petit déjeuner*. Afterwards we shall sleep until the sun is low, and for myself I dream always of *mes chers enfants Français et que le bon dieu te garde, petite*.

THE TWO TRANSPORTS

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

I DREAMT I saw a ship go by,
A ship go by,
With cheering men and flags a-fly.
It made me sigh,
And you know why,
And I know why.

I dreamt I saw a ship go by,
A ship go by,
Come in from sea so silently.
And this time I did more than sigh,
And you know why,
And I know why.



Louis Raemaekers

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

GERMANY'S DANCE WITH DEATH



THE GRAY TROUT OF TIMAGAMI

BY M. PARKINSON



LAKE TIMAGAMI, the northern home of *Christivomer Namaycush*, the great gray trout, lies three hundred miles due north of Toronto, nestling in the midst of the green fastnesses of the Timagami Forest Reserve. Here the most ardent disciple of Izaak Walton may enjoy his loved sport to his heart's content.

Timagami, with its rolling, pine-clad hillsides stretching away into the blue haze of the distance; its ever-green islets set in azure blue; its sinuous passages leading on and on to marvellous and more marvellous revelations of primitive beauty; its cerulean skies and crystal waters, teach its visitors the deep truth of that very wise and very ancient saw,

It is not all of fishing to fish.

To get away from offices, counting-houses, school-books, parlours and five-

o'clock teas; to get out into the open of existence where life is real, and where worry and strain and sham are not; to get among the green banks, the leafy, balsamic forests, the singing birds, the blue skies, this is after all the chief part of fishing. And in all this the fisherman in Timagami may revel to the full. Here, in all power, comes the witching hand of the mystery of the wildwood, soothing by its magic touch the troubled brow. All worry and care fall away. And as you loll back on the cushions of your canvas-covered Chestnut watching the tiny globules of water scurrying away over the limpid surface as they drip from the Ojibway's paddle, you fall to musing in the words of the old poet:

Of Recreation there is none
So free as Fishing is alone;
All other Pastimes do no less
Than Mind and Body both possess;
My Hand alone my Work can do,
So I can fish and study, too.



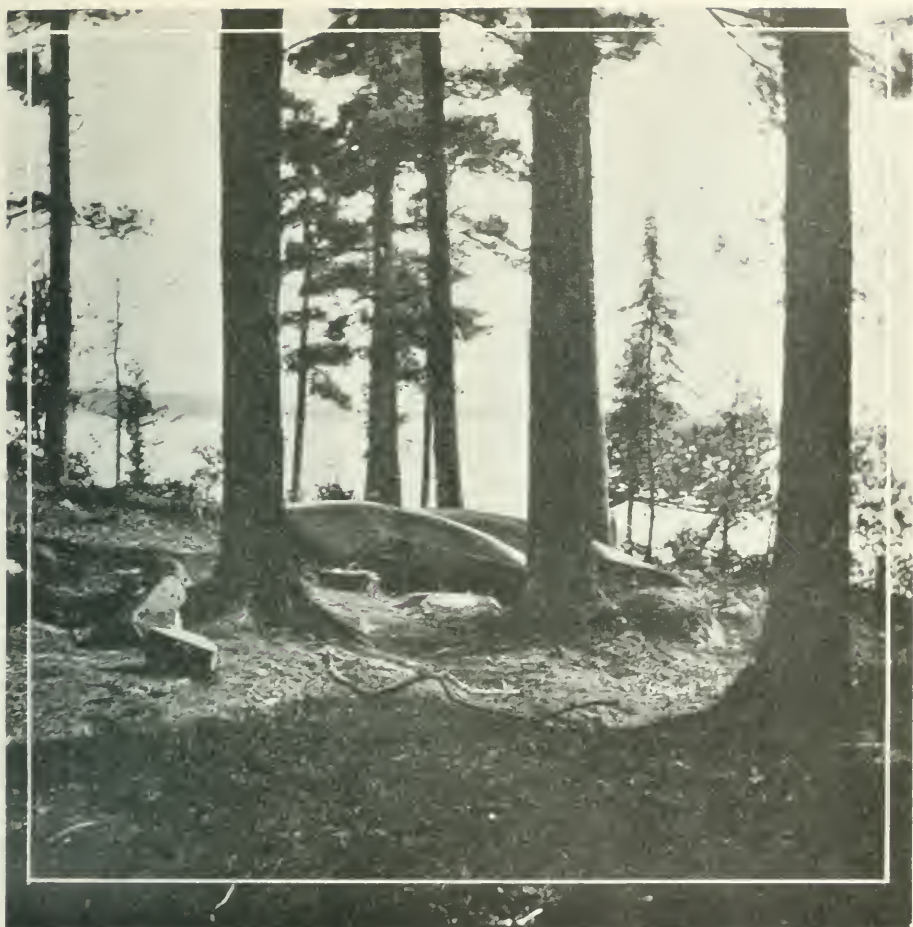
On the Timagami

The game fishes of Timagami are five in number; the genteel brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*; the sportive black bass, *Micropterus dolomieu*; the stately great gray trout, *Christivomer namaycush*; the common everyday doré, frequently called pickerel, *Stizostedion vitreum*; and the scavenger pike, *Esox lucius*. Of these, that gold-sprinkled living arrow of the white waters whose dainty meat is the glancing butterfly, zig-zagging up the cataract, loitering in the rapids, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, is the most written about; that "inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamiest fish that swims", *Micropterus dolomieu*, he of the arrowy rush and untiring strength,

is probably the most sought after; but, in the opinion of the writer, that cousin of the salmon of the sea, the *namaycush* trout, is among the fish as Lancelot among the knights, the plain armoured hero, the sunburnt champion of the water-folk. Let me here chant thy praise! Thou art the noblest and most high-minded fish. Thy cousin, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, may exceed thee in beauty of colour, in gracefulness of form, but thine is the kinglier nature. His courage and skill, compared with thine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight,
Or as water unto wine.

Then, when *namaycush* reaches the



On the Timagami

pan, when the Crisco is blazing hot, when the great chunks from his pink sides fall into the boiling fat, when browned and sizzling they lie steaming before you as you sit on some flat rock under a shady pine, when the aroma rises to your distended nostrils and the saliva flows from untold fountains in your mouth; then, only the language of the darkey as he sat beside his captured yellow cat-fish on the banks of the Opelousas in Louisiana,

Don't talk to me o' bacon fat,
Or taters, coon or 'possum;
Fo' when I'se hooked a yaller cat,
I'se got a meal to boss 'em,

can express your appreciation of the toothsome-ness of this king of food fishes.

The *namaycush* trout runs up to fifty pounds in weight. These, of course, are not often caught, but trout from fifteen to thirty pounds are of common occurrence. A trout from six to ten pounds is the best for food, and quite exciting on the end of 300 or 400 feet of copper wire. Many do not esteem the lake trout highly as a game fish, but the writer can aver that a good lusty trout on a warm summer day can give even an expert angler "the time of his life", and keep him sufficiently "busy" for an hour or so.

They are usually caught by trolling either with spoon or live minnow, on the end of from 200 to 400 feet of copper wire. The most exhilarating amusement to be had with this fish is in trolling from a canoe. Behind you, gliding over the gunwale like a golden thread, and disappearing in the cool depths of the lake, runs the copper wire of smallest calibre on a heavy trout reel, attached to a stout rod. To this is fastened a six-foot braided leader with an otter-tail spinner or a live minnow on a stiff gang. The weight of the wire sinks the bait to the requisite depth. Then you await the strike with a thrill that is realized to perfection only by one who has felt it before.

The strike of a fifteen-pound fish on this tackle beggars all description. A strong line under such tension would part in an instant, but the ductility of the wire averts this accident. The man at the reel now has exquisitely hard work ahead of him. The frenzied *Salmonidae* rushes and plunges, and finally takes, as it were, "the bit in his teeth" and shakes his slender body as much as to say, "This far and no farther". Thus it goes on, until the dragging minutes have made themselves into an hour or so. At last with bulldog pertinacity he wrenches savagely at the pliable metal, and then rises to the surface in a despairing leap for his life. There he lies, showing white in the fading sunlight, the most perfect form of fish the world has seen. Soon you gaze upon your captive lying asphyxiated on the bottom of the canoe, a synthesis of qualities which make a perfect fish. You disengage him from the meshes of the net. As you watch his glistening gray sides pale into the pearl of the moonstone, as the muscles of respiration grow feebler and more irregular in their contraction, you will experience a peculiar thrill that the capture of neither the *fontinalis* nor *dolomieu* can ever excite.

This is the sort of fishing *namay-cush* will give you out of the cool depths of fairy Timagami. Come, if you will test the truth of the "fish-



The Great Gray Trout

stories" revealed by the photographs illustrating this article. Come away from the whirl and worry and bustle of the crowded marts of commerce. Come where the untainted breezes blow, where the clear sun shines from skies of bluest blue, where the jangled nerves grow quiet and the weary brain has rest.

Crystal Timagami, Wasacsinagami,
 Deep rushing rivers and skies that are blue,
 Out on thy deeps again, sing me to sleep again,
 Sing me to sleep in my birch-bark canoe,
 Back to the wilds again, show me the way,
 Make me a child again just for a day.

THE SIGN OF THE BASS

BY MADGE MACBETH



JOE LOGAN jabbed the hook in a tree, and did a leisurely marathon over the front lawn of the Lodge. He was not taking any freak cure, nor was he out for exercise at seven in the evening. He was merely drying his hard-used line.

It was a good line, and a good reel. The latter had descended to him after twenty years' use in his father's hands, and with the reel had descended the uncommunicable but inheritable gift of angling. Joe had fished since he could walk; he had run the gamut of tackle from a bent pin in the creek to a harpoon in Central American waters. One might say he had caught everything from a daece to a shark, but he specialized on bass.

And his favourite haunt was the Onega Lodge.

When the fine-braided silk had run off the reel, zig-zagging from maple to maple, and showing against the delicate pink sky like a crazy cobweb, Joe rested his rod against a tree, sat down and pulled out and lighted the old comforter.

He was careful to keep his back turned to the verandah, but as though furnished with a pair of eyes astern, as well as afore, he knew exactly what was going on up there. Enid Burnham was the centre of a group of men, each of whom was trying to persuade her to fish with him on the morrow. And she was playing them with her delicate beauty, her subtle wit, just as interestedly as he played

a bass with his delicate line and subtle skill. She would give them length or pull them taut until in the end they would lie inert, ready to do her bidding, like the spent fish in the Big Lake Narrows.

Well, let her go! A fine catch they would make! A fellow can't fish with Enid in the boat, but if they were content to loll about all day with a loaf of bread and a book of verse and a jug of wine—to say nothing of the Thou—let them go to an ordinary summer hotel! The Lodge had never harboured triflers; it was essentially a fisherman's retreat, as the mounted mural decorations proved, and there is nothing quite so annoying to the born fisherman as the half-hearted interest of a trifling angler. Ignorance he can forgive; indifference, never!

He got up from the ground, stuffed the old comforter into his pocket, after whacking it against a tree, then commenced to reel in. Walking slowly round and round the maples, with a furtive eye on the verandah, Joe Logan did for the first time in his life what he would have criticized most hardly in another—he overlooked a dangerously thin streak in his mottled silk thread, and upon that thin spot hangs the whole story.

Enid came to the edge of the steps and watched him. So did the four men, who followed her as faithfully as Mary's lamb followed the heroine of that story.

"Joe," she called, "Oh, Joe, come up here, I want you."

Unhurriedly, Mr. Logan removed

his No. 18 "Cincinnati" from the tree, insinuated it between reel and line, then made his way toward the group.

"He does not Tom and Jerry with us any more," complained Reade, in a tearful voice.

"Doctor's ordered complete isolation," whispered Murray loudly.

"Why are Logan's catches all so profitable?" asked Dallas, of the crowd. "Give it up? Because all his hauls are net hauls."

"Kill Bob Dallas," advised Enid coldly, whereupon there was a mighty scuffle. She turned back to Logan and looked down, smiling.

"Save me from these vultures, Joe," she said. "They want to divide me into four parts, which is lots worse than Gaul, you know. Oh, boys!" she broke off, "a ripping pun—gall—Gaul—g-a-l-l, isn't it marvelous, and so untintentional! Well, anyway, they want me to go fishing to-morrow, and as I can't go with all of them, I have decided to go with you."

Logan's heart thumped alarmingly, but he said with elaborate carelessness:

"Delighted, I'm sure. Only I was going down to the Narrows for all day, which means starting at six. Won't that be too strenuous for you?"

"Ponf!" said Enid. "We'll have a shore dinner, and do no end of roughing it, and I will catch a huge bass. On the whole, Joe, I am awfully glad I chose you."

Logan muttered something polite and escaped to put away his tackle, so he said. In reality he was obliged to get off by himself, for fear those four jackanapes, who did not know a pickerel from a bull-head, would see the radiant joy exuding from his person. To have Enid for a whole day fifteen miles from human habitation—he swallowed and closed his eyes.

With creditable promptness she was ready. The two of them ate a hasty breakfast and repaired to the dock. They seemed to have the misty, dewy, sweet-smelling world all to

themselves, for Frank, the guide, counted no more than the gaily chirruping birds. He was impatient to be off, and no sooner were they seated than he cranked his engine, and they started.

A noisily singing *put-put* took them farther and farther into the heart of nature. Along the shore the trees took shape out of the swiftly rising mist, and here and there a lonely crane sailed close overhead. The prow of the row-boat tied behind stood high above a creaming feather of water, and in its wake swirls of curving ripples tried their best to stretch across the lake.

"How wonderful," breathed Enid. "I didn't know that the world was like this, Joe. I have mistaken a poor imitation for the genuine all these years."

She took off her close-fitting panama, and a strand of bright gold hair loosened in the wind and blew across his face. As though it had been the lash from a whip, he clenched his fists and moved suddenly to the opposite side of the boat, immediately setting to work with his tackle. Enid continued her aspostrophe to Morning, and if she noticed the trembling of his hands she made no sign.

Before long Frank moistened his thumb and forefinger in the water of the lake, pinched off the end of his fat black cigar, and brought the launch to a standstill.

"Are we there already?" asked the girl.

"We're in the Nar's, Miss," answered the guide. "This here's the place where Mr. Logan caught his six-pounder las' summer. Right agin that stump, yanter."

"Is that a very big fish, Frank?"

The guide stared into her lovely face silently a moment. Then, expectorating with splendid accuracy upon a floating lily pad, he remarked, "Well, it ain't no minny, Miss."

They made her comfortable in the row-boat; Joe took up his rod, and Frank, after dousing the minnow-pail, and moistening a heavy canvas

bag from which unhallowed noises issued, took up his oars. They left the launch swinging lazily at her anchor and made for the head of the Narrows. Joe held his rod between his knees, pulled down the hook with a sharp buzz from the reel, and scooping into the pail with a small net, brought out a healthy young chub. Enid closed her eyes and shuddered. When she opened them the little fish was having the surprise of his life, hurtling through the air and landing twenty feet from his starting point, without so much as a splash in the water. Then he had a fearful moment—that chub! A monstrous leering bass with greedy maw distended made straight at him; tugging at the awful weight which dragged from his mouth, the little fellow swam toward the surface, to be jerked in some miraculous manner high above the water and free from the murderous jaws. Another moment and he would have perished.

But his relief was short-lived. The same relentless hand which had flung him thither and had dragged him from a sudden death, now held him dangling—gasping—at the end of a slender upright rod. He made vigorous caudal protests which by and by had the effect of whirling him down beside a submerged stump and into a slithering mass of weeds. Here, too, little chub had a narrow escape. He was again pursued by a colossal bass, but was drawn above the water just in time. Each time he was pulled from the water his writhing grew feebler, though even at the last he was conscious that the creature who was suffocating him seemed more intent upon the other monster in the boat than upon the bass in the lake. He stupidly missed catching two big ones. But he was past caring now. His eyes began to glaze and his breath ceased. His fins stuck against his sides and he could not open them. Oh, for a moment of freedom from that cruel hook and a swift darting in the cool green water!

"Bait's dead. Mr. Logan," remark-

ed Frank. "I'll row you round the bend to Slim Bay, whar we might ketch a leetle ruffle."

He looked resentfully at the back of a golden head and wished that it had been left at the Lodge. Frank did not approve of mixing women and fish; he never yet had seen the young and pretty one who did not put the double-cross on bass.

"They're jest alike," he muttered below his breath, "in that you have to give your whole time to either of 'em."

Noon crept into Slim Bay with its ruffles—a coinage of Frank's own, composed of ruffle and ripple—and Joe Logan had not even caught a "dinner fish". He cast at stumps from all angles, he used his "Payson", and dived amongst the weeds and lily pads; he trolled; had he possessed a herring net he would have used it—anything to show Enid that he *could* fish!

It was well that a generous lunch-basket had been filled before leaving the Lodge, also that Frank's surliness did not communicate itself to his cooking. The shore dinner was all that a fastidious epicure could have desired, and the two did ample justice to it. While they ate, a flock of noisy crows sat on nearby trees and demanded in raucous voices that they hurry. Hardly had they left the spot than the ground was black with them, and a few moments later a few chicken bones, only, told the story of recent feasting.

While Frank was washing the dinner kit and the crows were gorging themselves, Joe stretched at full length under a fragrant pine and pulled out the old comforter. Enid sitting near, half closed her eyes, artist-like, and gazed across the glinting water to the wooded hills beyond. Now and again her glance wandered back to the figure at her feet, and she compared him with other men she knew.

"How can one be sure?" she asked herself perplexedly. "If, only, I had some sign!"

Joe examined the old comforter critically.

"Reminds me of an unsuccessful artist chap I know," he said. "Doesn't draw."

The girl took a hairpin from the pocket of her middy and handed it to him.

"What a pretty shiny thing," he exclaimed. "But even at that, Enid, it is not gold enough to match your hair."

Having used it with satisfactory results, Logan bent the gilt hairpin into a twisted circle.

"See, I make you a true lover's knot," he said, slipping it on her finger. "It is a charmed ring, my dear, and will cleave to you as long as my love does." His voice grew serious. "Enid—don't you know—"

"Breeze's comin' up!" Frank broke rudely in upon the idyll. "We mought as well go back to the Nar's, if you want to try to fish."

The insinuation was not lost upon Enid, who jumped lightly to her feet and ran down to the boat. Frank pulled the bucket of minnows out of the water, gave the mysterious canvas bag a thorough sprinkling, then lighting another of his inexhaustible supply of black cigars, he shoved off.

Absently, Joe lifted the cover of the minnow pail, but the guide called sharply:

"Oh, a frog, please, Mr. Logan! Minny in the forenoon, frog in the afternoon. Here they are!"

A discordant croaking followed the untying of the canvas bag, and Enid recoiled with a horrified exclamation as a lively green frog came to light.

"Joe!" she cried. "Please don't—for my sake! A minnow is bad enough, but don't torture a poor frog!"

Both men looked at her astonished. Then into Frank's face crept a flush of angry intolerance; he had come out to row for a fisherman, not to chaperone a pair of turtle doves.

But Logan smiled tenderly as he dropped the frog back into its sheltering bag. "For my sake," she had

said. That ought to stand for something.

"All right, my lady, a minnow it shall be," replied the man cheerfully.

But womanlike Enid had already changed her mind; she was resolved not to be less generous than he.

"No, no! Don't mind me! I know I'm silly. Use the frog, if you think it best. I will close my eyes and stop my ears. I must not spoil your day."

"Spoil my day?" he repeated her words in a tone which caused the vivid colour to flame in her cheeks, and looked significantly at the twisted hairpin on her finger. In spite of Frank's entreaties, he insisted upon using a minnow—and he caught nothing worth taking home.

The sun was slipping to its well-earned rest when Enid demanded a rod. She hated fishing. The frenzied terror of the bass always sickened her, but answering some impulse she could not explain, she now wanted to fish.

Joe put one of his artificial frogs in the end of an old line of Frank's, and, half fascinated, half disgusted, she watched the realistic kicking of the little green lure.

In silence save for the buzzing of the reel, they slid through the still waters. Round the bend lay the launch at anchor. Evening had fallen as gently as a silken garment, and from the shore came a plaintive twittering, like a sleepy whimpering of many little children.

"If I had some sort of sign," the girl whispered to herself.

Plop!

A fish jumped behind her and widening circles swayed rhythmically over toward the boat. On the instant Joe's minnow had sought out the centre of those circles and had gone down without a splash.

"He's got him," breathed Frank, as the rod bent nearly double. "It's a big one—thank God!"

Perhaps because she could not bear the look upon Joe's face as he fought with the fish, perhaps because she was afraid of seeing a lust to conquer which would repel her, Enid took the

the twisted wire from her finger and threw the glittering thing off into the water.

"Before I trust my fate to thee, or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give colour and form to mine,
I ask the gods who favour me, to give me back some sign. . . ."

she muttered, and closed her eyes.

Snap! The boat quivered, Joe's rod flew back, and a slender braided thread whipped through the air, as Frank spat out an ugly oath.

"He's broke your line!"

In the tenseness of the moment Enid gripped her own rod hard. That prevented it from going overboard.

"Joe!" she screamed. "Take it, quick. I can't hold on!"

"By God," cried Frank, "*she's* got him!"

With a rod about as flexible as the ordinary curtain-pole, a line which looked as though it had tied up a package of laundry, and an old reel too rusty to run, Joe Logan fought with the big bass. He was obliged, after a moment's struggle, to throw the rod into the bottom of the boat, handling the line sailor-fashion. One instant there was a coil of it, the next it had slipped through his fingers so rapidly that little streaks of red ran between them. Now it jerked like the reins on a restive horse, now it filtered slyly away. Once, the fish almost gained his freedom by darting to the surface close by, then down again in a twinkling, and up on the other side of the boat. It was on old trick and a good one, but it failed.

"He's almost spent," said Joe above the sound of the guide's heavy breathing. "Take the net, Enid, and land him yourself. He's your fish."

"She'll lose him," grunted Frank.

"No matter. He's hers."

Leaning perilously far over the side of the boat, Enid grasped the handle something after the manner of a baseball bat and waited. Up he came an inch at a time, still making a brave effort toward freedom.

"Put it lower in the water," said Joe. "No, that's too far; now tip it so that he will go in tail first. Don't hurry, I've got him. Be careful not to strike him with the rim, that's all. That's better — now — ready — there. *Quick!* Good work!"

She did it, heaven only knows how. But she screamed as the bass touched the boat and drew her feet off the bottom. Suddenly she felt dizzy and faint.

"Well, I'll be hanged," cried Joe. "Look, Frank, it is the same one I lost! Here's my hook, Enid, open your eyes, my lady, and see what a dumb fool a bass is. He takes one bait, goes off with the hook in his mouth, then waits around to be caught again. *And with an artificial frog at that!*"

Frank surveyed the prize contentedly. It was not a record-breaker, but it was a good five and three-quarters, out of the water, which is some weight considering the manner of its landing. He gave it a deft thump on the head with a bludgeon kept for that purpose and slipped it into the fish-box beneath the seat.

They reached the Lodge after everyone else had finished supper, and so had the dimly-lighted dining-room to themselves.

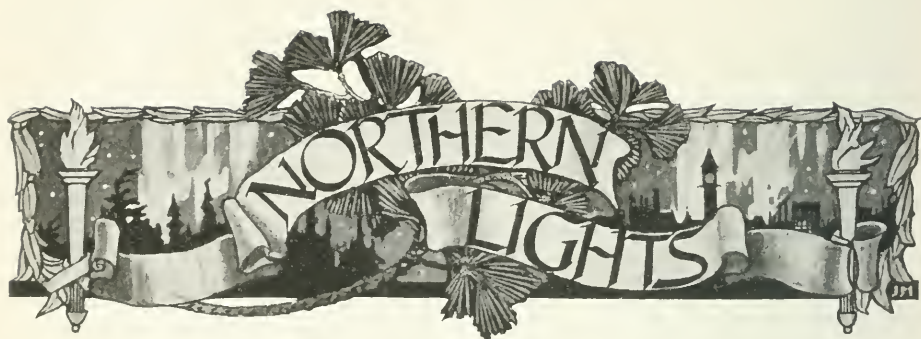
"My true lover's knot!" cried Logan suddenly. "What have you done with it, Enid?"

As though in answer to his question, Sam's grinning face appeared in the doorway. He was carrying a platter of fried bass.

"Dat suttingly war some whale, you-all kotch. Mistah Logan," the chef remarked. "He don't only swaller a minny an' a fawwg, but he goes gropin' roun' de bottom ob de lake fer some lady's ring. Look a-here, what else he eat!"

"It's mine," cried Enid, between laughing and crying. "It's mine."

Sam gave it to her; Joe gave Sam ten dollars, and Enid gave Joe—but then she had to. She couldn't ignore *such* a sign!



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MR. WILLIAM M. GRAHAM, Indian Commissioner for the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, for a number of years was the Indian Agent at File Hills, Saskatchewan. His long service and faithfulness justified his recent appointment, which greatly increases his usefulness and scope as a public servant. His importance began when he introduced at

File Hills a plan to set aside a portion of the Indian reserve for the exclusive use agriculturally of pupils of Indian schools. This plan he purposes to continue on a large scale throughout the three Provinces, and thereby to increase production and to instill into the younger generation of Indians a practical idea of the benefits of agriculture. The experiment at File Hills, as described by *The Winnipeg Tribune*, is unusually gratifying. About 18,000 acres were put aside to be used exclusively by the ex-pupils of the Indian schools. The purpose was to put these young people at a certain distance from their beloved but ambitionless relatives, where they could work out their own more promising destinies, away, at least a good portion of the time, from the retarding influences of the older generation. Needless to add, the separation was merely a matter of a few miles, and they could visit each other quite conveniently. The scheme has worked out most successfully. There are about thirty-five farmers—quite a number of them now at the Front and their farms worked by other Indians—and they produced over one hundred thousand bushels of grain in 1916 and again in 1917. One young Indian who went to the colony without a cent ten years ago is now worth \$20,000, and there are several others rapidly following in his wake.



W. M. Graham, Indian Commissioner

The great war evoked a splendid patriotic response from Fife Hills. Practically every Indian who could go has gone to the Front. One is a prisoner in Germany, one was killed in France, another has been reported missing, while eight or ten have been wounded. Old and young at home have raised nearly \$8,000 for patriotic and Red Cross organizations, the squaws being particularly active and successful.

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A GLAD SIGHT FOR CANADIANS

THE woman who stays at home following with a breathless tenacity every move of the great world struggle, is at home because she feels that her highest form of patriotism expresses itself on this side of the water rather than on the other. Had she her preference, she would drop the shackles of duty and speed on a darkened ship right for the Front, where she could feel that she was doing her bit, for it is often difficult to get sufficient satisfaction from a constant round of domestic economies, Red Cross work, home knitting and contributing to war relief funds. One is apt to feel that those are doing much more toward helping win the fight who are actually within hearing distance of the battle's roar, and so, many women who must stay at home envy Mrs. Holman, wife of Lieutenant R. Claude Holman, Prince Edward Island, for her ability to volunteer.

She offered her services to the Motor Ambulance in April a year ago, after working in the Red Cross Prisoners of War Department in London for a year before. She was immediately accepted, there being at that time a demand for women drivers that more men might be released to fight. Mrs. Holman, who is an essentially "womanly" young woman, slight of build and delicate looking, belies all these physical features in her work. She has nerves of steel and endurance which equals that of any



Mrs. R. Claude Holman

man. She has been driving an ambulance for a year without rest, meeting trains at any hour of the day or night, and taking soldiers to the London hospitals or to other trains on which they are carried to hospitals outside of London. She has seen some sights which are not good to see, but her courage has never failed, and the joy with which our boys greet a Canadian woman who stands to welcome them with good cheer, strengthens her to bear her part, unflinching.

We at home may take pride in knowing that the policemen about the stations have often complimented Mrs. Holman and other Canadian women drivers upon the expert management of their huge, cumbersome chariots of mercy, for no matter how expert one may have been in extricating one's car from the traffic of Montreal or Toronto streets, that problem was like a b c to syntax compared with London congestion.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Holman knows her ambulance from

radiator to smallest screw, and is not dependent upon outside help to make repairs. She is so much in love with her work that steady duty with but a half-day off every ten days does not seem a hardship.

✱

A POET SOLDIER

THE LITERARY DIGEST says says that the late Colonel John McCrae has expressed as no other man in this war the vital message of the dead. Before the war Dr. McCrae was unknown as a poet. Now his memory is revered wherever the English language is read. His poem, "In Flanders' Fields" is generally well known, but many of our readers have not read the other, "The Anxious Dead". We append both:

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarcely heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing
on!

(These fought their fight in time of bitter
fear
And died not knowing how the day had
gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky
afar!

Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make
war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard
their call;

That we have sworn and will not turn
aside;

That we will onward till we win or fall;
That we will keep the faith for which
they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence
deep—

Shall greet in wonderment the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their
sleep.



* Colonel John McCrae

THE LIBRARY TABLE

IRISH LYRICS AND BALLADS

By JAMES B. DOLLARD. Toronto: McClelland, Goodechild and Stewart.



NCE in a while we come across a volume of poetry that we wish were Canadian. Such is this book of Father Dollard's, a book of exquisite quality, and although it is published in Canada by a resident of the Dominion whom we should be proud to call Canadian, it is not Canadian. For Dr. Dollard has the soul of the Irishman, and his heart yearns for his native hills. He is a true lyrie, with a beautiful faney, and he shows a clinging fondness for Irish tradition. It is a pity that more of our Canadian poets have not felt the same towards Canada. There are some outstanding exceptions, but we would have more and better poets if the national beauties and characteristics of the country were more realized. Time will do the seasoning. Meantime we are delighted with volumes like Dr. Dollard's. We quote one poem in full:

THE SILVER ANVILS

There was a rath I used to love, in Ireland long ago.

An ancient dun in which they dwelt—the Fairy Folk, you know.

All belted round with hawthorn was this Rath of Closharink,

And one could hear, when straying near, their silver anvils clink!

O, clink, clank, clink—hear the fairy hammers go;

Clink, clank, clink, in their eaves of gold below!

What were they a-forging in the dun of Closharink

Upon their silver anvils tapping—clink, clank, clink?

When all the thorn was blossomed white,
and yellow was the furze,
You'd hear them in the noonday hush
when ne'er a linnet stirs;
You'd hear them in the evening when the
sun began to sink,
And purple glory flushed the hills that
smiled on Closharink.

O, clink, clank, clink, hear the fairy hammers sound—

Clink, clank, clink, in their forges underground.

What were they a-patterning, the Sidhe of Closharink,

With all their silver anvils sounding—
clink, clank, clink?

What were they a-fashioning—a crown for great Queen Mave;

A helmet for Cuchulain, or a shield for Lugh the Brave;

A scabbard for the Sword of Light that flames on danger's brink,

A jeweled torque for Angus who is King at Closharink?

Clink, clank, clink, like a harp note, sweet and low,

Clink, clank, clink, and a big moon climbing slow!

Though youth is far from me to-night, and far is Closharink,

My senses thrill to hear it still, that clink, clank, clink!

*

NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

By JOHN BUCHAN. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THIS prodigious historical work continues without abatement of interest. The nineteenth volume, which deals with the spring campaigns of 1917, contains besides almost 300 pages of letter-press, thirty-five maps, and on the jacket there is a portrait of the author reproduced in colours. The several chapters consider and relate in masterly fashion the

German retreat in the west, the battle of Arras, the second battle of the Aisne, Mesopotamia, Syria, and the Balkans, Italy's campaign since the battle of Gorizia, and the progress of the Russian revolution. This now has become a history which because of its high merit and popular price must command the attention of all who make any pretense at possessing a library.

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PRIEST OF THE IDEAL

By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHILE there is much in this book that is most romantic and ideal, it scarcely can become a popular novel. Hampden, a wandering mystic who preaches idealism and devotion to early church traditions and legends, is in many respects a remarkable figure, but a figure that one should not expect, but hope, to encounter in these days of turmoil. He is like one of the graces, an example, but scarcely a fact. Contrasted with him is Washington King, an American and a very material, matter-of-fact American at that, one who believes that ideals must have foundation in material things. The difference between these two characters is a feature of the book.

*

CHRONICLES OF ST. TID

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

FEW English story-writers of to-day have so firm a hold on the public as has the author of "Old Delahole" and "Brunel's Tower". This is a volume of his short tales, and is just the thing for the canoe, the hammock or the side verandah. The author deals with the simple folk to be found in Devonshire and the West Country, and what writer knows that part of England better than he? Running throughout the stories there is a vein of rustic humour that brightens the pages and relieves some of the tragedy.

BEST O' LUCK

By ALEXANDER MCCLINTOCK. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THIS is plain, straightforward narrative that should be read by every man about to go overseas. It will, as a matter of interest, be read by many who have gone over and by hundreds of others who have not been able to go. For it is the intensely interesting account of the experiences of an American lad who, because of conviction, came over to Canada and enlisted for service with the 87th Battalion, Canadian Grenadier Guards, and was wounded at the Somme. Sergeant McClintock does not varnish or garnish his tale. He recounts his tremendous experiences with commendable modesty, notwithstanding the fact that he has won the D.C.M.

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OH, MONEY! MONEY!

By ELEANOR H. PORTER. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

MRS. PORTER, whose "Just David" and "Pollyanna" have been read in homes and school-rooms all over North America, delighting old and young alike, has the happy faculty of presenting lively, lovable, human characters to her readers. In this story she takes as her hero a bachelor who has much money but little else except a good heart and a keen desire to make the most out of life. This Stanley Fulton begins to wonder what will become of his twenty millions after he has passed from the scene, and then he determines to send a hundred thousand dollars to each of several remote cousins and to observe incognito (as John Smith) the effect of the sudden riches on each of them. To one it brings happiness, to another misery and so on; but to himself it brings much enjoyment, much interest in life in general, and in the end a most charming wife. It is a wholesome, readable story.

THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE

By J. SAXON MILLS, M.A. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS book should be of interest to all free-traders. It is a more or less studious treatment well and brightly written. It raises the main problems in connection with Imperial Federation and Britannic Alliance, and is especially discursive upon the trade aspects of those problems. The question of the future trade relations within and without the Empire is one upon which many men to-day hesitate to dogmatize. Mr. Mills seems to hesitate a little. At least he gives to his book the atmosphere of liberal discussion before he becomes dogmatic. When his dogmatism appears, it is of the sort that all free-traders should study to-day. It attacks the free-trade position with strong weapons, dispassionateness and resolution.

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THE SPELL OF CHINA

By ARCHIE BELL. Boston: The Page Company.

"I WAS thirty years old before I knew it was possible to spend the summer in Europe without a small fortune." Doubtless the old lady who made this statement had read some book of travel such as this entertaining and informing account of a trip lasting five months to and through China. For a keen observer like the author of this book can give to the average reader more than an unobservant traveller can take in for himself. One feels after reading Mr. Bell's account that one has an intimate acquaintance with a most fascinating land, for the author sketches as he goes, giving delightful and convincing scenes by the wayside and entering into the life of the people of the most mysterious country in the world. It is one thing to go to China. It is another thing to read about it; and to all who cannot go this book is recommended.

OREGON THE PICTURESQUE

By THOMAS D. MURPHY. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS volume is one of the "See America First" series, and is something that well might be emulated in Canada. It is an account of rambles in Oregon and the wilds of northern California by one who has had much experience as a traveller and writer of books on travel. In the first chapter, which is entitled "An Unfamiliar Wonderland", the author explains that "We found ourselves scanning with no small degree of interest and anticipation maps of the vast mountain-studded country stretching from San Francisco to the Columbia River. We had met infrequent motorists who had penetrated parts of this comparatively unfamiliar region, and their tales were enough to arouse our curiosity and to intensify our desire to explore these virgin fastnesses of shining lakes, vast forests and rugged hills . . ." There is in the book a comprehensive map and many illustrations, of which sixteen are in colour.

*

THE BUSINESS OF WAR

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSAN. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

EVERYONE wonders how the thing is done, how that great organization of present-day war is controlled—fed, transported, armed, supplied, doctored, nursed—how all the vast machinery of war is operated and kept in action. This information Mr. Marcossan supplies, making the book notable and of great timeliness. It describes the army behind the fighters. The author is acknowledged as an authority on affairs, and in this book he makes a veritable revelation of everything that keeps the soldiers in the fighting lines. It describes the great part that the modern motor is playing in the war, and includes graphic sketches of Sir Douglas Haig, Viscount Northcliffe, and Sir Eric Geddes. There are sixteen full-page illustrations.

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

BY LILLIAN LEVERIDGE. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

HOPEFUL, inspiring and patriotic, this volume of verse should appeal strongly to most readers. There is enough human sympathy and pathos to be a complement to the quality of gladness and enough tenderness to make them touch the heart. We quote the first, second and last stanzas of "Over the Hills of Home":

Laddie, little laddie, come with me over
the hills,
Where blossom the white May lilies, and
the dog-wood and daffodils;
For the spirit of spring is calling to our
spirits that love to roam
Over the hills of home, laddie, over the
hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow
rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blow-
ing for me and you;
And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and
hawthorne as white as foam,
We'll carry them all to mother, laddie,
over the hills at home.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should
we cease to weep,
Could we glance through the golden gate-
way, whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can
follow you where you roam,
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beauti-
ful hills of Home.

*

THE IRON RATION

BY GEORGE ABEL SHRIENER. Toronto:
The Musson Book Company.

I REMEMBER once seeing on a
housetop unconcernedly throwing
bricks down into an alleyway. There
was something Olympian in the way
in which, from his height, that chim-
ney-maker cast his bricks. He flung
them with such disinterested abandon
and such aloof and calm disregard of
passers-by. Some writers handle their

facts in this way. It makes their
work refreshing and sometimes pro-
vocative. George Abel Shriener is one
of these writers. One reads this book
of his, "The Iron Ration", with the
feeling that the whole performance is
a fascinating display and that one
may very probably get hit. In the
preface he states where his sympathies
lay in the Boer War. He tells lovely
and unlovely things about Austria
and Germany in the same breath. One
puts the book aside with the feeling
that a writer has really contributed
to an understanding of the war in
certain of its aspects; that someone
at least has furnished us with objec-
tive data. One can make an interest-
ing collection of bricks.

*

FACE TO FACE WITH KAISER-ISM

BY JAMES W. GERARD. Toronto: Mc-
Clelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THE author of "My Fours Years
in Germany", who was United
States Ambassador to the German Im-
perial Court, says at the outset that
what he especially wants to impress
on the people of the United States is
the fact that they are at war because
Germany invaded the United States
—"an invasion insidiously concerned
and vigorously prosecuted for years
before hostilities began"—and that
the war is "our war, that the sanctity
of American freedom and the Ameri-
can home depend upon what we do
now". In the book he reveals the per-
sonality of the Kaiser and the "king
business", and inside of Germany di-
plomacy, Germany's plan to attack
America, has early plots in Mexico,
the kultur of Kaiserdom—the Ger-
man soul, the little Kaisers, royalty's
recreation, the eternal feminine, and
discusses the sinking of the *Lusitania*,
the ones who do the Kaiser's think-
ing, and the Kaiser and *lèse-majesté*.





THE HARVEST OF THE WEST
The Binders at Work.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



THE

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HISTORICAL CHURCHES OF CANADA

BY MADGE MACBETH



HE religious history of Canada dates back to 1534, when Jacques Cartier landed upon what is now Douglastown and erected a cross thirty feet high. Before this symbol the explorers knelt and prayed. No church or chapel, however, followed to mark the spot upon which mass was said, so we pass on. In like brief manner, too, do we mention an item found in the Huguenot records which states that "In Canada the first to represent the doctrines of the reformed churches were the Huguenots". Under Chauvin they made their first attempt at colonizing, founding Tadoussac in 1598. But they left no monument to indicate their place of worship, from which there must have been sent heavenwards many a fervent prayer for

deliverance from their many troubles.

And so in a breath we dispose of many years and come to 1604, when, history tells us, the first church edifice was erected by the Huguenots under Sieur Pierre de Monts on an island in Passamaquoddy Bay.

Tadoussac really should have claimed this distinction, for some assert that de Monts landed there intending to make it the nucleus of a flourishing colony. Associated with him was Champlain, the most prominent figure of the French régime in Canada, and Champlain had secured for his co-worker a monopoly of the fur trade. But de Monts rejected Tadoussac and the whole of the St. Lawrence as being an unsuitable field for colonization, and insisted upon turning back on the graveyard of the earlier pioneers. He and Champlain explored the Bay of Fundy, discov-



St. Paul's, Halifax, the pioneer protestant church in British North America.
From a drawing made in 1773

ered Annapolis Basin and the St. John River and shifted the scene of their operations to Acadia, establishing settlements at Ste. Croix Island and Port Royal. At the former place, de Monts and his 120 emigrants, including artisans of all trades, labourers and soldiers, erected the first church edifice in Canada. Its supporting pillars were living trees.

For three years this settlement struggled for existence. Nearly half of the company died of *mal de la terre*—a much prettier name than *scurvy*—during the first winter, and the priest who was responsible for the spiritual welfare of the survivors, gives a rather damaging tribute to our Canadian climate when he explains this appalling fatality. He says—“They were a jolly lot of hunters who preferred rabbit hunting to the air of the fireside, skating on ponds

to turning over lazily in bed, making snow balls . . . to sitting around the fireside and talking about Paris and its good cooks!”

The assassination of Henry IV. brought about the recall of de Monts and the failure of his venture. A little later, too, Port Royal disappeared from history for twenty years. Its little church disappeared forever.

Primitive architecture, it goes without saying, was much in vogue in those early days, and it is recounted that several churches were built in a rather unstable manner. In 1616, Friar Huet is described as celebrating mass in a “chapel” composed of branches and foliage, which may have excluded evil spirits but not the determined Tadoussac mosquito. Two sailors stood beside the reverend gentleman and tried to protect him by waving boughs about his person.



The old Parish Church of Ville Marie

The congregation smote themselves and one is apt to imagine that they uttered imprecations scarcely less audibly than their prayers!

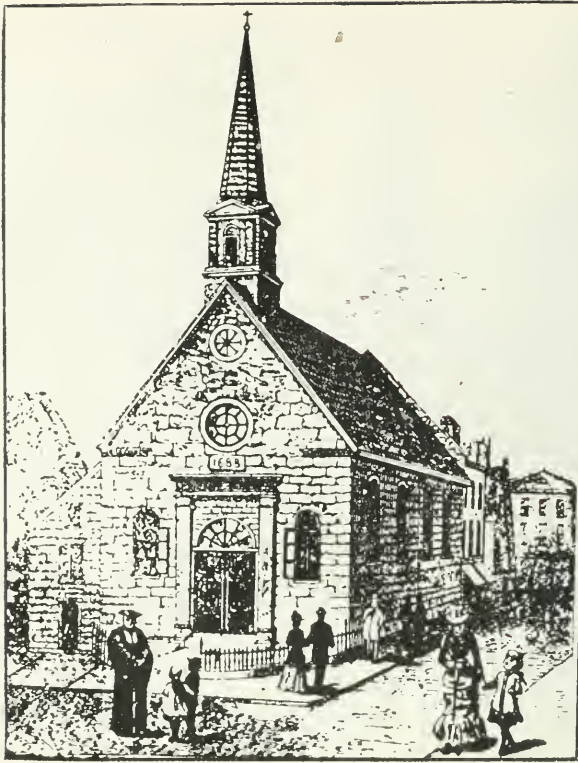
All of Canada's early churches, however, were not constructed in so temporary a fashion.

Undaunted by the failure of his earlier schemes, Champlain returned to Canada in 1615 bringing with him Father d'Olbeau. They landed at Quebec and immediately set about planning and building a comparatively substantial chapel there. Laverdiere writes that Champlain was given not only money but portable ornaments and vestments for his churches in the colonies. This first one was opened on June 25th, 1615, and the occasion regarded with extreme solemnity. Father Leclercq describes the celebrant and his congregation as being bathed in tears.

In the church of these Recollet fathers who came to the infant Quebec in 1615 several of the French Governors were buried. Frontenac's

body was laid to rest there, though it was afterwards removed to the Basilica. In it too, prior to its destruction by fire in 1796, the English Church population used to worship on Sunday mornings, one congregation going in as the other came out. In *The Quebec Gazette* of May 21st, 1767, is found the following: "On Sunday next, Divine Service according to the use of the Church of England, will be held at the Recollets' church and continue for the summer season, beginning soon after eleven; the drum will beat each Sunday soon after half an hour past ten and the Recollets' bell will ring to give notice of the English service the instant their own is ended."

The Recollets of Montreal were equally generous, lending their chapel to the Protestant congregation established there when it was not required for mass. The first Presbyterians of Montreal borrowed this chapel and an old record quaintly states that "when they moved into an edifice of



Notre Dame de la Victoire.

From an early print of one of Quebec's oldest churches

their own, they presented the chapel with candles for the high altars and wine for mass, as the Recollets politely refused to take any remuneration for the loan of the chapel."

Quebec's most interesting church is, without doubt, Notre Dame de la Victoire, standing to-day after more than two hundred years just as it did in 1688 when it was built. Naturally there were other sacerdotal edifices which antedated Notre Dame, and of these perhaps the Hotel Dieu merits most attention.

One of the first works undertaken by the Colony of Champlain after its restoration to the French in 1633 was the founding of an Hotel Dieu. Residents of the colony, particularly the Europeans, strangers to climate and the many hardships necessarily the lot of pioneers, were discourag-

ingly victimized by disease and suffered excessively for want of proper attention. The colony was too poor to establish any sort of refuge for the sick, so the wealthy people of France interested themselves in the work. The most notable contributor was the Duchess d'Aiguillon, a niece of Cardinal Richelieu, who resolved to found an Hotel Dieu at her own expense. "By contract passed in 1637 she and a relative" (who begged for the privilege of joining with her in the gift) "gave an annual rent of 15,000 livres, on a capital of 20,000, as a commencement of their laudable design, on condition . . . that masses should be said forever for the repose of the founders". The Duchess received a considerable concession of waste lands and a grant of ground within the precincts of the city, this



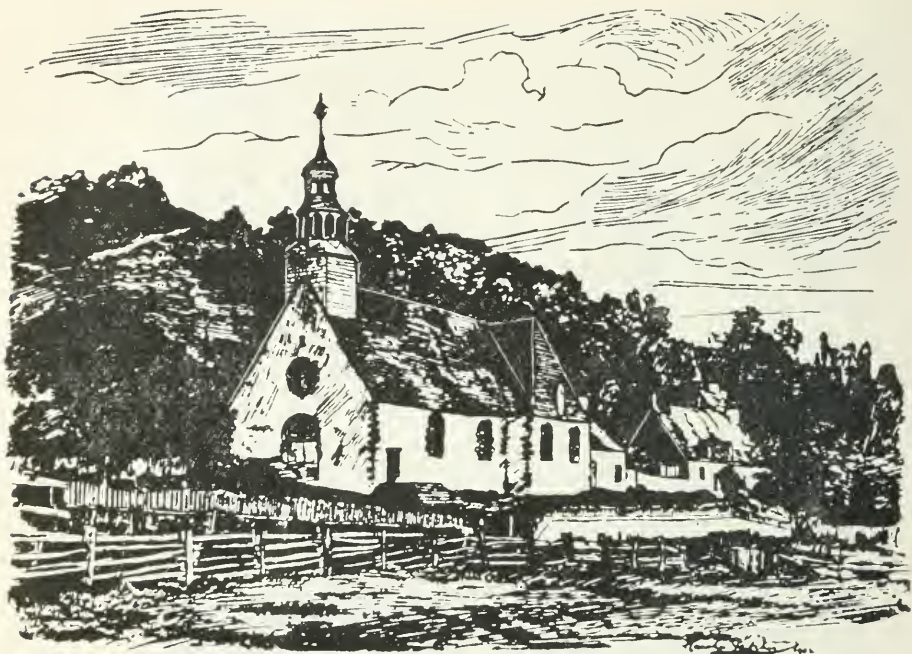
Old Trinity Church, Kingston, New Brunswick.
It was built by United Empire Loyalists

being the site now occupied by the Hotel Dieu, its buildings, and spacious gardens.

In like manner the Ursuline Convent owes its existence to the generosity of benefactors in France. Its object was to provide religious instruction and education for the female children of the French residents and also for those of the converted Indians. The convent was finished in 1641 but destroyed in 1650. It was immediately rebuilt and scarcely twenty years later, it became once more a prey to the flames. Most of its treasures were saved and it was built again.

Within its precincts lie buried the remains of the gallant Montcalm,

whose death is commemorated by a plain marble slab, placed there by His Excellency Lord Aylmer, more than fifty years ago. The chapel also possesses many valuable works of art, a Vandyke, a LeSueur, a picture by Restout, historical painter to the King of France, and several of Champagne's pictures. This last-mentioned artist was a Flemish painter, afterward painter to the Queen of France. In the Ursuline chapel, too, there are treasures in the way of books and vestments brought from France. There is also the votive lamp of Marie Madeline de Repentigny. The flame was first kindled in 1771 and has never been extinguished since. Even through the



The old church at Ste. Anne de Beaupré

disastrous times of the fire, it was kept steadfastly burning.

While Quebec was still in its early childhood, Montreal was born. In 1642 Maisonneuve founded Ville Marie and built within its fort, a little church of bark. This was replaced by the first Parish Church, the site of which is marked with a tablet reading: . . . "Here was erected the first Parish Church of Ville Marie in 1656". About sixteen years later this in turn was replaced by what is now called the Old Parish Church which stood across Notre Dame Street. "Its picturesque belfry tower remained alone on the corner of the square for some years after the removal of the church, but it was taken down in 1840. The foundations yet exist under the south gate of the square."

And even at this, the Old Church has not entirely disappeared. For the front was used on the Recollet Church, and when the latter was demolished, the handsome cut-stone

front was incorporated in the back walls of a store built upon its site, where some pieces of it are still to be seen. The furniture and pictures were sent to the Church of Bonsecours and the pulpit chair of the Unitarian Church is made out of the old timbers of the tower.

In Mr. Lighthall's interesting volume, "Montreal after 250 Years", there is recounted a whimsical legend told of the corner which marks the location of the present church, on St. Sulpice Street, where there is always a little breeze even on the hottest day in summer. The Devil and the Wind were walking down Notre Dame Street when this church had just been built. "Why," said the Devil, "what is this? I never saw this before." "I dare you to go in," said the Wind." "You dare me, do you? You wait here till I come out," cried the Devil. "I'll be at the corner," said the Wind. His Majesty went in. He has never yet come out, and the Wind has remained ever since

waiting impatiently for him at the corner.”

Notre Dame de Bonsecours is probably conceded to be the most interesting historically, of the Montreal churches. The foundation of stone was laid in 1657 or 1658 at the instigation of Sister Marie Bourgeoys, whose intention it was to found a Nunnery of the Congregation. The wooden chapel, only thirty by forty feet, was built partly by Maisonneuve himself, who cut and drew from the woods the first timbers. This little place of worship, named on account of the escapes of the colony from the hostile Iroquois, soon became too small for its congregation and in 1671 another church was built on the same site and upon foundations of the same size as those at present. Almost one hundred years this stood and then it was destroyed by fire,

after which the church of to-day was reconstructed upon the old foundations. It is told of the Bonsecours that during its building, Sister Marie Bourgeoys encountered so many obstacles, that she decided to abandon the venture and return to France. Arrived in her native land, however, she was approached by a Baron de Fancamp, a noble of Brittany, who owned an ancient image of the Virgin and who was very desirous of having a chapel built for it. This image was supposed to be endowed with miraculous powers. The Sister reconsidered her decision, returned to Canada, and took up her work where it had been left off. The church was completed, the image installed and there it remains to-day, the patron of French sailors for more than two centuries and a half.

It may be surprising to those who



The present Basilica at Ste. Anne de Beaupré



The Chapel of the Mohawks at Brantford, Ontario.

It contains a silver Communion Service and a copy of the Bible, presented by Queen Anne

have given the subject little thought, to learn how early was Jewish immigration into Canada. The Jews appeared in Montreal shortly after the British Conquest, about 1760. Many of the families were of considerable mark and means and soon became prominent, not only in public and civil affairs but in the Canadian Militia. By 1777 these early settlers had organized themselves into a congregation and built themselves a synagogue—the first on Canadian soil. It was called Shearith Israel. A brief description of this is enlightening: . . . “The constitution of this congregation, unlike those of most synagogues which are extremely democratic, was pronouncedly autocratic and aristocratic, befitting the Castilian exclusiveness of the families composing it. The officers sat apart from the congregation on raised seats and were empowered not only to reprimand but even to fine those who violated the articles or absented them-

selves from worship”. The interior was spoken of as “being extremely neat, fitted with benches which are occupied by the male congregation. The gallery is supported by four handsome pillars and is assigned to the female part of the congregation. Opposite this . . . in the Egyptian style is a very beautiful mahogany Ark, over which are placed the Ten Commandments in Hebrew.”

Montreal is called the City of Churches, a designation borne out by some visitor who remarked that one could not take a step without treading on the shadow of a church. Mark Twain incorporated the same idea in somewhat different language when he wrote that one could not throw a brickbat without breaking a church window!

Older than the Parish Church and Bonsecours, however, possibly by several years, is the most famous church in Canada—that at Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The events leading up to



St. John's Church at Bath.
One of the oldest churches in Ontario

its founding stretch far back into the dimness of antiquity. . . . The mother of the Virgin Mary was Saint Anne, who was buried in Jerusalem and who enjoyed several centuries of undisturbed repose. When the Paynims came to Jerusalem, however, they tried to desecrate the tomb and tear the body from its resting-place. In some miraculous manner, the coffin refused to give up its dead, and the desecrators threw it into the sea. After a long and wearisome journey it was buried in the sand off the coast of Brittany, where many years later it was revealed to some Breton fishermen. They took it to a priest who immediately recognized it as the coffin of Saint Anne, and he had a crypt made for it in his church. Thus Saint Anne became the patron saint of sailors and fishermen throughout Brittany. Early in the seventeenth century, three Breton sailors caught in a tempest on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, prayed to Saint Anne, vowing to erect a church in her memory in

the new world if they were spared from the fury of the sea. They were spared and on the first spot they touched—Cote de Beaupré—they built a crude little chapel. In a discouragingly short time ice and flood demolished it and another frame building was erected on its site. This still stands—a vivid contrast to the imposing cathedral to which pilgrims flock from all over the world.

In 1657, when Governor d'Argenson laid the corner stone for the new building, and the pious inhabitants were about to set themselves to work, a miracle happened. . . . The people carried stone in turn, and when a man named Louis Guimont stepped forward to do his bit, he could hardly lift the stone, so crippled was he with rheumatism and so racked with pain. But as soon as he touched the stone, lo, he was healed and accomplished his work with briskness and vigour. This was the first of Saint Anne's many miracles in Canada. Just inside the entrance

visitors may see large pillars composed of the crutches of those who journeyed with their help to the famous shrine and who suddenly felt the need of them no longer. The blind are said to have regained their sight, the deaf their hearing, the palsied their strength.

There are perhaps few ecclesiastical relics of which Canadians may be more justly proud than the Silver Communion Service and the Bible, sent by Queen Anne to the Mohawk Chapel. This is in Brantford and claims to be the oldest church in Ontario. Before the Revolutionary War the Mohawk Indians lived in the present State of New York where a church was built for them by the British Government. It was to this edifice that the Queen sent the silver and the Bible already mentioned. The former is inscribed with the Royal Arms, and the words: "The Gift of Her Majesty Anne, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and Her plantations in North America, Queen, to Her Indian Chapel of the Mohawks, 1712". The Bible is more simply inscribed, "To Her Majesty's Church of the Mohawks".

The assistance given the British by Joseph Brant, a famous Mohawk Chief, who after his conversion became just as famous a Christian gentleman, is too well known to require chronicling here. The church was moved to Brantford, named after the Chief, and the sacred relics which were buried during hostilities were restored to the new chapel, in perfectly good condition.

It should be mentioned before passing on to St. Paul's, Halifax, that when Nova Scotia became English in 1710 service was held in the picturesque old Garrison Church of Annapolis. Unfortunately for us, nothing of these ruins remain.

St. Paul's is called "the pioneer Protestant Church in British North America", and of it has been written:

Timbered in times when men built
strong,
With a tower of wood grown gray,
The frame of it, old, the heart still
young,
It has stood for many a day.

It was erected on the Parade in 1749, His Majesty King George the 2nd, is designated as the "Royal Founder", and the church, a "Royal Foundation, and of Exempt Jurisdiction".

Lord Cornwallis wrote in March 1750 that "he expected the frame of the church to arrive the following month from Boston", then a part of the British Dominions. He further described the architectural plan as being modelled after that of the Marblebone Chapel. It is generally understood, however, that in the original form, St. Paul's was an exact copy of St. Peter's, Vere Street, London.

The services were held in English, French, German and for a considerable time in Mic-mac. And the custom of lending churches, so prevalent in Montreal, did not escape St. Paul's, for it is recorded that "the Protestant Dissenters met there regularly for worship under Rev. Aaron Cleveland, every Lord's Day where he preached to a good acceptance, and will continue to do so until a meeting house can be built". This Rev. Aaron Cleveland was a progenitor of the late Grover Cleveland.

St. Paul's can boast of having had the first organ in Canada. It was played by Honourable Richard Bulkeley, and the second organ (now in use in North Sydney) was obtained from a Spanish prize ship in 1765 when it was captured by a British man-of-war.

Beneath the church are twenty vaults in which lie buried Governors, Admirals, Barons, Clergy, Jurists and many famous persons, among them Charles Lawrence, the first Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia, and Lord Charles Greville Montague, son of the Duke of Manchester. St. Paul's

has been called the Westminster Abbey of Canada. The walls are covered with memorial tablets, and some one has truly said that the history of the Province is written there.

Trinity Church, St. John, had its humble origin in a frame house—the first in the settlement called Parr Town, after Governor Parr. A frame house was distinguished from other houses which were built of logs. The summit of architectural ambitions was, of course, an edifice composed of stone. The first decided step to obtain a church building was taken in 1788, when the corner stone of one was laid by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Inglis, D.D., first Bishop of British North America. In 1792 a bell was installed, but stoves were not placed in the church until 1804, so for many years the congregations were constrained to keep themselves warm in a frame building, by the heat of their religious fervour.

Over the pew occupied by His Excellency the Governor hung the Royal Arms. For many years they were displayed in the Council Chamber in the old State House, Boston. They still exist and are carefully preserved in Trinity Church. They came into the possession of the church in rather an interesting manner, as far back as 1776.

On the evacuation of Boston, in the year mentioned above, Ward Chipman and Edward Winslow accompanied the British Army to New York and thence into Canada. In 1785 Mr. Winslow, who was at Halifax wrote to Mr. Chipman in St. John, saying, "Give my old Custom House Seal to Mr. Leonard and tell him I will forward the famous carved Coat of Arms by the first conveyance from Halifax". This, he subsequently did, writing, "In the box with your stationery is a venerable Coat of Arms, which I authorize you to present to the Council Chamber or any respectable public room which you think best entitled to it. They (the lion and the

unicorn) were constant members of the Council at Boston (by mandamus) and ran away when the others did; have suffered, and have a claim for residence in New Brunswick."

Older than this, though, is Trinity Church, Kingston, N.B., built also by the Loyalists and continuing its usefulness to-day, in its original form. The 125th anniversary of its founding was celebrated quite recently.

There are several churches of equal historic interest dating from more modern times. In Sackville the Baptists built a church in 1763, the year in which Acadia and New France became permanent possessions of the British Crown. Sackville, too, was the cradle of Methodism. In Halifax as early as 1761 the Lutherans erected a church edifice which still stands. The old kirk at Cornwall glows with historical romance. In Bath stands old St. John's Episcopal church, which with one other in the Niagara District claims the distinction of being the oldest church fabric in Ontario. It was begun in 1793 and built of timber taken from the lot on which it stands.

For several years after the settlement of Bath by the Loyalists a number of families met in the home of one of the residents and read the church service. Finally a church was built and a request was sent to England that a clergyman be sent to look after the spiritual welfare of the people. The Rev. John Langhorn, a pious but eccentric bachelor answered the call. Rigid punctuality was with him an inborn vice; no matter what condition the parish roads, no matter how extenuating the circumstances, for tardiness, he would not perform the marriage ceremony one minute after eleven o'clock in the morning!

His method of dealing with the boys of the parish was unique. He compelled them to kneel whenever they met him—in dust or mud, in the road or a snow bank, on a bed of violets or nettles—and repeat the

Lord's Prayer. If they made mistakes, their treatment was severe; if the recitation were correct, he would show his pleasure by requesting them to say it again.

Horses were scarce in those days, and Mr. Langhorn was forced to visit many of his parishioners on foot. One time, during a long drought he walked to another parish to which he had been invited to come and pray for rain. His prayer was answered by such a down-pour that the roads remained utterly impassable for several days.

"I protest," he was often heard to remark, thereafter, "that I will never again pray for rain!"

He was an indefatigable missionary and did not confine his ministrations to members of the English Church. He travelled through sections which were but virgin wilderness in order to reach some scattered settlers who gladly availed themselves of his visit, no matter what their denomination might be. His death is shrouded in mystery, for the ship on which he sailed for England on a well-deserved furlough was never heard from after leaving port.

But to return to the church itself. All the ancient original ornaments, with the exception of a chalice, paten

and a pair of handsome brass candlesticks, were stolen by an escaped negro convict who, though afterwards caught, never revealed the hiding-place of the treasures. The candlesticks were the cause of some dissension in the congregation, many of whom could not tolerate anything approaching High Church. An incumbent of broader views, however, finding the candlesticks rusting and tarnished hidden away in a cupboard, cleaned them and placed them, to the dismay of the congregation, on the altar. Expecting a show of protest, the broad-minded gentleman watched, and was rewarded by seeing some of the members take the candlesticks from the church and throw them into the bay. Observing the exact spot where they fell, he dived down, recovered them and the following Sunday they were back in their place on the altar . . . but with coal oil lamps burning in them.

And so with the good gentleman's "light shining before men", we must leave the subject of Canada's historical churches, not because it is anything like exhausted, but because the gentle reader may wish to turn the page to more frivolous and modern topics.



TROOPS

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE



HERE is a divisional point on the Canadian Government Railways in New Brunswick through which have passed all the fighting men of the Dominion who have taken ship at Halifax for overseas. Not to be too accurate, and to save possible heartaches, let us call this town Fraserton.

One day last week I was sitting in my private room at the bank thinking of my boy who had gone over in 1915. He writes me quite regularly, does Douglas; but there had been no word from him for a month and I was worried that afternoon. The telephone rang and I answered it absently. It was George Saunders, the superintendent of the railroad.

"Mac," he said; "there's a troop train scheduled to arrive at 3 o'clock. Thought I'd let you know. You like to see the boys go by."

"Thank you kindly, George! I'll be there!"

We old fellows in Fraserton are kind of nice to each other, and considerate, these days—especially if we've got any of our young ones "over there".

A little before three I hurried up to the station. The news had got about and the platform was quite crowded with old fellows and young girls. Pretty serious we were, too. A good many of the lassies had the Red Cross insignia on their sleeves. It is different nowadays watching the troop trains come through from what

it was at the beginning of the war. Then there was much laughter and holiday spirit. But now—well—it's different.

Soon there was a familiar sound around the curve beyond the yards, and the crowd became very quiet and tense. Then Engine No. 483 (strange how you'll remember those details) came crawling in with a long, long load behind it. A cheer started in the crowd; but we felt we weren't making a success of it, and it died away quickly. The boys on the train were eager enough for a wee bit of distraction after their interminable journey from one of the Western Provinces. The windows were thrown open wide and became crowded with faces in a moment.

In the enthusiasm of entraining some of the youngsters had chalked on the sides of the coaches boyish challenges to the grim enemy awaiting them "over there". Each car bore its legend. One was inscribed "Berlin or Bust" in two-foot letters. The next in the rear announced "—th Batt'n Kaiser Bill's Death Warrant!" The year before I had watched boyish fingers at work on similar inscriptions—fingers that by now were rigid and cold for all time to come.

As the train came to a stop the Red Cross lassies pressed close to the sides of the cars offering to mail the soldiers' letters for them, to make small purchases, to deliver messages. Everywhere was the spirit of service. One dainty little girl, Bob Graham's

daughter, offered to shake hands with a laughing-eyed, tow-headed boy who was hanging far out of a window. He became serious in a moment, and dolefully regarded his boyish paws that were anything but immaculate.

"Aw Gee!" he demurred; "my hands're too dirty!"

"As though that made any difference!" she flashed, reaching up her small white hand.

A tall girl in deep mourning walked slowly down the length of the platform, eyes staring straight ahead. The whole town was sorry for poor Alice MacBeath. She was to have married Bill Scott in September of 1914. But Billy felt it his duty to leave with the "First Contingent", and they decided to postpone their wedding until the war was over. A recent casualty list had brought to Alice the grim knowledge that her marriage to Billy could never be in this life. Besides, her young rig of a brother, Gordon, was in hospital in England, "seriously wounded—details to follow."

Alice stopped before a window that was crowded with faces. She raised her eyes to them and her lips quivered.

"I hope you boys come back safe," she said brokenly.

A harsh voice from somewhere in the car cried: "We ain't such fools as to expect that, sister! We know what we're up against!"

She shivered and turned hastily away.

"I know!" she murmured. "I know!"

An old woman—a rather ludicrous old woman—halted before a tightly-packed window. She scanned the young faces piteously for a long moment.

"I'll pray for you! I'll pray for you boys!" she husked. "I've got three of my own over there in that hell. Take a mother's blessing, boys!"

She held up a gnarled hand, and

one sunny-haired boy reached down and grasped it. He laughed loudly although his eyes became suddenly moist. His laugh sounded unreal, to the onlookers on the station platform. Now it was all grim earnest but hysterical.

Yes, it was different from the passing of troops in 1914 and 1915. Then there was much frolic; a holiday spirit pervaded the boys on board. Most of these youngsters had merely waited until they reached an age acceptable to the recruiting sergeant. Amongst them were some oldsters, too. These had finally put their pitiful little personal affairs in more or less order and had joined on to do their duty—had joined on for the purpose of making the world a safe abiding-place for democracy.

It struck me forcibly as I walked along the platform that probably not one man or boy on the long train was there because he wanted to be. The last two years had educated these volunteers out of the idea that the battle line in France or Flanders was a picnic. The old vague peacetime conceptions of war had crystallized into the realization of something very real, very tangible, entirely horrible. These fellows knew what they were up against, as they said. No, there wasn't one of them that *wanted* to go! Much rather would they stay at home and attend to their workaday little affairs, living their lives in the kindly ways of peace. But a sinister ruler on a far-off throne unleashed his maniac ambition that besmeared the world with blood, and sane men had to shoulder the task of wiping out the abomination.

These long, grim trains attested most convincingly to the innate decency of humanity; they proved beyond peradventure that the spirit of self-sacrifice still lives. That was the most wonderful thing about them!

The thought popped into my mind that I would like to induce that would-be Napoleon in Berlin to

pass just one day (incognito, of course) in our quiet, decent little town some time when there was a big movement of troops due. He would see hundreds upon hundreds of simple, earnest men and boys crowded into long trains on their way to make him behave himself. He is so used to machine-like service that it might impress him to view the best manhood of a nation arraying itself promptly against what it considers a wrong in the sight of God and man. Or is he so imbued with the sense of his own importance and the equity of his belief that might makes right that a thousand more men going to their death would gain from him merely a cynical shrug and a muttered "can-non-fodder?"

George Saunders came out of his office and approached the Colonel, who, with two or three younger officers, was walking up and down the platform.

"Colonel," he said, "there is a freight off the track down the line and I'll have to hold you here about an hour."

"Fine!" exclaimed the grizzled, old soldier with a twinkle in his deep-set gray eyes. "The boys are suffering for exercise. This is a great chance!"

In a moment the bugles blew, and a sea of khaki overflowed the platform. Like boys released from school the troops tumbled out of the coaches, their spirits soaring with the chance of change. Old war-worn sergeants shepherded their charges; eager-eyed young lieutenants, enthusiasm shining from their boyish faces, barked commands; the milling mass took on form. The band began to play "Keep the Home Fires Burning", and away they trudged through the April mud. There *was* cheering then! The whole town turned out to do them honour. The battalion marched the entire length of Main Street "way out to Blakeley's Mill", where they turned, then back to the

square beside the station platform.

As the boys were forming for setting-up drill the local manager of the telegraph company rushed up to the Colonel, his eyes shining, his whole body atremble with excitement.

"Colonel," he gasped; "the news just broke—just this minute came over the wire! The Americans are coming in! They're coming in!"

"Thank God!" breathed the Colonel. "I knew they would! Gentlemen!"—turning to his officers—"please have this announced to the men. Better let them stand at ease first to save infractions of discipline—also to save our faces," he ended with a smile.

"Stand at ease!" rasped the sergeants down the line, and immediately came the scuff and shuffle of feet on hard ground and the splash of heavy boots in the mud on the outskirts of the formation. The old sergeant-major faced the troops. He raised his arms high above his head, his face was alight.

"Boys!" he cried, "the Yankees have declared war on Germany! They're in with us!"

There was absolute silence for the space of ten heart-beats while the import of his announcement was gaining recognition in the minds of his hearers. Then a full-throated roar went up that seemed to rend the low-flying April clouds. A brilliant ray of sunlight burst through that made of the drab earth a wonderful thing of gold. For awhile the noise they made seemed to satisfy the boys; but this palled in time, and their enthusiasm cried out for the relief of physical action. The sergeant-major approached the group of officers who were excitedly commenting on the news.

"Please, sir," he said, addressing his captain; "may we break rank? It would seem advisable, sir."

The captain glanced at his *superior*, who nodded a brisk "All right".

"Break ranks!" At the welcome

command the ordered lines broke into a confused mass, formless, turbulent, but imbued with a spirit of gayety withal. Soldiers pounded each other on chest and back, shook hands ecstatically, bandied back and forth vile, endearing soldier epithets. Wrestling matches broke out sporadically that lasted until the participants rolled together in a glorious muddy embrace on the trodden ground.

There happened to be much American blood in this particular battalion—settlers in the Canadian West who had come across the line from the Western States. One strapping, big, raw-boned chap drew a small flag from the bosom of his tunic. His comrades made a pedestal for him—stout and firm—and he mounted on their shoulders. There, high above the seething mass he waved the Stars and Stripes while the crowd cheered itself into a frenzy.

While the commotion was at its height George Saunders came out on the platform again.

"We're all right now down the line, Colonel," he said. "Any time."

A sharp command, and the bugles again sent their clear, insistent call out over the jumbled throng. As though by magic the square cleared; the long platform became alive once more; and finally the waiting coaches engulfed the living stream. It was unreal, like a conjurer's trick, and left us a bit dazed. Out of these hundreds of red-blooded, husky, very real men who, a moment ago were pranking in the sunlight before us, not one was left. Of course, we could still see them—indistinctly in the semi-obscure of the coaches; but there was a sense of loss, somehow. The train did not seem adequate to hold that wealth of pulsing life. It seemed to me like an exemplification of war; this swallowing up, this obliteration of multitudes.

Again the faces crowded the windows. The boys were in hilarious mood now, what with the momentous news they had heard combined with the purely physical reaction of outdoor exercise and play. We remaining behind found it hard to respond. Ours was the role of inaction and our spirits refused to soar.

Slowly the long train started up. Car after car passed as though in review before us, the troops hanging out of the windows, cheering and shouting good-bye. We waved, but we didn't cheer much. The last car passed. On the rear platform was a group of officers, who saluted gravely. Their faces became dim, blurred, finally vanishing in a gray haze. The end of the train grew smaller, vaguer; the sound of the cheering grew faint—just a murmur in the distance—then nothing.

I stood for a long time gazing after the train. The potential misery of its human burden came over me suddenly, and my throat contracted queerly. Every one of the human atoms on it was embarking on a long, long journey as we know journeys in this life. And some among them would go on an even longer, more mysterious voyage. Into my mind rushed the words of a noted divine: "This war is the kiss of Christ upon the lips of humanity!" "The kiss of Christ!" If we would but take it that way there would be real spiritual beauty in it—real beauty!

The sun had gone behind the clouds again; a raw wind blew across the deserted platform. The noise, the enthusiasm, the exaltation had passed—had been swallowed up in those grim coaches, hurtling down those shining rails to the eastward. There remained only the workaday, the drab. I shivered, turned and started slowly back to the bank to resume the interrupted thoughts of my boy.



COUNSEL

From the Drawing by John Russell



Seal of the Province of Gaspasia,
Canada, 1654-1738

THE LAST ROYAL GOVERNOR OF GASPASIA

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS OF THE FORSYTH COLLECTION,
DUMBARTON, SCOTLAND

BY THE VICOMTE DE FRONSAC



THE Province of Gaspasia was the smallest of all the provinces of Canada. Strictly speaking, it was not a province any more than Acadia or Newfoundland were provinces, but a State in the Province of Canada in the same manner that Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, were States in the British Dominion of North America before Confederation. Before Confederation the military and naval forces were under one command, which was at Halifax. Under the ancient kings of France, the military and naval forces of all the States of New France were under one head, which was at Quebec.

It is true that all the governors of these States were commissioned by the King directly and were sovereign within the borders of their States, but the supreme provincial authority was at Quebec after the Royal Edict of

1663 raised Canada to the position of a province with its representation of the noblesse in the council and a feudal code derived from the *Coutumes de Paris*.

The commission of 1654 of Nicolas Denys, governor of Gaspasia, Newfoundland and Acadia (1654-1669) gave him the extraordinary powers of making war and peace in the interests of his domain, and even of conceding the honours and distinctions of feudal rank to those of his followers deemed worthy (*Raportes des Commissaires de la Nouvelle Ecosse*), but this was before the Edict of 1663 raised Canada to provincial rank.

Of the provincial State of Gaspasia very little is known. It consisted of the land south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, extending towards Cape Canso. Its territorial depth from the bays and inlets of the sea was indefinite, but included the entire Gaspé Peninsula.

Nicolas Denys was the first governor and admiral, in 1654. He founded the settlements of St. Pierre, in Cape Breton, and Chedebouctoo, where Guysborough, Nova Scotia, now is.

The Denys family, being the principal family of the feudal noblesse in this district, became the hereditary governors of the same, with the willingness of the King.

Poorly prepared writers on these and kindred subjects, who have rushed into print with blazing ignorance, have left the charred remains of their folly as stumbling blocks in the historian's pathway. One of these, who wrote the Life of Nicolas Denys, left the most deplorable effect that incompetence could achieve; he did not even know why the name of Fronsac was given as the name of the seigniorial viscounty granted the family in 1687, nor did he know the coat-of-arms which went with the lordship and which became the seal of the hereditary governors of Gaspasia. This seal would have explained to him, were he versed in heraldry, as an author on ancient history ought to be, that the name of Fronsac came by connection of the Denyses with the family of Forsyth of Dykes and Fronsac. Fronsac was the name of the district in Aquitaine whereon whose hill Karl der Grosser built the Castle of Forsath de Fronsac, which gave a name to the Forsyths (Forsath) of Dykes of Scotland, whose progenitor was the first lord of this castle and ancestor of the succeeding vicomtes de Fronsac.

Mathieu Forsyth, last Royal governor of Gaspasia, was born in Scotland in 1699, a son of Captain James Forsyth by Margery, daughter of Major Hugh Montgomerie, of County Ayr. Mathieu was the last titular Baron of Dykes and chieftain of the Forsyths.

Ever since the loss to the family of the feudal barony of Dykes in 1628, the family had been engaged in commerce and privateering on the

high sea in company with their relatives, the Denyses of Honfleur, Normandy. Jehan Denys, of Honfleur, cruising in his own privateer, had discovered Canada and had published a chart of the same at Honfleur in 1506, which chart enabled the King of France, Francis I., to claim Nor-emberg, or Canada, for the Crown of France. For his deed the Denys family received large grants of feudal sovereignty in Canada and were incorporated in the Order of the Noblesse of Canada. Nicolas Denys, the first Governor of Gaspasia, was succeeded by his son, Richard Denys, Seigneur Vicomte de Fronsac, and he was succeeded both as Governor of Gaspasia and as Vicomte by his son, Nicolas II., who died in 1732, with all his family, of an epidemic.

It was then that Mathieu Forsyth (descended from Marguerite, daughter of Nicolas I.) came next in succession. He arrived in Canada that year in his privateer, sailing under the flag of the King of France. The fief of Fronsac comprised that territory situated between the Miramichi and the Restigouche Rivers to a depth of forty-five miles, with all the islands of the coast to a distance of nine miles towards the sea.

Nicholas I. had built a château near the Nipisiguit, protected by a battery of six four-pounders, and Richard had built another château near the Miramichi. It was this latter that Mathieu occupied. The coat-of-arms of the Denys and Forsyth families blended in a shield was his official seal as governor and was carved in wood over the door of the château.

Mathieu was very much troubled by Anglo-American pirates, who sailed in armed boats along the shore from Cape Cod. He made a war on these with his privateer, *La Mouette*, sinking, burning and destroying them to such an extent that it attracted their patrons, the English, who sent two warships to drive him from his stronghold on the Miramichi. He was

unable to prevail against their greater ships and heavier guns, and he sailed away in his swifter *La Mouette*, leaving behind the château in flames. These marauders of the shore had come with the pretension of fishing in the Baie des Chaleurs. They had depredated during this period of peace between England and France in America. They were Yankees from Cape Cod, and sailed from Chatham and Gloucester in that colony.

After the departure of the Governor (1738), the abandonment of the settlement and the fall of Quebec, they returned in increasing numbers like rats to an unprotected granary. At first they landed for bait, afterwards they established camps, and finally the town of Chatham sprang up, named for Chatham, Massachusetts, and the viscounty of Fronsac was rubbed off the map and the name of the County of Gloucester (Massachusetts) took its name — both changes of name being the usual tricks employed to hide the squatter origin of ownership to property belonging of right to the heirs of the former lords and governors of the district.

The same proceedings were adopted by the anarchists of the French Revolution, who brushed away the names of all the provinces of feudal and monarchical France and destroyed the records of the seigneurial domains for fear of the return of the rights of the nobler race whose offspring they had despoiled.

In departing in 1738 Mathieu shaped his course towards the north-west coast of Ireland, for reasons apparent in this narrative. On the way, he changed his flag and ran up the British ensign, as was the custom with Scottish and Irish privateers under Royal French commission. The north-west coast of Ireland was also the meeting-place for those of Ireland and Scotland who were hostile to the English connection.

Mathieu's father had early acquired

a locality in Ireland for this purpose. Mathieu had married there Esther, daughter of Robert Graham by wife Janet Hume, of Castle Hume. Robert Graham's family had also lost their estate in Scotland, and Robert was following the calling of an armourer, notwithstanding the fact that he was accredited with being the nearest heir to the Earldoms of Men-teath and Stratherne.

James Macgregor, a chieftain of Clan-Gregor and a friend of the Forsyths, had already led a colony into the Province of New Hampshire as early as 1719, and settled at what is now Londonderry, New Hampshire. This colony of Scots, most of whom had sailed from Belfast and Carrickfergus, were refused land in the New England colonies, because they were not English. At that period no Scot was permitted to settle in an English colony. But they were allowed to settle on land to the north, in New Hampshire, between the French and Indians on the one side and the English colonists on the other side, with the charitable expectation that, as a "buffer" colony they would be exterminated beneath the "tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savages".

But, through the efforts of Macgregor, acting with the intermediation of the Forsyths and Denyses, he came into communication with the Marquis de Vaudreuil, military commander in Canada, and a secret understanding was had so that the French and Indians, in warring on the Anglo-Americans, might not disturb the Scots, and the Scots might refrain from any but friendly acts to them. Cochrane, in his "History of New Antrim, N. H.," and Parker, in his "History of Londonderry, N. H.," go into detail regarding this transaction. It was through the Denys and Forsyth families that Macgregor was brought into relationship with de Vaudreuil. Macgregor had never before been on territory under the Crown of France and de Vaudreuil had never been on territory

under the Crown of England—it was their first introduction.

After Macgregor's death, letters from a surviving member of his family reached the Province of Ulster, on whose coast Mathieu had established his headquarters since leaving Canada in 1738. These informed him of the success of the Scottish colony in New Hampshire, of the continued good understanding with the French, and of the desirability of his obtaining a nearer approach to his old lands of Fronsac in Canada. These were what induced Mathieu to sail again for the New World.

He and his family and some of the Grahams embarked about 1741-2 and entered Boston harbour under the papers of an Irish port. His little colony established themselves at Chester, N. H., where he bought 2,000 acres of land, the woollen mill, the grist mill and the saw-mill. During his stay, he kept up communication with the noblesse of Canada, of which order he was a member, but he did not desire to return to the Miramichi, since all the buildings had been destroyed there and what few of the inhabitants were living along the coast, were cohabiting with the Indians and were without those means of existence which were necessary for the education of his young children.

The Scots continued to have trouble with the provincial Yankees, by whom they were surrounded, and Mathieu represented the grievances of his Scottish parish several times before the Provincial Government. He was on the Council of the Selectmen of Chester and aided to lay out the town of Deering, of which he was one of the founders.

During all this time, he was obliged to remain quiet on his Canadian connection and his membership in the noblesse. Although the Scots colony owed its tranquil existence to the French, yet on account of the hostility existing between the English-American colonies of which the Scots colony was now a part, and

the French in Canada, the knowledge to others of that connection would have been decidedly embarrassing to him and his. Yet the connection existed in such strength that, says Cochrane: "No Scot of the colony armed against the French up to the capitulation of Montreal in 1760, which finished the war."

From 1740 to 1750 there had come to the colonies many of the Scottish Cavaliers who had formed the "Order of the Mountain Eagle" under Prince Charles Edward, in honour of Clanranald, who had been the first to join the Prince, when in 1745 the Prince landed in Scotland to fight for the Crown of his fathers, for legitimacy and the cause of Scotland. This order with other "Jacobite" titles was recognized by the King of France in all the provinces of his kingdom. Captain Alexander Grant, of Blairfindy, of this order, came to Canada and married the daughter and heiress of Lemoyne, Baron de Longueil, whose posterity inherit that title. Another, Macleod, of Rasey, lies buried at Bennington, Vermont. Another was Major Alexander, heir of the Earls of Stirling and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, which order at the cession of Nova Scotia to the Crown of France in 1632 had been incorporated in the Noblesse of Canada. Others, like the Macdonalds, of Moydart, went to the Carolinas, the Camerons of Fassaferrin to Virginia, the Mackintoshes of Borlum to Georgia, John Erskine-Marr to Portsmouth, N. H., carrying in a silver snuff-box his patent to the title of Marquis of Garioch; Jonhstone, heir to the Marquisate of Annandale, to Carolina; Hamilton, the younger, of Bangowrie, and Hume, heir to the Earldom of Marchmont, to Virginia; Houstoun, Baronet of Nova Scotia, to Georgia, and many more to various other British-American colonies, showed where were the strands to be woven into a future organization.

A little while later, in 1763, arrived the Treaty of Paris, which sep-

arated Canada from Louisiana, ceding the former to the King of Great Britain and the latter to the King of Spain.

Immediately the English immigrants, who had followed in the military train of the cession to the Crown of Britain, began a crusade against the rights of the Noblesse, to which a reference might be made to General Murray's reports on the same.

General Murray, the first British Governor at Quebec, describes this rabble as "camp-followers, valets, barbers, domestics and petty shop-keepers, who hated the noblesse and demanded a democratic régime, which by its suffrage would exclude the aristocracy from a representation in the government". By their clamour, by letters to politicians in England, they secured the imposition of such régime in 1763 and the recall of Murray, whom they hated. Several British officers had already been incorporated in the Noblesse by seigniorial concession on the part of King George III., among them Captain Fraser, Major Nairne, Captain Schobrode, General Amherst-Hale, Major Cutlibert, etc.

The very next year (1764) the British politicians began their attack against the other American colonies by passing, March 10th, a bill to levy duties on all articles brought into the colonies from the French and other West Indies, and ordered that this revenue be paid in specie into the London treasury.

At once were the American colonies aroused. Their inhabitants decided to abstain from the use of these articles. Plans for resistance were made. The Scots of the former race looked to their friends among the noblesse of Canada, while the noblesse looked to the King of France. The Anglo-American colonists were also becoming ripe for rebellion against this parliamentary usurpation, but they had no connection with the royalist Scots and French.

These Scots regarded the exiled

Stuart King as their legitimate monarch. He was now in France, where by the French noblesse he was also regarded as the legitimate monarch of Great Britain. The noblesse in Canada under English parliamentary tyranny were led by this recognition of the Scottish cavaliers and of the French courtiers to think of him as their rightful King as well. Both Scottish cavaliers and Canadian seigneurs, friends and allies of yore against the English and now suffering from the effect of the usurpation, were brought to consider a plan for a separation from England under the legitimist Stuart dynasty in America. The other American colonists, at present exasperated against England, formerly hostile to both Scot and Frank, might be cajoled into the plan, or else coerced by the allies of the Stuarts, who were the Kings of France, Spain, and Prussia, and the Princes of Holland, all ready to recognize the independence of the provinces of the Empire in America on these conditions.

The English officials in Canada soon became aware of this intrigue. Among the governor's memoranda, published in the Constitutional Documents by Doctor Doughty and Professor Shortt, is this: "A lieutenant-governor is absolutely needed at Montreal, since that town is in the heart of the most populous part of the province. . . . It is there where reside the most opulent of the clergy and the greater part of the noblesse, and it is there that plots and intrigues against us are most likely to be engendered."

William Forsyth, a son of Mathieu, was one of the Scottish cavaliers who were in Montreal in 1763-4 for a conference with the noblesse, of which he was a member, presided over by his cousin, the Chevalier d'Ailleboust, regarding a confederation to maintain their treaty and constitutional rights; to chase out the English and to proclaim Prince Charles Edward, then in exile, as the legiti-

mate sovereign in America. Although the meeting was in secret, the espionage of the British discovered something, and the governor was commanded to carry out the following: "For the greater security of the government . . . and to end the hopes of the Pretender (Prince Charles) and of his partisans, avowed and secret . . . the oath of allegiance must be taken before persons commissioned by you . . . If any refuse to take this oath, you will oblige him immediately to quit our said government."

The governor of Canada wrote this letter to the British Minister, the Earl of Shelburne: "As the seigneurs exert a profound influence on the people, I transmit to you a report on the condition of the noblesse, indicating as nearly as possible the age, rank and actual residence of the nobles. You will here find the names of those who have returned to France and who, from youth, have served in the colonial troops, are familiar with the country and with the inhabitants and have acquired an influence that is equal to that of the nobles in the country of the same rank. It follows that there must be a hundred of these officers actually in France, ready to depart in event of war for a country which they know perfectly and whose people they are able with the aid of certain troops to arouse in arms against us. It appears that there remain in the colony not over seventy of those officers who have served in the colonial troops. The King has not a single one of these in his service, and not one of them could be induced under any circumstances to defend the government and authority of his Majesty. They are gentlemen who, in becoming subjects of his Majesty, have at least lost their employ; and considering that they are not bound by any charge of confidence, or that brings them any profit, we but abuse our good sense in supposing that they will devote themselves to the defence of a nation that

has cheated them out of their honours, their privileges and their laws."

The Anglo-American Puritans of New England were democrats and had been incited by the English democrats in Canada to declaim against the rights of the noblesse, as well as against those of the Catholic clergy. The intention of the British governor, Carleton, to sustain these rights, seemed to these Puritans and Democrats an additional menace to themselves. These Democrats and Puritans held meetings against the noblesse and clergy in Canada and throughout New England.

It was just at this time that the seigneurs of Canada and the Scottish cavaliers had about made ready to confederate for action. The Comte de Grasse had reported favourably to the French King. The white cockade was to be the common badge, and with the Scots the mountain eagle.

In the meantime the hostility of the Yankee Puritans and Democrats showed the danger of any change to the noblesse. Therefore, under the Baron de Longueuil in council at Montreal in 1773, they determined to make one more demand on the British King and parliament, and if this were refused, they would join the American colonists and trust to the outcome, but if the demand were conceded, they would remain loyal to the British Crown. The result may be seen in the Quebec-Canada Act of 1774.

The Seigneur Chartier de Lotbinière was the envoy of this Seignorial Council of the Noblesse to the British Government. He presented the demand of the noblesse in this manner: "Property, rights and privileges are accorded Canadians in so far as is in accordance with their allegiance to the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain. Is it to be understood by this condition, expressed in terms so general that they may be deprived of a part of those rights and privileges? That is not a reason-

able supposition, since the whole is assured without exception from the moment when they became British subjects."

Attorney-General Norton, of England, seconded this demand by declaring: "I conceive that the definite treaty, which has been signed by the King and ratified by both Houses of Parliament, cannot have such construction put on it that would dishonour the Crown and the national faith."

Secure in the acknowledgment of 1774 by the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain regarding their rights in Canada, the noblesse withdrew from active participation in the conspiracy to put a Stuart on the throne of the colonial monarchy. But many of the Scottish cavaliers were too hostile to the idea of English rule to submit. Among these was Mathieu Forsyth. In 1774, he was a deputy for Chester at Exeter to choose a delegate to the Continental Congress. When hostilities began between the English parliamentary forces and the colonies, he assisted to raise and arm the Chester company. But later on, when he discovered that the majority, consisting of the lowest and mongrel part of the population, were determined on establishing a democratical republic on the ruins of the Royal colonial charters, he withdrew into private life. He was a lover of music and well acquainted with European languages and literature. On those occasions when the clergyman of the parish was absent, he was the one to address the congregation, and when the clergyman was present, and at the intermission, the two would walk arm-in-arm to the village inn, there to take their "cup of kindness" of good old "Scotch" as a "bracer" for the rest of the day. He died at Chester in 1791, in the 92nd year of his life. His children were:

(I.)—Mathieu, born in Ireland and being a physician. He succeeded in command of the privateer *La Mouette*, vowed he would take toll

from English shipping for the loss of the fief of Fronsac in Canada; went to Cherbourg, Normandy. Being unmarried, he adopted in 1786 as his heir and successor, his nephew Thomas, son of his brother William. At outbreak of French Revolution in 1792, his life as a Royalist was threatened by the terrorists of the French democracy. He packed his effects on his privateer, which was intercepted by two armed sloops as she was leaving the harbour. At their demand to surrender, he hoisted the Royal Flag and poured a broad-side into them, leaving shattered and broken remains, and with his vessel covered by the shot-sent-spray of the land-batteries of the revolutionists past which he swept, he turned his prow to the high sea and soon left them behind. With his nephew Thomas, then a young man, he landed at a German port. Thomas, filled with the spirit of adventure, joined the Royalists in the Prussian and Austrian armies against the French Republic. Doctor Mathieu went down in battle with his ship *La Mouette* near Guadaloupe in 1798, leaving his title of Fronsac, together with his shipping interests and a million francs in gold, to Thomas, whose descendants yet remain in Canada.

(II.)—David, born in Ireland. Ensign in the Chester company. Killed at Tieonderoga.

(III.)—Jonathan, born in Ireland. Soldier, Chester company. Died of wounds received at Tieonderago, unmarried.

(IV.)—Hannah, born in Ireland, married Wilkes West.

(V.)—William, born in Ireland. Mentioned in Atherton's "History of Montreal," volume II., page 53, as commanding an independent patrol of Scots' settlers on the borders of New Hampshire in 1763. Deputy of the noblesse at the Council of Montreal, 1764-5. Went to Deering, N. H., in 1765. Married Jane, daughter of James Wilson, surveyor of the highways of Chester, but who was a Scot

from Ulster, whose wife was Mary, daughter of John Shirley, of a noble Norman-Irish family.

(VI.)—Esther.

(VII.)—Robert, born at Chester, 1742. Lieutenant in the war of 1776-83. Married Mary, daughter of William Tolford, of Walnut Hill.

(VIII.)—Josiah, Lieutenant in war of 1776-83. Married Katherine, daughter of Caleb Richardson. His descendants continue to reside on the site of their first house at Chester and have the old battle-sword of the first Mathieu when he commanded *La Mouette*, and was Governor-Royal of Gaspasia.

There is in front of the hospital at Bathurst, New Brunswick, one of the four cannon which were on the battlements of Denys's fort in 1678, and

there is in the Miramichi Natural Historical Museum at Chatham an ancient metallic punch-bowl, dug up near the ruins of the Denys and Forsyth establishments in that vicinity.

In the Macgregor family there is a volume of French history presented to the first Macgregor by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, with his name as donor and with his title and rank, in memory of the first lien of friendship between the Scottish colony and the French commander in Canada.

Among the titles which the first Governor, Nicolas Denys, created was that of Baron de Miscou (raised later to a magistrate). The name of the harbour, Anse du Griffon, is derived from the first ship of Mathieu Frasyth, *Le Griffon*, which anchored off Miscou Island.



THE SPIRIT OF THE LIVING THING

BY FILSON YOUNG

"For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."—Ezekiel i. 20.



MURK of smoky amber was the sky over St. George's Hospital, where, looking westward from the balcony of the Motor Club, you could see the busy tides of traffic ebbing into the gloom. Night had fallen in the hollow, although the sky was stained with the last of the daylight.

I turned away from the balcony into the long smoking-room, and looked round the scattered groups of men there in search of momentary companionship. It was not a promising prospect. A fat man was sitting smoking a pipe in an arm-chair, snorting heavily after each respiration; three rather dissipated young men, with their heads very close together, were talking in eager undertones of the formation of a motor company. One of them had bought a second-hand car, and the others were showing him by various penciled calculations on the margin of an illustrated paper that, by renting a small office in the Haymarket and calling themselves "The Automobile Salon, Limited," they would each make ten thousand a year and spend a lifetime of happy week-ends driving powerful cars. Someone else was trying to corrupt the manager of a motor omnibus company with a view to "placing" a large consignment of lubricators; apparently he was not having much

success, to judge from the immobility of the omnibus manager's face. A door at the far end opened and three little elderly gentlemen, mild as lambs, entered and gave an order for tea and muffins; they had been sitting since three o'clock on the sub-committee on "Explosive Impulses". As they waited for their tea they talked gently about mathematics, and penciled queer inscriptions on sheets of note-paper—inscriptions in which a great many letters and figures and brackets appeared in strings over straight lines, under which were more letters and figures and brackets.

A group of voices in another part of the room rose above the murmur. It came from that little constellation that is always visible in the automobile heavens, now in this place, now in that—here on the verandah of a hotel in the Riviera, there on some Scottish mountain road—in which the automobile Lie is nourished and exercised.

"I was coming home the other night from Hatfield," said one man, "and I tell you, my car *did* go. She's only a Sixteen, but I timed her over one mile at sixty-two miles an hour."

"Well," said the second star, "I find ten horsepower quite powerful enough for safe use in this country. I do not mind telling you that I can very seldom really let my ten-horse Flogalong out. But the other day on the Portsmouth road I really opened her up. There was a ninety Mercedes

in front; the fellow heard me coming behind him and put her at it for all she was worth; but—well, I simply mopped him up. I passed him as though he were standing still, and never saw him again from Esher to London."

"I have always heard they were good cars," said the third star; "but of course you fellows go in for speed, and I don't. I find that I can get all I want out of my six-horsepower Puncher. I can drive as fast as anyone if it is necessary; but as a rule if I can keep up a thirty miles an hour average with two up and luggage behind, up hill and down dale, I am quite satisfied. Six horsepower is fast enough for anybody; and if I do want a bit of a burst, why I've always got something up my sleeve. Why, the other day—but I don't suppose you'd believe me."

"What was it?" asked the other two stars.

"Well, it was after the Wraxley Hill Climb, and I was coming home just after dusk. I had taken the silence off my six-horse Puncher because there were so many racing cars about and it really was not safe to go about quietly; you were on top of people before they heard you. I left Wraxley at half-past seven and I drew up at the club here, a distance of exactly fifty-one miles, at twenty-five to nine. I had Krupstein, of the Oriental Tire Company, beside me, and MacTavish, of *The Morning Mail*, sitting on the step. I simply don't know how we did it, but we did it. Krupstein said I drove like the devil, and I must say I went at it blind and took everything—corners, villages, bridges—all out. Krupstein said he had been driven by Janatzky and Jarrott and Lancier, but he had never been driven so fast before." The speaker laughed benignantly. "I don't profess to know how it was done," he said; "all I know is we did it—fifty-two miles in sixty-five minutes, including ten miles of London traffic. It was a pitch-dark night, and I had no lamps."

One of the stars flinched a little, but the other, with a good grip of the arms of his chair, remained cool and collected.

"Yes, I've always heard those six-horsepower Punchers were good cars," he said; "still, that means travelling."

"Yes," said the driver of the Puncher; "and I forgot to say we had a puncture ten miles out of Wraxley; and you may deduct twenty minutes for that."

Something fell to the floor with a clatter. It was the second star's pipe, which had fallen out of his mouth.

"Clumsy," he muttered as he stooped and groped for it with a very red face.

Why be a fisherman, I thought, if you can be a motorist?—and at the same moment turned and saw Shellcraft, who had just come in and ordered an absinthe. He sat down in an armchair and stretched out a shaking hand for a pile of automobile papers and magazines. Shellcraft was then a man of about forty-five, worn and old, with a curious steel quiver in his eyes and a certain tremulousness about his well-cut mouth. He was clean-shaved, and in normal health would have been a good-looking man; but there was something about his appearance now that was the reverse of attractive. His shoulders had a curious forward stoop and his head and neck were inclined forward on his shoulders; the face was fallen in and prematurely wrinkled, and the effect of the fine, intelligent brow was discounted by a pathetic weakness of the chin.

"I see they have reduced the flying kilometer by another two seconds," he said, as I took a seat beside him. "I should like to have seen that!" and something like enthusiasm glittered in his pale, steely eyes.

"Not much to see," I objected, and he involuntarily straightened up in his chair. "Personally I don't understand where the fascination of record-reducing comes in."

"Ah!" said Shellcraft, sipping his

absinthe, "it is the only thing I care about—going fast. I used to like motoring for the sake of the things I saw on the roads, then I used to like it for the places I could go to and the journeys I could make; now I simply like it for itself. Speed—pace—there's nothing like it!"

A flush came into his sallow cheeks and his eyes grew bright. "And I tell you solemnly," he added in a low voice, with a kind of dogged emotion that was curiously impressive, "that this thing which you sometimes call the speed mania and which is regarded as the childish fad of the mischievous rich, is but another embodiment of those terrible, uncomprehended forces that are in the world beyond the veil. They dwell out there in the darkness, but they send out their antennæ to us here in the light. I know," said Shellercraft.

There was a fragment of sugar left in the bottom of Shellercraft's glass; a little white island in a little milky acid sea. He took up the glass and watched the tiny island crumbling and corroding away, one particle after another sinking into the liquid until it had all been absorbed.

"You think," he said slowly, "a motor car the most commonplace and matter-of-fact thing that man has ever designed; I tell you that, equally with the dentist's chair, the operating-table, the hangman's noose, it may be the instrument and scene of prodigies beyond our belief. It's nothing in the motor car itself; but the forces I speak of are enthroned in strange places, and distributed by strange conductors."

Anxious to bring him back to saner things, I asked him what kind of car he drove. Immediately a change came over his face. The enthusiasm faded from it, and was replaced by a furtive and almost cunning expression.

"I have two or three cars," he said; "the one I drive most is a fifty-horse car of no particular make at all; it's an experimental car. My other two are a Fiat and a Daimler. I see that Marlow has been experimenting with

oxygen," he said, as though he were anxious to change the subject; and our talk drifted on into more normal channels, and continued until, at dinner-time, we went our separate ways.

Our conversation in the club smoking-room had been on the occasion of a flying visit to London; I had been busily occupied with things far different from motor cars; and I did not recognize the writing on the large envelope that brought me Shellercraft's letter. It came to me at the breakfast-table, but the glance I gave to it showed me that it was too long and important to be read then, and presently I took it out into the mild, fragrant air of the October morning, and began to read it walking up and down the terrace in the autumn sunshine. The letter was dated from Shellercraft's place in Surrey; I had not turned the first of its closely-written pages before I was arrested in my walk and stood rooted in amazement.

II.

"I have hesitated many times whether or not I should write to you," he began. "I have even once or twice taken up my pen and begun a letter, and have put it down again with a sense of the hopelessness of my intention. Now, however, something has happened that makes the help and advice of a friend necessary; and I turn to you in confidence that, even if you don't and cannot understand me, you will at least believe me and give me your advice. I want to tell you that I am a maniac—a *speed maniac*. Do you understand? In order that you may not think that I am talking lightly or foolishly (which you are apt to think when we are simply conversing face to face), I am writing down in words something of the experience that has led up to this crisis in my life, and the strange mania that holds me a helpless victim.

"I was, in my childhood, very fond of mechanical things, and had, as a boy, that worship of railway trains which is experienced by so many, and

that in some degree lasts a lifetime. All vehicles that approximated in their action to the rush or heavy gliding dignity of trains interested me; and when the motor car became possible in this country I was, as you know, one of the first to suffer and enjoy in its cause. I began with a small Panhard that would not travel at more than fifteen miles an hour, and I went from that to a Locomobile because it could be made to travel a little faster.

"From this car I went on to a ten-horse Panhard, and from that to a sixteen De Dietrich, and so on to other and faster cars until now, as you know, I have reached the limit, not indeed of horsepower and speed as expressed by the modern motor car, but of my capacity as a driver. I cannot hold a car on the road of which the speed is greater than seventy miles an hour; so I am forced to put up with that, although in my heart of hearts I hanker for greater powers.

"I hear a great deal about the exhilaration of speed; but although I am addicted to speed as men are addicted to drugs and drink, I can never find any exhilaration. Such effect upon me as it has, however, has been lately becoming much more definite and apparent; and although I am incapable of analyzing anything when I am on the road, I think that now, as I sit in my quiet study in the lamplight, I can analyze very clearly my sensations.

"In the first place, I am conscious of being dominated by the neighbourhood and personality of my motor car. I find myself often thinking about it, or rather not so much thinking about it as picturing it in various places. In this sense I find myself suddenly picturing my car standing in its garage; I see the curves of its body, the sweeping lines of its wings, the angles and circles of its wheels; and I am conscious of deriving a kind of dull pleasure from this imagining. It is followed as a rule by a desire to look upon the car, and to be sitting in

it and driving it; an impatience of other occupations, a succession of imagined pictures of myself driving the car along various stretches of road. This oppression of mind may last for a little time or a long time; but it results in my going out for a drive in the car. Often I am held back by the thought that there is nowhere I want to go to; and this difficulty is generally resolved by my always going on the same road—the road which is best for the car, and on which one can drive fastest. I think that the highest moment of enjoyment I have in connection with my motor car is either that in which I finally make up my mind that I will go out for a drive, or that in which I am sitting in the car and just making ready to set out. Actual driving, I realize, is not in itself a pleasure to me.

"My disenjoyment of the motor car continues after I have come home from a drive. I am then sapped and exhausted; I cannot eat; I continue driving in imagination; I am unable to bring my mind to any other subject, although I am always willing to talk about my journey or about my car. Often, although I am tired, I would rather go out and see the car washed and cleaned, and talk to the man about it, than go and rest or find a change of subject; and often in the evening I can find no better occupation than the working out of calculations regarding petrol consumption and such unimportant matters.

"I am, as you know, fond of the mechanical details of motor cars, and do a great deal in the way of adjustments and small repairs in my workshop here. I have noticed, like every other motorist, that on some days my car has gone better than on other days; often there have been mechanical reasons for this, but on at least an equal number of occasions there has been no intelligible reason at all. It is now some time, however, since I first made a curious discovery, namely, that just as my car went better and worse on various days, so on

various days I felt more or less well on returning from my drive.

"I have since then certainly ascertained that the car is sensitive to me and I to it: that we act and re-act on one another in a manner which is not psychic or neurotic, but physical; that the car, through some obscure channel of sympathy, makes use of my strength and vitality; that every sane instinct I possess struggles against and resists this drain; and that, on the days on which my system is well tuned and able to resist, the car draws from me a smaller supply of vitality and suffers correspondingly in its own being; and that, inversely, when I am untuned and unable to resist, the car revives and thrives on its increased draught of life.

"I have also tried—I cannot tell you how earnestly—to break away from this uncanny union; I have abstained from using the car for days together; and during those periods I have suffered all the miseries and dreadful ebb tides of the spirit that are commonly associated with the struggles of the abstained drunkard.

"The inevitable hour always comes when I go back to it. As my health has declined, the power and speed of the car have increased, and within the last week it covered a flying mile on the level road near my house at a speed of 78.9 miles per hour.

"It is to the carburetor that I believe I have traced this very mysterious and to me dreadful increase in vitality. I should tell you that the carburetor on my car, unlike any other I have seen, is constructed almost entirely of very light and thin steel. It is of very simple, although original construction, and the variation of the air admission, in accordance with the speed at which the car is running, is produced by pressure upon a series of steel discs or diaphragms of the thinness of paper. That is all that can be said of it mechanically; yet I believe that this small steel box is sensitive to and, within a limited degree, governed by, forces other than mechanical, other

than physical; in a word, that in its structure of steel parts and gossamer discs, acted on by the volatile essence of the petrol, is contained that balance of principles the co-ordination of which we call *life*.

"This is a statement wild and impossible enough; I cannot prove it yet, nor give you here all the reasons that have led me, however unwillingly, to so dire a belief; I will only tell you of one experience which you may account for if you can.

"It was during a week in which the car had not been used, in which I was trying to break myself of its habit. The magneto had been dismantled and sent away, so that it was mechanically impossible for the engine to have been running for five days. In the depths of melancholy one evening, when I was still brooding on my strange experience, I took an electric lamp and went across to the motor-house. While I was examining some unions on the inside of the engine, I heard a clinking sound, very faint and minute, but unmistakably coming from the engine. It seemed to come from under the float of the carburetor; the sound was very faint and intermittent, as though a tiny grasshopper were imprisoned there. As I was passing my hand over it I was conscious of a different feeling from that caused by the dead cold of the metal of the engine. I put my hand on the carburetor and found that it was warm. No one but myself had been in the motor-house for three days; there was no artificial heat of any kind in its neighbourhood; the petrol supply was turned off; yet here was an unmistakable difference of temperature and a positive warmth as though of life or movement.

"I took a small thermometer from the bench and laid it on the engine. It registered fifty-three degrees. I paused in my movements and listened intently; I could hear this tiny and otherwise inaudible ticking or fluttering sound. I took a wrench and removed the cover of the carburetor, listening again and testing with

the thermometer as before. The ticking sound ceased, and the mercury fell gradually to the temperature of the surrounding metal. I screwed on the cover again, and when I had done so I accidentally switched off the light from my lamp; and in the dense darkness, while I was fumbling over the pipe, I was aware of a hovering patch above the carburetor that was no more radiance than it was darkness, but a dimly luminous transparency of the atmosphere, bluish in tone, as though there were indeed some ghostly or infernal existence breathing about the metal. At the same time the clinking sound recommenced; and my nerves, which for days had been over-tired, gave way with a snap; I switched on my lamp and fled from the place; and that night I had recourse, for the third time in my life to an agency that is my only means of escape from such nerve derangement, and I went to sleep under the influence of morphia.

"I have not been near the machine since then. I have made a great effort to pull myself together and to write this statement to you, which, although it is somewhat diffuse, is as clear and exact as to facts as I can make it, and I beg you, my dear friend, to hold all criticism in suspense and to put any engagement which you may have on one side and to come to my assistance. I feel the thing pulling at me. I feel the tides of my vitality shrinking and ebbing, and I have this dreadful craving for speed gnawing at my system; but if there is any strength left in me, I will endeavour, until you come, to do nothing but exist and suffer.

"Yours in extreme anxiety,

"EDWARD SHELLCRAFT."

III.

An hour after I had read the letter I was in the train for London, having telegraphed for my motor car, which I had left there to be overhauled, to be waiting for me at Paddington. It was not quite noon when I reached

Bracken Hall. Shellcraft, who was a bachelor, lived alone but for his servants; and when I entered the house I was struck with the gloom and silence that pervaded it. Shellcraft had been missing since the night before.

The butler, an old servant, could tell me very little.

"The master hasn't been in health for weeks and months, sir, and latterly he has only been a shadow of himself. He doesn't seem to take no interest in anything; he never sees anybody nor goes anywhere; when he isn't out driving on the car he is either sitting here brooding by himself, or else he is out in the garage working. Merton (that's the chauffeur, sir) can tell you more about that than I can; all I know is that the master has been in a very strange way for the last week. He wasn't out on the car; he spent the whole of one day here writing; sometimes he sat for hours in that armchair as though he were in a dream, and sometimes he'd walk and rage about the house like a man with the toothache. He scarcely touched his meals; it's my belief he lived on brandy and water for the last three days; and then, late last night, just as the servants were going to bed, my bell rang and he told me to send for Merton. The car was to be got ready, and it took Merton some time, because he'd had part of the machinery dismantled. Merton set to at eleven o'clock, but the car wasn't ready till close on four in the morning; and all the time Mr. Shellcraft was raging about between the house and the garage like a man possessed. When it was all ready and lit up he got into the car and drove off, and that's the last we saw or heard of him. He was in a terrible state, sir."

I went out to the garage, which was fitted up partly as a workshop. The place struck clammy on my senses. It was cold and dark, and as clear of all litter as the play-room of a child that has died. Merton had been putting things in order. He was a capable-looking mechanic of the better class,

and seemed to be genuinely distressed.

"He's done nothing but pull the car about, and make tests and experiments for the last four weeks," he said; "no other car'd have stood the treatment. I've been working night and day; and as for tires! We've used up four sets in the last four weeks."

"Did you notice anything peculiar about the car, Merton?" I asked.

The man looked at me narrowly. "How do you mean peculiar, sir? The car was all right."

"I ought to tell you that your master wrote to me at some length during the last week and told me of some of the experiments he had been making. He seemed to think——" I stopped. It seemed hopeless even to mention poor Shellercraft's ideas to this brawny, matter-of-fact-looking mechanic.

"What Mr. Shellercraft thought I don't know, sir; nor I don't exactly know what he was doing, for when he was working at the car the door of the garage was locked and no one was allowed to come in. There's no doubt he'd done something to the car to give her more power; she was doing speeds that she'd never been able to do even when she was new. But there was nothing wrong with the car; the car was all right," said the man in the tone common to his kind when they are defending their charge from blame or suspicion.

There was nothing more to be learned here, but as one of Shellercraft's few intimate friends, I decided to trace, if I could, his movements on that fatal day. From the direction he had taken on leaving the house, it seemed that he had gone by the Bath road instead of the directer route to Exeter. My own car, powerful and swift, would carry me in the track of his prefervid wheels, and I might be able thus to get some trace of him. I therefore made ready for a long journey and, taking Merton with me, as well as my own man, set out early in the afternoon.

The first news I had of Shellercraft

was just beyond Reading, where a big, powerful car had been seen to rush through the town in the small hours of the morning. At Marlborough he had taken in petrol—ten gallons, and had gone about the town from one shop to another in search of a particular brand. He was out again on the road while it was yet early morning; he had knocked over a tradesman's hand-cart turning a corner just outside Bath, and had gone on his way without pausing. There was a summons out against him at Taunton, where he had been timed through a police trap at the rate of eighty-two miles an hour, and had refused to stop when signalled. At Exeter he again took in petrol at the New London Hotel; the waiter in the courtyard there remembered a motorist, very dusty and exhausted, who ordered a glass of brandy and drank it down neat.

There was no further trace of him until we got to a lonely stretch of the road over Dartmoor between Launceston and Okehampton. The wide road lies there for a mile or two as straight as a ribbon over the moor. There is a dip down for a mile, and then an ascent for a mile, a small culvert marking the junction of the two gradients. There is a hump in the road over this culvert, familiar to me by unpleasant experience, and I slowed the car down to pass over it instead of taking the innocent-looking road at full speed. Merton's eye was attracted to something lying out on the heath, and we stopped to see what it was. There we found a cushion, two floor-boards and part of a lifting-jack which had been stowed in the tonneau of Shellercraft's car. Apparently he had taken the bump in the road flying, the floor-boards had come loose, and the contents of the tonneau been thrown out of the car.

At Bodmin the town was still talking of Shellercraft's passage through it, where he had taken the double turn through the narrow streets at a shocking speed, had skidded round and

smashed a shop-window, grazed a lamp-post on the opposite side and rushed on before anyone had had time to stop him. A dog had been killed on the road just leading out of town; and the engine-driver of the "Cornishman", it appears, had seen Shellcraft's car tearing along the empty, straight road over Bodmin Moor at a speed which he (the driver) estimated at between seventy and eighty miles an hour.

At Helston he slid down the hill, as the man said, like a toboggan, narrowly escaping collision with the slow procession of buses that were wending their way up the hill on their return journeys to the various hamlets in the Lizard district. Curiously enough, as we advanced, the vision of Shellercraft became less and less distinct. I had more and more the sense of following feverishly in the wake of a small steel box with a hovering patch of radiance above it.

It had been almost dark when he reached Penzance, and a policeman had tried to take the number of his car, but the number-plate was obscured with dust. In a narrow and winding bit of road near Sennen he had passed and narrowly escaped collision with the Great Western motor bus; the driver said he had never had such a fright in his life. The car, he said, came round the corner like a gray ghost in the dusk, and was upon him and past him, scraping into the hedge as it passed, before he had time to draw breath or do more than pull over to the side of the road. And that was all until Shellercraft reached the Land's End.

We understood by this time that we were on the trail of a tragedy, and when the landlord of the little hotel that stands on the cliffs at Land's End told us of the final catastrophe, we listened as men listen to a story they have heard before. The consciousness had been growing upon us that this trip of Shellercraft's was a final journey. We knew, even before we looked on the landlord's face, that there was death in the air.

Just as it was growing light that morning, the landlord told us, he heard the sound of an approaching motor car. He ran to the door and saw a large and powerful car advancing at a terrific speed along the road. The car carried no lights, and though the proprietor waved his arms and shouted, it came on without slackening speed. When it reached the corner of the house, instead of following the road, which turns sharply to the right, it went straight on to the smooth grass which borders the edge of the cliff, distant only about twenty yards. Here it struck an upstanding rock, bounced to the edge of the declivity, and was literally hurled into the sea below. The car crashed into the rock-imbedded sea, and the driver fell clear of it, striking on a flat rock at the foot of the cliffs.

I thought of Shellercraft as we stood there on the cliff and watched the last of the daylight fade out of the sky, and the lighthouses on the Wolf and the Longships open their bright eyes to blink and stare into the night. I thought of Shellercraft, and pictured him in the dust of that long autumn day, clinging to the wheel of his car, impelled by forces within and without him, and inspired for once with a superhuman power to hold to its course the living energy of the machine beneath him.

Before we turned in for the night the landlord took us to the little shed where my friend's body lay awaiting the inquest. I had been afraid of what I might see there, but the reality was not fearful. The body, looking strangely small and crumpled, lay as it had been found, the clothing stained with dust and salt water. The face, washed by the waves from the grime and soil of the miles, was strangely calm and composed. It was mild and smiling, and although the hands within the gloves were clenched as if they still gripped the wheel, the eyes were open, the lips a little parted, and the face was the face of a man who, after a long journey, rests and dreams.



IN THE LAURENTIANS,
WINTER

From the Painting by
Clarence A. Gagnon, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada





Dahabeah Days

BY HELEN M. EDGAR

IV.—THE WONDERS OF EDFU AND PHILÆ



THE dusk of evening on Feb. 23rd found us anchored at Edfu, whose massive temple pylons had towered before us long ere we reached the village. After dinner we walked to the Temple, passing through narrow ways and crowded huts, where dirt and the simple life were perfectly proportioned. The moon was shining brightly when we reached the flight of steps that led us into the courtyard. Close under the shadow of the great pylons stood a gaffir waiting to inspect our cards and let us through the iron gateway. The carvings on the pylons could be clearly seen, so deeply cut are they. The warlike king Neos Dionysos holding his enemies by the hair is smiting them in the presence of the hawk-headed Horus. We entered the peristyle court and stood in the centre to see the beauty of its thirty columns surrounding it on three sides. When we entered the small hypostyle court the attendant guide lit his calcium light, which but dimly

showed the beauty of the twelve columns crowned with floral capitals. The soft hootings of disturbed owls and the fluttering of their wings was all the sound we heard as we passed through vestibules and spacious courts to reach the sanctuary which shelters the empty granite shrine dedicated to Horus, the presiding god of Edfu.

After the rest of our party had returned to the outer court, P. and I penetrated into the depths again, this time with no calcium light to guide us. So still it was and full of mystery that when we entered the sanctuary and found the shrine now bathed in a shaft of moonlight that fell from a square opening in the Temple roof, we experienced a thrilling sense of awe as if the shade of Horus had called on high heaven to protect him from the desecrating eye of strangers.

When a week later we were on our homeward journey we spent three daylight hours at Edfu. We then had time to examine the detail and beauty of the Temple plan. The capi-



The Pylons of Edfu

tals of the many pillars could now be seen crowning with gracious curves the massive pillars as naturally as a flower blossoms on its stem. The faint daylight that now filled the sanctuary showed us, in carvings on the walls, the King Philopater (1221—15 B.C.) opening the door of the shrine, and, that accomplished, standing with down-dropped arms in reverential attitude before his God. Again the King offers incense to his parents and makes obeisance before the sacred boat of Hathor. We dived into many a tiny chamber all carved and beautiful with lotus blossom. Up a winding stairway we reached the top of the pylon, passing on our way a wall where proud Napoleon soldiers had scribbled "Les Français sont vainqueurs partout". From the top of the pylon we gazed into the dazzling sunlight, relieved by the green of ripening fields and the curves of the subtle Nile. The roofless mud huts clustering about the Temple walls looked like dirty

honeycombs, and their inhabitants were distinctly dirty and not over busy bees. My last impression of Edfu was a painful one. As we were about to board the *Dodo*, a village child rushed out from her lair and gave me a most savage pinch. I was decidedly hurt in mind as well as body.

Feb. 24th.—We steamed very slowly, for our second tug seemed ailing. We had ample time to see the quarries of Gibel Silsileh, where huge blocks of sandstone, half dislodged by the sinewy hands of centuries ago, still waited for their release. We spent a long time in the Rock Chapel built by Haremhib (1350 B.C.) and embellished during succeeding centuries with inscriptions in honour of Kings and high officials. We could have tarried a much longer time, but the gaffir in charge was a sportsman, and the skins of freshly killed jackals made the atmosphere a trifle pungent. Our journey onward took us through the narrow channel, where



Kom Ombus Temple before excavation

the Libyan and Arabian mountains almost meet, and where the sandstone zone of the Nile Valley begins. The rocky hills rise so near the river that they formed a most convenient quarry for the temple builders.

At dusk once more we neared a temple—Kom Ombos. It crowns a height at a bend of the river, and long before we reached its broken pillars we could see the sunset rays light up the inner courts. This temple has two Gods. Sobk, the crocodile-headed, occupies the right half, Haresis, the hawk-headed, the left. Two entrances open out of the court, and as far as the sanctuaries the temple is in duplicate. Before each shrine is a black granite slab on which used to rest the sacred boat of the gods. The Ptolemys began Kom Ombos, and later Tiberius and his Romans left their mark in the deeply-cut figures of the outer wall. Though the Gods be divided in their worship, they stand together against two foes, the Desert and the Nile. In 1893 naught but the palm-leaved capitals were

visible, for the desert sand had filled the colonnades, while the river gnawed voraciously at the crumbling pylons. Now a high wall built by sand and a strong embankment stays the hungry Nile. The outer court is a forest of broken columns, but the inner courts are perfect, the colours as bright as when the painters put them on. On the stone roof can still be seen the squares lightly marked for the artists' guidance.

The winged disc of the sun and other zodiacal signs are the chief emblems. A Cook's steamer had just left her moorings when we landed, so the shore was still lined with eager sellers, beads and mummy crocodiles being the articles of commerce. We purchased of both, but the crocodiles were not popular on board the *Dodo*. Daylight failing us, we returned for dinner, and when the moon had risen we once more mounted the sandy bank and walked the short distance to the temple. We sat for an hour at the base of the ruined pylon. The moon shed light from a cloudless



Quarries of Gibel Silsileh

sky, while the Nile, smooth, sinister and swift, swept past our feet. Owls and bats flew in and out of the inner chambers.

As we walked back to the *Dodo* we saw a sudden bending of the grass beside us and a low scraping noise told us a snake of some size was taking a zig-zag course to its lair.

Between Kom Ombos and Assouan the country is not very interesting, and the creak of the shadouf seems unending. The sandstone formation ceases and granite takes its place. The Island of Elephantine, clothed from crest to river edge in delicious verdure, comes as a most refreshing sight to eyes sand-wearied and dazzled by unclouded sun.

Feb. 25th.—We reached Assouan about 11 a.m., and, as our time was short, we proposed to stay only a couple of days. Knowing our crew were not given to rapid action, we told them of our date of return. The Rais, being spokesman, replied for our information that he and his crew intended to take a holiday and indicated the friends and relations now assembled on the bank. Quite forgetful of his domestic ties in Cairo, he pointed with pride to a buxom lady who, he said, was his wife and Suffragi's mother. It was the first intimation we had that the Rais and our Suffragi (table boy) had any acquaintance with each other. The crew having already had ten days of

holidaying. smoking and drinking coffee *ad lib.* while the tug propelled us, we thought that two days more rest might restore their energies, but this they thought quite insufficient. In the heat of the discussion the Rais dismissed himself, and as a token placed his red morocco shoes on the land's end of the gangway. After some violent passages at arms between C. and our employees, signs of capitulation appeared. As each argument was disposed of, the Rais moved his shoes a little farther from shore till they regained once more the deck and lent a brilliant bit of colour to our victorious peace.

A Dahabeah for its homeward flight

has to make a complete change of costume, as it were. The large sail is taken down, rolled in a spiral and lies like an elongated mummy its full length from stem to stern. The lower deck is taken to pieces like a puzzle and small inclines are revealed on which the sailors step up and down when oars are used to direct the course. Languid efforts were being made to furl our sail as we started for our ride to Philæ. We picked our donkeys in the main thoroughfare. My little beast sported a blue bead necklace which was very becoming to his mouse coloured complexion, and cantered gaily off across the desert to the village of Shellal Tokani.



Roofless mud huts of Edfu



A general view of the Island of Philæ

A quaint barge was waiting for us at the river's edge which carried us on sunset waters towards Philæ, mirroring her flowery columns in the deep water of the Nile. The palm trees half submerged stood like protecting guards against the fast rising river that will soon completely submerge their goddess. We rowed on a level with the capitals between the pillars of the Osiris Court, and traced the faint outline and colouring of the drowned colonnade. Our landing was near the second pylon which commemorates in its reliefs a gift of land to Isis from Philometer in the 24th year of his reign, 157 B.C. The engineering efforts of the last decade have wrought more damage to this work of art than all the preceding centuries. A compensation for such a sacrifice is the increased fertilization of much barren land. We were glad to leave the damp and mouldy court and follow a steep stone staircase to the top of the pylon, where we partook of our picnic meal. On one side the sunset

colouring was still lingering over the desert we had just ridden across, and on the other side the moon that had lighted Edfu and Kom Ombos for us now crowned our impression of beauty, slowly rising and showing Philæ in the deep mystery of a silver veil. Silently we rowed again and again about the lovely spot till the songs of our boatmen melodiously drifted us back to earth. There our prosaic little donkeys and our piastre-hungry donkey-boys greeted us. We had an hour and a half ride across the moonlit desert passing the white-walled cemetery where British soldiers slept.

Feb. 27th.—Our party divided today and so apparently did our crew, for we heard woeful sounds and Doubletoes appeared with a cut on his head and asked for sympathy which he neither needed or received. The Kicked and the Cured were evidently dismissed and sat all day beside their bundles on the shore watching the rest of the crew do double



The camp of the Besharin



The camel-power waterlift as seen along the Nile

work at the paring down of the oars. P. and I went off to see the rock tombs of the Princes and Grandees of Elephantine. We reached them by a hot and sandy climb and were rewarded by the lovely view of the Emerald Isle surrounded by its rushing waters. The tombs much resemble those of Beni Hassan, especially that of Sabin whose sporting interests seem to have been akin to those of Kememhotip. The stuffiness of the interior made us grateful even for the sun-baked air. We did not go down the wonderful stone staircase with its smooth centre planed for the drawing up of the mummy case, but descended knee deep in sand to our felucca which was covered in anticipation of our return by gesticulating native barnacles ready to sell us beads and bracelets. Late in the afternoon the C.'s and ourselves rode out to the quarries. It was nearly dusk when we reached them but we could see the giant form of a half embedded Ramesis lying supine on his rocky bed gazing as he had for centuries into the star-sown sky. C. was pensively moving his foot to and fro in the sandy shroud when he stopped suddenly and stooping down picked up a stone hammer that a workman had thrown aside when this Pharaoh was in the making. Our ride home was perilous, for donkeys are not infallible in pitch darkness and donkey boys have a wholesome horror of the night and every sound and shadow.

Feb. 28th.—Our hopes rode high, for we thought our path was clear for our return to Cairo. The Rais, however, had a sudden fright and told us he could not start while the wind (a most perfect one) was blowing. Neither threats nor promises availed us, so we made the best of the situation and decided to ride out to the Camp of the Besharin, which lay about a mile away in the desert.

The huts were low and composed entirely of matting. The costume of the Besharin varies from the scantiest loin cloths to the most voluminous wrappings of white muslin which they plait round legs and arms in a bewildering fashion. The men wear their hair in an immense fuzzy wuzzy bush, a perfect walking advertisement for a hair restorer, the which is none other than castor oil applied *ad lib.* Little girls had innumerable small plaits all dripping with rancid oil which serves the double purpose of increasing the hair and discouraging the ever-present Egyptian fly. The children were very charming and exceedingly pretty. They also knew the value of their picturesqueness to a piastre. They had learned a few parrot words of English and said, "It is for you, ladyee," in such delicious tones that we became owners of countless chains of shell beads. One mite about three years old, in an effort to outshine her companions, discarded her scarf-like garment and with outstretched braceleted arms went through the contortions of a so-called dance. When our piastres were exhausted, a native policeman, mounted on a splendid Arab stallion, came to our rescue and cleared a way for our exit. On our homeward path we passed through an Arab village where the absence of castor oil and the presence of flies was very manifest.

The *Dodo* was still safely moored to the shore, and so was the Rais, who sat in the midst of his Assouan harem like a star in a crescent moon, his back the centre of admiring eyes. The wind forbade us to be impatient, so we spent all afternoon in the bazaar, and in the deepening twilight we went to the public gardens, which face north and south, and drew in the magic of the river with its islands and swift-running water.

(To be continued)

MISS BARTLETT'S EVENING OUT

BY LAURA A. RIDLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARY ESSEX

IT was noontime at Mrs. Phillips's boarding-house, and Sara was busy in the kitchen getting ready a light luncheon for herself and her tired mother. Although she, too, had been busy all the morning "ridding up things," there was nothing of weariness in her aspect as she moved swiftly hither and thither, humming to herself one of the latest popular airs. Presently she went to the window.

"Say, ma," she called, "here comes Miss Bartlett. Do we want any extracts to-day?"

Her mother's voice floated down to her from some remote part of the house.

"Yes, sure, Sarie. Tell her to come right in. Poor soul, I guess she's tired."

The subject of their talk, Miss Bartlett, was a little lady of limited income, who eked out an entirely respectable living by the sale of flavouring extracts, for which she took orders from the good housewives of the neighbourhood, and which she delivered to them in person by means of a string bag.

The day being warm, and Miss Bartlett somewhat stout, she made but slow progress up the steep slope which led to the house. The ponderous Mrs. Phillips had in fact reached the kitchen and made the tea before

she had attained the verandah. Miss Bartlett's face was very red, and, had the truth been known, she was not feeling in the best of tempers, but on seeing the placid Mrs. Phillips and her good-natured daughter her face assumed a pleasant expression, for Mrs. Phillips was one of her best customers.

"Good mornin', Miss Bartlett. Come right in. You are just in time for lunch."

"Thank you, Mrs. Phillips, you are very kind, but I can only stay a few minutes. I have several trips to make before I can have my lunch. However, I should be glad to sit down for a few moments, and a cup of tea would certainly be very refreshing."

She took Sara's proffered chair, and began to fan herself with her pocket-handkerchief. On her lap lay her string bag, filled to its capacity with small, neat parcels. Sara surveyed this critically.

"Why, land above, Miss Bartlett!" she ejaculated, as she handed that lady a cup of tea, "what a load of parcels to carry around with you! I don't blame you for being tired."

Miss Bartlett sipped her tea gratefully. "Yes, they are rather heavy," she agreed, "but then each of them means a little money in my purse, so I suppose I shouldn't complain. The heavier my load, the heavier my purse," and she smiled significantly.

Mrs. Phillips took the hint.



" 'Say, ma,' she called, 'here comes Miss Bartlett. Do we want any extracts to-day?' "

"Say, Sarie," she said, "you run upstairs and fetch that half dollar off my bureau. I guess that will just pay Miss Bartlett what we owe her."

"For pity sakes, ma, what do you suppose I paid the laundry man with? He was here this mornin', and

had to be paid." Sara's tone was full of reproach, not unmixed with sarcasm.

"Well, Miss Bartlett, that's too bad," soothed Mrs. Phillips. "I was just saving that against your coming, and now we'll have to wait until your

next visit. Let's see, though, ain't there some vanilla due on this trip?"

Miss Bartlett fumbled grimly in her bag and finally extricated one of the neat packages, which she handed to her patroness. "That will bring it up to seventy-five cents, won't it?" she said, as she rose to go.

Mrs. Phillips followed her to the door and put a kindly hand upon her arm. "I'll have the money ready for you sure thing next Wednesday," she assured her. "It's all the fault of them boarders that I can't pay my debts as I should. They're so irregular. There's Mr. Stringer owes me two weeks' board now, and his friend, Mr. Smith, is beginning to get behind. I hate to say anything to them poor young fellows as don't seem to have any mother to look after them, but it do certainly come hard on a body when they won't pay up."

The daughter seemed to take a less kindly view of the situation. "Say, ma," she grumbled, "you make me tired, you do. You just spoil 'em. Why don't you turn them out of doors — the good-for-nothings! If you will believe me, Miss Bartlett, they just twist ma round their little fingers—she's that easy!"

Miss Bartlett looked sympathetic, but she refrained from entering an opinion on so vexed a subject, and it was Mrs. Phillips who spoke first.

"Well, Sarie, they are not all as bad as you paint 'em,—Mr. Hartley, for instance. He's good pay, and such a nice gentleman. And that reminds me, Miss Bartlett, that we are going to give a little party here next Saturday evening, and I wish you'd come. There will be ladies and gentlemen present and we will have music and recitations. And, oh, I would so like for you to meet Mr. Hartley! I just know you'd like him."

Miss Bartlett, who at one time taught school, prided herself upon her gentility. Her sense of the proprieties was sometimes a little offended by the familiarities of Mrs. Phillips, but in this instance, although the

purport of that lady's remarks could not be doubted, she found herself not altogether displeased, and, indeed, was aware of a becoming blush.

"Thank you, Mrs. Phillips," she said. "You are very kind. I see so few people in a social way that really I should be pleased to come. You know I am of quite a sociable disposition and at times it seems a trifle hard that I should be so much alone."

"Miss Bartlett, you just *ought* to get married!" Mrs. Phillips uttered these words with some emphasis and then paused, a little frightened at her own temerity. This time Miss Bartlett was a trifle annoyed. "Dear me," she said, "how you people talk! I really must be going. As for getting married,—rest assured that I have had my chances, *but I didn't take them.*"

"Of—course!" agreed Mrs. Phillips. "But now, Miss Bartlett, do promise to come to our party, and be sure to bring your music along, for I know you can play. Now don't disappoint us."

Miss Bartlett promised, and bidding her friends a smiling farewell, she took her departure.

The mother and daughter remained on the doorstep for several moments, staring after the retreating little figure. Suddenly Sara began to giggle. "Say, ma," she said, "you're great, you are! What made you think of it? Miss Bartlett and Mr. Hartley! I can just see them together! Oh, say, it'll be more fun than a circus!"

"Now, Sarie, don't you be acting silly. I tell you they're just made for each other."

And with these words the good-natured pair returned to the kitchen to finish their somewhat disturbed luncheon.

*

Saturday evening at Mrs. Phillips's boarding-house was always somewhat of a festive occasion, but on the evening in question it was especially so. Never before had her small front par-

lour looked more cheery. The clean white curtains were looped up ingeniously with bows of scarlet ribbon, and these, together with the bright hues of the Axminster rug (the pride of Mrs. Phillips), and the corresponding hues of the cushions piled up on the Chesterfield, gave to the room a gay and jaunty appearance. As a finishing touch, Sara had filled two large bowls with variegated nasturtiums, which stood one on a side table, the other on the piano.

Mrs. Phillips and her daughter gazed complacently on their work of the morning, and the former heaved a sigh of satisfaction. It seemed to her that everything was going right, and that even the stiff rubber plant in the alcove was trying to assume a more graceful attitude.

Mrs. Phillips always took great pride in her little parties, but this particular one was of more than usual importance, in that she had included Cupid among her guests. That Miss Bartlett would admire Mr. Hartley, she did not for a moment doubt, but of the effect of Miss Bartlett on him she was not so sure, for, she argued, he must be somewhat particular, "else why didn't he ever get married before?"

By eight o'clock most of the guests were assembled, but there were still several missing, Mr. Hartley being among the non-arrivals.

Miss Bartlett was there, looking very nice in a black taffeta silk dress. This gown had done good service, to be sure, but with the fresh white lace which its owner had sewn into the neck and sleeves, the whole effect was charming by gaslight, and, as Mrs. Phillips soliloquized, "it don't matter so long as the effect is good. Men don't stop to bother about the little details."

There was a look of anticipation on Miss Bartlett's face as her hostess introduced her to each of the guests, but this expression soon changed to one of distinct disappointment, for the name for which she had been lis-

tening had not been sounded. After all, Miss Bartlett had been indulging in hopes, as she had done all her life on occasions of this kind, that she might be going to meet her Prince Charming, and if Mr. Hartley were not to appear, she felt that her evening would be spoiled.

After a suitable interval Miss Bartlett allowed herself to ask a question: "Your friend, Mr. Hartley, is not here?"

Mrs. Phillips beamed:

"No, dearie, but I expect him every minute. It's too bad he's kept late to-night, but in his business time is money. He's a driver, you know."

"A driver!" repeated Miss Bartlett in dismay. "Does he go round with a wagon, then?"

Mrs. Phillips chuckled.

"A jitney driver, I mean," she said. "He owns his own ear, and does quite a nice little business, I believe."

But time was passing, and Mr. Hartley was evidently in no hurry to put in an appearance. Presently Mrs. Phillips was called away to look after some household duty, and Miss Bartlett was left to her own resources. She glanced with some dismay at the people around her, who were chatting together quite intimately, but were apparently oblivious of her presence. Someone had even proposed some music, and Sara, who could play a little, was seated at the piano ready to accompany the singer. A tall young man stood beside her. Miss Bartlett guessed him to be John Hurley, Sara's "steady," of whom she had heard so much of late, but of all the guests present his was the only name she felt at all sure of. So intent had she been on catching Mr. Hartley's name during Mrs. Phillips's introductions, that she had quite overlooked the others, and she now found herself in what she considered a "very awkward position."

Presently she observed a tall, angular woman, of somewhat sour visage, occupying a chair on the other side of that which Mrs. Phillips had vacat-

ed. This lady, Miss Bartlett noted with some approval, "kept herself very much to herself," and deeming this attitude a sign of superiority, Miss Bartlett determined, if possible, to open a conversation with her. If only she could remember her name! Ah, she had it! It was McCormick. At any rate she was positive there was a McCormick in the room, because she had, in a vague way, noted it at the time of the introductions, having had a favourite aunt bearing that name. Miss Bartlett took the vacant chair.

"Do you like music, Mrs. McCormick?" she began. She didn't remember if it was "Miss" or "Mrs.," but, like the French, she considered the assumption more polite.

The lady thus addressed stared rather rudely at her, but made no reply. This was certainly a little disconcerting for Miss Bartlett, but, thinking that possibly she was a trifle deaf, she raised her voice slightly, and repeated the question. This time, she had reason to believe she was talking to a deaf mute, for, beyond a freezing stare, she again received no reply. Uncomfortably aware that the music had now ceased, she glanced nervously around, half inclined to return to her former seat, and was about to do so when the silent one spoke.

"My name is Miss Corner, *not* McCormick, and I'll thank you not to take liberties with me!"

There were several rude titters from the guests assembled, which Miss Bartlett did not fail to note, but she was too bewildered by the extraordinary behaviour of Miss Corner to care much about the others. She had returned to her former seat, and resolved to remain there until the return of Mrs. Phillips, when she would ask to be allowed to go home.

As she sat there alone, pondering on the ironies of life, she gradually became aware of the fact that it was raining—a steady downpour. It had been fine when she started out in the evening, and, consequently, she had

brought neither rubbers nor umbrella. She was now confronted with the prospect of being obliged to walk home in the rain, for no cars passed her way, and although possibly she would be able to borrow a raincoat and umbrella from Mrs. Phillips, she knew that they would have no rubbers small enough to fit her feet. For the first time in her life Miss Bartlett regretted the Cinderella-like dimensions of her feet.

Impatient at Mrs. Phillips's non-appearance, Miss Bartlett was about to rise and seek her, when her attention was arrested by a voice at her elbow. A good-looking, middle-aged man was addressing her in civil tones.

"Pardon me, madam, but my name is McCormick, and I guess you got the names a little twisted, didn't you?"

He was smiling pleasantly and Miss Bartlett brightened perceptibly. A little kindness always acted like a tonic on this sensitive lady and, coming as it did in this instance from a good-looking man, it was charming.

She begged him to be seated. Of course, she said, she remembered him quite well now, and it was only a puzzle to her how she could have confused the names. "Her own suits her so much better," she added maliciously, "that I am surprised it did not suggest itself to me."

This little attempt at levity on Miss Bartlett's part elicited such an outburst of mirth from Mr. McCormick that she glanced around, dismayed, fearful of focusing the attention of the guests once more upon herself.

But she need have had no fear, for Mrs. Phillips was entering the room at that moment, bringing with her the refreshments, and this was quite sufficient to divert the attention of the guests entirely away from Miss Bartlett.

Mr. McCormick brought her a cup of coffee and some cake, and while they were regaling themselves he became very communicative, telling her something about each of the

guests in the room. Miss Corner, he explained, was a disappointed old maid whom nobody liked, because of her sour disposition. Mrs. Phillips had to invite her to all her parties, because she was one of her boarders who paid well. "And she always comes," said Mr. McCormick, "though why, I can't imagine, unless it is to act as a wet blanket on the others." She had been engaged at some remote time, it seemed, to a young man, who, just on the eve of their wedding, had deserted her, and she had never recovered from the shock. "Strange to say," continued her informer, "his name was McCormick, so you see you couldn't have hit her harder, if you had tried."

Horried by this disclosure, Miss Bartlett gazed helplessly at the unbending Miss Corner. And, be it to Miss Bartlett's credit, there were real tears of mortification in her eyes.

Noting how disturbed she was, Mr. McCormick hastened to make amends.

"Oh, never mind her," he urged, "it wasn't your fault, you know. You didn't do it on purpose."

"No," gasped Miss Bartlett, "but I could never, never, convince her of my innocence. Why, she must think me a monster of maliciousness. And the other guests!" she wailed. "They all heard me,—I know they did. Whatever must they think of me?"

Mr. McCormick looked alarmed. He felt that something must be done or said immediately to divert her attention.

"Never mind the other guests," he soothed, "they didn't think anything of what you said, and even if they did,—look at them now! I wouldn't mind betting you a dollar to a doughnut that they don't even remember there's such a person as you."

Miss Bartlett stiffened visibly. "Thank you, Mr. McCormick," she said, coldly; "I have never before been so forcibly reminded of my insignificance."

Hastily Mr. McCormick endeavoured to retrieve himself. "No, madam,

not insignificant," he declared, "but, if you were to jump into a pigstye, you wouldn't consider yourself insignificant because the pigs didn't appear to notice you. No, ma'am, you'd say it was a case of casting pearls before swine. And that's just the way it is here."

Miss Bartlett was somewhat mollified. After all, Mr. McCormick showed some discernment. These people were little better than swine and she had been foolish to try to mix with them.

But there was one of the "swine" present, at least, to whom the little lady was of some importance. It was while Miss Bartlett was listening to a particularly interesting anecdote that she suddenly became aware of the fact that Mrs. Phillips was beckoning to her from the hall. Considering that lady's gestures "unlady-like," and being a little piqued at her seeming neglect of herself, she resolved to pay no attention to the beckonings, and it was not until Mr. McCormick gently suggested that he "guessed" Mrs. Phillips wished to speak to her, that she thought it advisable to leave him. But she assured him that she would be back presently.

She found Mrs. Phillips somewhat excited.

"He's come," she gasped, as soon as Miss Bartlett was within earshot. "He's right in there, eating his supper." And she pointed her fat thumb in the direction of the dining-room.

Miss Bartlett, however, was not enthusiastic.

"I suppose you refer to Mr. Hartley," she said coldly, "but, really, Mrs. Phillips, I fail to see what difference his arrival can make to me."

Mrs. Phillips looked sly. "It's raining, and raining pretty steady, Miss Bartlett," she said, "and I was wondering how a certain lady of my acquaintance was going to get home to-night. And then it came to me, all of a sudden like, why, there's Mr. Hartley with his car, as has got to go out again this evening. Why not let

him drop Miss Bartlett on his way?"

In spite of herself, Miss Bartlett became interested.

"I am sure it is very good of you to think of me, Mrs. Phillips," she said. "Of course, if Mr. Hartley has to go out again, I should be very much obliged. You see, I could never wear yours or Sara's rubbers, and one is so liable to catch cold if one gets the feet wet. However," she added, cautiously, "I hardly like to put myself under obligation to a total stranger."

But Mrs. Phillips was ready with her argument.

"Now, Miss Bartlett, you know we wouldn't let you walk home in this rain, would we? And if you don't want the ride, there is only one other thing to be done. The beds is all occupied, but I guess we could fix you up on the lounge all right."

This alternative seemed to dismay Miss Bartlett.

"But," she said, "I don't believe I could sleep on a lounge. I have never done such a thing in my life!"

"Well, dearie, I guess you won't have to, if things is managed all right. He says he don't care to see any company to-night, but when he's finished his supper, I'll just mention this little matter to him. Then I'll introduce you to each other, and everything will be all right. Now, just you go back into the parlour and give us a little music—he likes music—and when he's ready, I'll let you know."

Miss Bartlett never liked Mrs. Phillips's way of putting things.

"Really, Mrs. Phillips," she said, "if Mr. Hartley doesn't care to see anyone to-night, I am sure he wouldn't thank you for forcing my company upon him. And as for playing for his special benefit, I think it would be a highly improper thing to do. Besides," she added, glancing significantly in the direction of the parlour, "I have made the acquaintance of a very nice gentleman in there—Mr. McCormick—and have promised to go back and talk with him."

Mrs. Phillips looked scornful. "Him!" she ejaculated. "Why he's a driver, if you like! He drives Ed. Smith's grocery wagon."

"A grocery wagon!" repeated the bewildered Miss Bartlett. "Why he told me he was a journalist."

"Then he lied to you," was the prompt retort, "and, what's more, he owes me three weeks' board."

These disparaging remarks had the desired effect. "How very shocking!" murmured the disappointed one. "And he seemed so pleasant, too!"

"Wait until you see Mr. Hartley," was the complaisant reply. "Why, Mr. McCormick isn't a patch on him. Now, just you go back to the sitting-room, dearie, and play a little, and I will manage the rest."

Somewhat to her own surprise, Miss Bartlett found herself meekly following Mrs. Phillips back into the parlour, and, without a tremor, heard that lady announce the fact that Miss Bartlett would now favour them with a little music. After all, she thought, why shouldn't she show these ignorant people that she, at least, was accomplished?

Now that Miss Bartlett was going to do something to amuse them, the guests were willing enough to notice her. Some were kind enough to smile pleasantly at her, and others murmured that "some music would surely be very welcome." All seemed to have forgotten the little incident in connection with Miss Corner, except that lady herself, who looked on at these proceedings with something akin to a frown upon her stony visage.

Miss Bartlett played very well. Naturally musical, she was never more at her ease than when seated at the piano. And her audience was far from unappreciative. They applauded everything she played, and begged for more each time she was modestly about to retire. Thus encouraged, Miss Bartlett played on for some time, and, almost inadvertently, as she played, her thoughts turned to



"Almost inadvertently, as she played, her thoughts turned to the man in the other room."

the man in the other room. Then she thought of her girlhood days, and of the only lover she had ever had. She remembered how she used to steal away from him sometimes in the evenings, and leave him seated on the verandah while she went into the front parlour and played and sang to him. He used to love her singing. Could she sing now? Half unconsciously her fingers wandered into the accompaniment of one of her old, favourite songs, and she began to sing:

Sometimes, when I'm sitting alone,
Dreaming alone in the gloom,
There comes on the wings of the twilight,
Sweet music that fills the room.

Her face flushed with emotion, and her voice trembled as the old, familiar words fell from her lips. The twenty years which had elapsed since she used to sing that song were forgotten entirely, and it seemed to her that she was singing as well as she had ever done. Her voice, however, was

by no means the same as it was twenty years ago, even though her heart was still young. A succession of colds, moreover, had helped to do the damage, and, sad as it is to relate, Miss Bartlett's voice was decidedly "cracked".

I know not from whence it comes,
I know not what message it brings,
Tho' my soul of its burden is lighten'd
By the sweet voice that plaintively sings,
That plain—!

But Miss Bartlett never finished the song. She was suddenly and rudely interrupted by a loud noise in the room, resembling more than anything else a strangled hiccough. All eyes were immediately turned in the direction from whence it came, and the cause of the disturbance was easily detected. John Hurley, crimson in the face, a handkerchief stuffed into his mouth, was fairly doubled up with laughter, while Sara, seated on the sofa beside him, was apparently

doing her best to quiet him, although there was a mischievous gleam in that young lady's eye which spoke volumes.

"For shame! For shame!" expostulated several of the guests, and even Miss Corner was heard to murmur, "Shocking!"

The young man quickly recovered himself, and with the eyes of the whole room upon him, he looked shame-faced enough. But the mischief had been done. Miss Bartlett had taken it all in in one comprehensive glance. They were actually laughing at her—these young people—they were making fun of her! Their gross rudeness was unendurable and she would not put up with it a moment longer. And so, with one withering glance at Sara and her "young man," and a frosty bow to the other guests, she swept out of the room.

She was met in the hallway by Mrs. Phillips. That lady's face was very red, and she showed distinct signs of agitation.

"For pity sakes, Miss Bartlett, where are you going?"

"I am going home, Mrs. Phillips. Please don't detain me. Oh, why did I come to this dreadful place? In all my life I never, never experienced such indignities."

Mrs. Phillips laid a powerful hand on the little woman's shoulder.

"Now, look here, dearie," she said, "you are going to stay right here until Mr. Hartley can take you home in his car. He will be ready to go in ten minutes' time, and you can just as well come in here and wait until he finishes reading the paper."

Mrs. Phillips's peremptory manner had the desired effect. Perhaps Miss Bartlett was too weary to demur, or, maybe, she still harboured a sneaking desire to see this much-talked-of man. At any rate, she followed her hostess into the dining-room, and there sank into a chair near the door.

And then Miss Bartlett had her first view of Mr. Hartley. He was seated at the table, directly under the chandelier. The remains of his

recent repast had been pushed ruthlessly aside and the tablecloth turned back, in order to make room for his feet, which now rested comfortably enough on the table. Miss Bartlett gazed at him in horror. Was it possible that this boor could be the "gentlemanly" Mr. Hartley, of whom she had heard so much? Undoubtedly it was no other, and with this disillusionment there died in the mind of Miss Bartlett the last hope of any good thing coming out of Mrs. Phillips's boarding house.

As Mrs. Phillips approached him, he looked up from the paper he was reading.

"Well," he grumbled, "I suppose I shouldn't complain, now that it is over, but next time you bring a screech-owl to the house, kindly warn me, and I'll keep away."

Mrs. Phillips's face took on a purplish hue, and she was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing. She tried to speak, but seemed unable to do so, and could only gasp and point backwards over her shoulder in the most alarming manner.

Mr. Hartley caught her agitation.

"Great Scott, ma'am, what ails you?" he asked, bringing his feet down from the table with a bang, and staring fearfully in the direction in which she pointed.

"Miss Bartlett—is—ready—to—go—home—now," stuttered Mrs. Phillips.

But Mr. Hartley had already seen Miss Bartlett, and the vision of that little lady sitting there so quietly seemed to abash him a good deal. He sidled towards the kitchen door.

"I will be ready in a few minutes, ma'am, a few minutes," he muttered, as he disappeared into the back regions.

Mrs. Phillips came and stood beside Miss Bartlett, her hand on her shoulder—a somewhat shaky hand—and she was breathing very hard.

"I can't imagine what's got into all my guests to-night," she murmured by way of apology. "They are not themselves at all, I assure you, Miss Bartlett. It must have been the cof-

fee was too strong. But, above all, I am disappointed in Mr. Hartley."

Miss Bartlett laughed somewhat hysterically.

"Oh, don't apologize for him, I beg you, Mrs. Phillips, for, if you will excuse my saying so, I think his remarks were quite in keeping,—quite in keeping."

Mrs. Phillips did not have time to inquire what his behaviour was "in keeping" with, for at that moment the subject of their conversation made himself very distinctly heard by means of the horn of his car, which he was "tooting" with some energy. Mrs. Phillips once more grasped her protégé by the arm and hurried her towards the front door.

But her curiosity at the last moment, overcame her, and as she held an umbrella high over Miss Bartlett, she ventured to question.

"Quite in keeping with what, dearie?" she asked, breathlessly.

Again Miss Bartlett laughed. "Why, with his feet on the table, of course. Good-bye, Mrs. Phillips; I wish you joy with your boarders!" And, taking the umbrella from that puzzled lady's hands, she tripped lightly down the path to the waiting car.

Mr. Hartley, who still looked somewhat sheepish, helped her into the tonneau, and, on learning her street address, he shut the door with a bang and scrambled into his seat.

Miss Bartlett closed her eyes. She felt that her troubles were at last over, and she was even anticipating a little pleasure from this, her first ride in an automobile. Besides, she reflected, this manner of arriving home from a party would surely impress her landlady favourably, to say nothing of her fellow-roomers, some of whom she hoped might see her thus arrive. And she smiled faintly to herself as she thought of the teasings which would follow.

But these pleasant reflections were soon to be disturbed. Mr. Hartley was in a hurry; there could be no

doubt on that score. The road, moreover, was in poor repair, and the car was old. All these things combined to make Miss Bartlett exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Gracious Goodness!" she gasped, after one or two more than usually violent jolts. "the man is drunk—I'm sure of it. Oh dear, oh dear!" She tried to look out of the window, but could see nothing of her whereabouts, and the state of mind of the poor little lady became indeed pitiable. For several minutes she clung to her seat with limpet-like tenacity, and then she was suddenly dislodged. The car had come to a stop with a tremendous jolt, and Miss Bartlett was thrown to the floor, where Mr. Hartley discovered her a moment later. He gazed at her suspiciously.

"I guess this is where I lose you," he explained.

Miss Bartlett scrambled to her feet and, clutching the umbrella, she stumbled out of the car as rapidly as she could. The sight of her rooming-house was never before so welcome, and it seemed to give her renewed courage. She turned on her tormenter.

"I consider your manner of driving exceedingly reckless, sir," she said, "and, mark my words, you will be getting yourself into trouble over it one of these days. Good-night."

Thus Miss Bartlett left him staring after her from the curbstone, bewilderment written all over his stolid countenance. "Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" he murmured some time afterwards, as he once more sped on his way. "Such ingratitude!"

But Miss Bartlett, when she at last found rest and solace in her comfortable bed, felt no compunction about her treatment of Mr. Hartley.

"I'm glad I didn't thank him," she reflected. "Such abominable behaviour didn't deserve any thanks."

* * * * *

On a bright, sunny morning, three weeks later, Miss Bartlett was to be seen once more climbing the hill

which led to Mrs. Phillips's boarding-house. In one hand she clasped an umbrella, while in the other was her string bag, filled as usual with neatly tied-up little parcels. On her face was an expression of stern determination.

As she approached the house she was impressed by an air of desolation about the place, and on closer inspection she noted a sign upon the gate which gave her a decided shock. "Good gracious me!" she gasped audibly as she read the "To Let" sign, "I do believe they were evicted," and she stood gazing helplessly around her. In her string bag was the bottle of vanilla which Mrs. Phillips had ordered on her last visit to the house. This she thought of, also of the seventy-five cents which Mrs. Phillips already owed her. Then she glanced at the umbrella. "It is a pretty good umbrella," she reflected, "and it is always a good idea to have an extra one on hand."

With this happy reflection she began to retrace her steps, intending to stop in at the drug store at the foot of the hill and see if she could there glean any information concerning Mrs. Phillips. Presently she noted a man approaching her, and there was something familiar about his appearance which made her ponder as to where she had seen him before. As he came near he, too, seemed to recognize her, and, lifting his hat with a genial smile, he addressed her by name. Then Miss Bartlett remembered Mr. McCormick, who had been so friendly to her at Mrs. Phillips's party. But, thanks to Mrs. Phillips's illuminating remarks concerning this man, Miss Bartlett was by no means delighted to meet him, and her return of his greeting could scarcely have been considered gracious. However, he might be able to give her some information concerning the whereabouts of Mrs. Phillips, and she was not slow to ask for it.

Mr. McCormick, however, was as mystified as she was. "They were

here a week ago," he assured her, "for it was only last Friday I was passing this way and saw Sara in the garden."

"Then you had left the boarding-house?" questioned Miss Bartlett.

"Oh, yes, soon after that party. You see, I was in a pretty tight hole about that time, and had no job to speak of. So I just got out and went to a cheaper boarding-house until I could make up what I owed Mrs. Phillips. But, thank goodness, that is all over now, and I was just on my way to pay up my debts."

Miss Bartlett scanned him curiously and noted an air of prosperity about the man which had not been so apparent when first she had met him.

"Indeed," she said, "I am glad to hear of your change of fortune." Her tone was decidedly more genial.

Thus encouraged, Mr. McCormick became more explicit.

"Yes," he said, "I have had an uncommon stroke of good fortune lately, and it almost seems too like a fairy story to be true. An uncle of mine, who had been lost to the family for years, but who, as it seems, had not lost sight of us, died several weeks ago in Australia, leaving me and one or two other near relatives quite a tidy little sum of money. I may say, without exaggerating, Miss Bartlett, that I am really quite well-to-do now."

Miss Bartlett was decidedly impressed. There was, too, such an air of boyish delight about the man speaking to her, that she quite forgot Mrs. Phillips's words concerning him, and her old liking for him returned.

"And I must say," she added, after she had given him hearty congratulations, "that I admire the spirit which prompts you to pay off your debts so promptly the moment you are able to do so. Mrs. Phillips should appreciate such honesty."

Mr. McCormick detected the note of bitterness in Miss Bartlett's voice as she mentioned Mrs. Phillips's name. He also noted the string bag.

"And were you coming to Mrs.

Phillips on business?" he questioned.

"Yes, indeed," replied Miss Bartlett. "I can assure you that business, and only business, would bring me to that house again, where I suffered such indignities."

"Let me carry this for you, at least," said Mr. McCormick, gently taking the string bag from her, "and we might go down to the drug store and see what we can find out about Mrs. Phillips."

Miss Bartlett smiled. "Thank you," she said, "I was just on my way there when I met you."

"Well," he said, "we may as well go there together. And, say, Miss Bartlett, do you like ice cream? If so, we might have one each and talk matters over. What do you think?"

Miss Bartlett flushed with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr. McCormick," she said, "you are very kind, and it really is a very warm day."

They entered the drug store together, and after Mr. McCormick had carefully selected a small table, they sat down and regaled themselves with cherry sodas—Miss Bartlett's favourite beverage. Later, they strolled slowly down the avenue and, in the very shady places, Mr. McCormick took off his hat and carried it in his hand.

When at last they came to the parting of the ways, they stood chatting a few moments, and Mr. McCormick

took out a small notebook in which he carefully wrote something. Then he raised his hat gallantly and they parted.

As she walked away, the smile on Miss Bartlett's face suddenly changed to an expression of chagrin. After all their good intentions, they had forgotten to ask about Mrs. Phillips at the drug store. What poor memories they had! And what a talker Mr. McCormick was, to be sure!

For several moments Miss Bartlett felt quite vexed with herself, and even Mr. McCormick came in for a little share of the blame. Later, however, in the seclusion of her room, the smile returned to Miss Bartlett's face. For, after all, the things which Mr. McCormick had said had been enough to make any woman forgetful, more especially a woman of her temperament.

Could he have meant what he said? If so, it could only lead to one thing. Miss Bartlett thought of the appointment which Mr. McCormick had so carefully noted down. And when, a few days later, he kept this appointment, he did not omit to ask her a certain question, and one for which she was not entirely unprepared. But Miss Bartlett never forgot herself, and even at this supreme moment of her life, she answered him with due deliberation, and not without a becoming blush.



REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

IV.—CHURCH AND STATE IN ONTARIO



T is a pity that the old Legislative Buildings on Front Street were destroyed. In that squat, straggling, irregular structure a "State's decrees" were moulded. There sat the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada, the Parliament of the united Provinces, and the infant Legislature of Ontario. But we have silenced the whispers of a nation in the roar of traffic. Without thought or emotion we razed buildings that would have carried inspiration and the sense of romance to many generations. In Canada we are only learning to cherish the landmarks and at best learning slowly.

A remote posterity will rejoice over the incomparable achievement of Mr. John Ross Robertson in collecting the invaluable gallery of portraits which adorn the Public Library of Toronto, and be very grateful for the priceless volumes of local history which he has produced. To search so deeply and attain such accuracy requires infinite labour and patience with sympathy and enthusiasm beyond common understanding. Because he has gone down to the foundations there will be authenticity and authority in many books that will be fashioned out of the material which he has accumulated and in which perhaps the sources will not always be disclosed. But may it

not be said that "one built up a wall and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar". It is nothing even if while Mr. Robertson was engaged in these laborious investigations presumptuous municipal statesmen and temerarious contemporaries occasionally got out of hand, forgot the habit of reverence and blasphemed the Dynasty.

During the session of 1884 I first looked down at the Legislature of Ontario from the Press Gallery. At the close of 1882 Mr. John Cameron became editor of *The Globe* and in August, 1883, he offered me a place on the staff. Two hours after the proposal reached me at London I had secured a release from *The Advertiser*, collected my belongings and taken the train for Bruce County, where I had a short holiday before going to Toronto. I chose Bruce for a holiday for reasons which were singularly and continuously persuasive until I was married two years later. As the years pass I am ever more deeply convinced that in going northward I travelled wisely. On September 9th, 1883, I came to Toronto and next morning was "inducted" in *The Globe* office. For a few weeks I was Mr. Cameron's private secretary, but the duties were not congenial nor was the performance satisfactory. This fact established alike to the satisfaction of Mr. Cameron and myself,

I was made assistant night editor with a "roving commission" to go through the exchanges and supply editorial comment.

A third of a century ago the debates of the Legislature excited greater popular interest than they do to-day and were far more fully reported. We had not emerged from the era of constitutional construction. We were only upon the threshold of the era of commercial and industrial expansion. It is the fashion to deplore the decadence of parliaments and to shrug shoulders at the inferior stature of statesmen as compared with the leaders in industry, finance and transportation. It is not certain, however, that the legislature has sunk to such low estate as its detractors profess to believe, while it was inevitable that the genius and energy of bold and adventurous spirits should become absorbed in problems of industrial and national organization. For fifteen or twenty years we had a supreme constitutional problem. It was necessary to establish a working political relation between Upper and Lower Canada through a federal union or the wider project of Confederation. With federation of the older Provinces achieved, extension of Canadian sovereignty over the Western Territories became the urgent object and obligation of statesmen. But the nation was not established when the constitution was fashioned, and a common federal authority created. We had only a paper scaffolding, resting upon an uncertain foundation and open to wind and rain. We had to stay the structure with a national system of banking, of commerce and of manufacture. In all this Parliament could direct but could not execute. It was necessary therefore, that other forces should appear, reinforcing statesmen, devising material machinery, giving strength and cohesion to the constitutional structure. It is a mistake to think that patriotism may be displayed and public duty discharged only within

the walls of parliament and in the councils of cabinets.

In every country in seasons of political crisis all its resources of character and intellect concentrate upon problems of government. Under settled conditions the prestige and authority of parliaments seem to decline. There is diversion to other interests and activities. I recall a conversation with a public man of South Africa. Before the war between Great Britain and the Dutch Republics, he said, there was general mourning over the meanness and pettiness of South African politics. During the war and the era of constitutional reconstruction there was a striking revival of public spirit. All the country had of sound moral, economic and political material was available for the public service. It was so in Canada at Confederation. It has been so since we became involved in the Great War in Europe. Who doubts that it will be so when peace brings the difficult period of social and industrial restoration? When the problems of government are supreme and the demand for Parliamentary service urgent all other interests sink into subordination. But we confuse values when we think that oratory is the only test of greatness and parliamentary service the only test of patriotism. Too often fluency in expression is associated with futility in execution. But it is still true, I think, that a great speech is the finest of all human performances. So that country is most secure against decadence, corruption and civic lethargy where a seat in Parliament is the first distinction to which a citizen can aspire.

In the Legislature thirty-four years ago there was a Cabinet perhaps as strong in personal distinction, in debating talent and in administrative genius as any that has held office in Canada, whether federal or Provincial, since Confederation. There was a less impressive Opposition. But there is a curious disposition in Canada to reverence men in office and to

regard those who sit to the left of the Speaker as pretentious mediocrities. There was, however, nothing mediocre about either of the leaders in the Assembly when I first had a seat in the Press Gallery. Sir Oliver Mowat, who was Prime Minister, had sat in two Cabinets before Confederation, was a delegate to the Quebec Conference which fashioned the federal constitution and for eight years was Vice-Chancellor of Upper Canada. It is curious that Honourable Edward Blake, who induced Sir Oliver Mowat to accept the leadership of the Liberal party in Ontario, also chose Sir Wilfrid Laurier as his successor in the leadership of the federal Liberal party. While it was Mr. Blake's fortune to spend long years out of office he nominated successors who were not easily removed from office.

Sir Oliver Mowat was a consummate politician with a genius for reconciling duty and opportunity. Crafty and longsighted, he was never in outward conflict with the Christian verities. No man ever was more cautious or bolder if the occasion required decision and action. He looked out from behind his glasses with engaging simplicity and candour, while the mind was busy with devices to confuse and confound the besieging forces. No one could seem to be more trusting and yet no one was more nimble and alert. Prime Minister for more than twenty years, one feels that he would have died in office if he had not been persuaded to join hands with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896. It is certain that he would not have sanctioned the gross electoral practices which at length so tarnished the lustre of Liberal administration in Ontario. Greater integrity of character than Honourable A. S. Hardy he had not, but his authority was so absolute that the agencies which corrupted constituencies under his successors would not have been bold enough to engage in the desperate enterprises through which the Province was defamed and the Liberal party dishonoured.

There was deliberate, continuous method in the system of Government which Sir Oliver Mowat devised. But the system was not rooted in corruption in the constituencies or in the administrative departments. In respect of administration alone the watchword "Twenty years of honest Government" was not open to serious challenge. When the era of virtue was extended to "thirty years of honest Government" it was not so easy to assent without dubiety and misgiving. But substantially we have had honest government in Ontario, wise handling of the public resources and thrifty expenditure of public money whether under Liberal or Conservative administrations. If there is a dubious chapter it is concerned with the ineffectual struggle to carry the ascendancy of a party into the second generation.

But there was guile and strategy in the system which Sir Oliver Mowat devised and reduced to an exact science. He created patronage, organized patronage and trusted to patronage. In establishing central control over the liquor traffic he enlisted an army of officials in the service of the Government. Never was an army more faithful to the High Command. For the most part these officials were active agents of the Government in every electoral contest. The liquor regulations were tempered to the behaviour of licence-holders. An adequate display of zeal for the Government was a fair guarantee of security when licences were renewed. Inactivity was tolerated. Open rebellion was often punished. There has been no greater comedy in Canadian politics than the manœuvres between the federal and provincial authorities to evade responsibility for prohibitory legislation. Generally the object was not to establish jurisdiction but to evade and confuse. There was mortal apprehension lest the Imperial Privy Council should discover that definite and complete authority was vested in either the Provinces or the Dominion.

There was as desperate apprehension that under evasive plebiscites the popular majority for prohibition would be decisive enough to require actual legislation.

It will be remembered that in 1898, when a plebiscite was taken by the Laurier Government, Quebec gave an overwhelming majority against Prohibition. Moreover, many days elapsed before the returns from Quebec were complete. Gradually, but steadily, the figures increased the adverse majority, bringing relief to the Government and distress to the prohibitionists. No evidence ever was produced that there was dishonest voting or interference with the ballot boxes. Probably the feeling in Quebec was expressed as fairly as was that of the other Provinces. But there was suspicion, and suspicion was strengthened by the delayed returns. In a facetious moment, before the returns were complete, *The Globe* said, "They still seem to be voting against prohibition in Quebec". This was resented. I had an immediate intimation from Ottawa that the French Ministers were annoyed by the paragraph and the implication which it was thought to carry. I explained with abject docility that I was "only joking", but discovered that it was beyond the power of a finite mind to interpret a *Globe* joke to an angry Frenchman. Why were the Ministers so sensitive?

There never was a more happy soul in Parliament than Dr. Landerkin of South Grey. But few knew how shrewd he was or how deeply he was instructed in the idiosyncrasies of his parliamentary associates. Sir Wilfrid Laurier knew and the knowledge was of infinite advantage to the leader. Dr. Landerkin was a sort of super-whip, advising wisely in many a difficult situation, pouring oil into joints that might be stiffening against discipline, softening moroseness into cheerfulness and reducing "contingent belligerency" to serviceable

docility. He knew when only persuasion could prevail and when admonition and rebuke were required. Fortunate is the political leader that hath Landerkins in his quiver. In South Grey there was a German element that was opposed to prohibitory legislation. To alienate this element was dangerous. As dangerous was any frontal attack upon temperate measures. Dr. Landerkin therefore was often in distress over proposals to amend the Scott Act or establish complete Prohibition until, as he used to say, he got his feet upon the solid rock of plebiscite and could face any storm from any direction.

Plebiscites and referendums were refuges for Governments rather than concessions to prohibitionists. There could be no better evidence of the genius of Sir Oliver Mowat than the fact that for so long he had a generous support from the liquor interest and a still more generous support from Prohibitionists. The Mowat Government was pledged to go as far towards Prohibition as the Constitution would permit, but it was by the action of a Conservative Government in Manitoba that the measure of provincial jurisdiction over the liquor traffic was finally determined. Still, neither the Conservative Government of Manitoba nor the Liberal Government of Ontario established Prohibition.

Under Sir Oliver Mowat there was also an extension of patronage over the minor courts and a rigid exercise of patronage in appointments to the Provincial institutions. For nearly a generation no Conservative was admitted to the public service in Ontario. Although fitness in appointments was seldom disregarded the Civil Service was an essential portion of the organized political machinery of the Mowat Administration. Sir Oliver Mowat was neither unctuous nor hypocritical. He bluntly defended patronage and its uses. To the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto in 1894 he said: "The Con-

servative Opposition urges the change to local appointment with reference to the Reform Government of the Province, but do not want it with reference to the Conservative Government of the Dominion. While our opponents pretend in Provincial politics to object to patronage as giving a Government too much power, some Reformers would favour its being withdrawn from the Provincial Government because it appears to them to be a source of weakness rather than a source of strength, inasmuch as several friends are disappointed whenever an appointment is made. I cannot say that patronage is on the whole a weakness; but it is the prestige which belongs to the right of patronage that gives to it its chief advantage to the party in power. For this purpose it is valuable, notwithstanding its disadvantages in some other respects. The prestige of the Dominion as compared with the Provinces is already quite great enough for the interest of the Province; and as the possession of patronage gives a certain prestige the Province should not be deprived of that prestige while the local prestige of the Dominion is left untouched. The Dominion Government now appoints our governors and our judges; claims and exercises power to appropriate our railways and our public works; vetoes any of our legislation which happens to be distasteful to its friends; and has a larger exclusive legislative jurisdiction than the Congress of the United States has. It is important to Provincial interests that while this constitution lasts, nothing should be done to lessen the prestige of the Provincial Government, the representative of Provincial jurisdiction and authority."

Whatever were the advantages of patronage, and they were not inconsiderable, it is certain that the Mowat Government profited greatly by its alliance with the Roman Catholic hierarchy. It is not suggested that

there were evil motives behind this alliance or that there was any vital betrayal of the public interest. That there was an alliance is beyond challenge. That element of the population which George Brown alienated by distrust and violence Mowat regained and retained by conciliation and concession. In those days "the Catholic vote" was the obsession of politicians. It was the strong fortress of Sir John Macdonald. It was the fortress which Honourable Edward Blake besieged but could not take. But Mr. Blake did not begin the siege until Mr. Sandfield Macdonald was defeated. In the Provincial contest of 1871 the Orange Association was not very friendly to the Scottish Roman Catholic leader of the Government, who had opposed Separate Schools, but was not persuaded that the murder of Thomas Scott and the capture of Louis Riel were legitimate issues in Provincial politics. As a boy I saw Riel hanged in effigy, but I had no comprehension of the political significance of the incident. Once in South Ontario, where Sir Oliver Mowat had many electoral triumphs, the cry was "Mowat and the Queen, or Morrison and the Pope". But notwithstanding his association with George Brown and the deft exploitation of racial and sectarian prejudices against Sandfield Macdonald, Archbishop Lynch and Sir Oliver Mowat effected a concordat which was maintained for a quarter of a century.

The Archbishop, a bold and far-sighted ecclesiastic, skilfully enlarged the privileges of his people, and achieved his objects through a sagacious Covenanting Protestant. But it is hard to believe that Protestantism was outraged or the Constitution subjected to violence. An essential condition of the compact of union was that separate schools should be maintained for Catholics in Ontario and for Protestants in Quebec. It was not suggested that the Separate

School Acts should never be amended or that legislation which would minister to the convenience of Catholics should be withheld. It was not such a flagrant offence that municipal assessors in communities where separate schools were established should return Catholics as supporters of these schools or that the State should collect the taxes for separate as for public school boards. There was not much to be said for dual machinery which could only burden Catholics and excite a sense of injustice. Nor was there any serious grievance in diverting to separate schools a proportion of the taxes of public companies if there was fair division according to the relative holdings of Catholics and Protestants. The obligation of the State to separate schools did not cease at Confederation. It could not have been intended that a right guaranteed by the constitution should be grudgingly maintained or a principle conceded in the letter impaired in the practice.

The fierce attack upon the "Ross Bible" was compounded of partisan rancour and sectarian venom. Its spirit was fairly expressed by the pious Protestant trustee who declared that he would have the whole d— Bible or nothing. The volume of Scriptural selections prepared for the public schools, skulking in history as the "Ross Bible", was a comprehensive concept of moral and religious teaching, the product of a reverent spirit, finely designed and skilfully executed, and commendable in content and object. But it was thrust out of sight as something irreverent and blasphemous. One feels that the effect was to accentuate division in education and to produce nothing fruitful in faith or morals.

The decision to establish bilingual schools in French communities was as fiercely opposed as the separate school amendments. It is true that such schools had existed before Confederation in French and German settle-

ments but under the Mowat Government there was definite recognition and deliberate extension of the system. As an inevitable result of the Government's action and the attack of the Opposition, the French constituencies turned towards Liberal candidates. It may be that there was political design in this legislation as in the concessions to the Irish Catholic element, but none of these measures have been repealed by Conservative Governments, while the attitude of Sir James Whitney towards the French and Irish Catholic minorities was not very different from that of Sir Oliver Mowat. There still is controversy over bilingual schools, but the demand is for adequate recognition of English and not for prohibition of French teaching.

During this period of sectarian tension and fury the Protestant Protective Association appeared. A secret movement, imported from the United States, its literature was peculiarly intolerant and its methods difficult to penetrate. The Association demanded not only that Roman Catholics should be excluded from the public service but that they should be denied private employment. It was alleged that by direction of Honourable C. F. Fraser a cross had been painted in the ceiling of the legislative chamber and that Roman emissaries were swarming in the public departments. Looking through the newspapers of that period it is amazing to discover what fantastic reports were circulated and believed. Nor does censure fall only upon the Opposition and the agencies which were striking at the Mowat Government. It is true that under Sir Oliver Mowat there was a very liberal admission of Roman Catholics to the public service and that there was the atmosphere of bargaining in the relations between the Church and the leaders of the Liberal party. It was found that legislation favourable to Roman Catholics was rewarded by organized political support and measures which result from a compact

naturally excite suspicion and distrust. But, as I have said, much of the legislation which was so strongly attacked was not unreasonable nor gravely objectionable. At least the masses of Protestants could not be excited, and fortunately would not give countenance to the illiberal teaching of the Protestant Protective Association. The "extreme wing" damaged Sir William Meredith; the excesses of the attack strengthened the defence. The alliance between the Catholic Bishops and Liberal Ministers was palpable and provocative, but the offences against the public school system were not grave enough to separate Presbyterian Liberals from a Presbyterian Prime Minister whose Protestantism was beyond suspicion and whose political genius was not inferior to that of Sir John Macdonald. If the federal Conservative leader could command the common support of the Bleus of Quebec and the Orange Lodges of Ontario the Provincial Liberal leader could unite the Palace and the General Assembly. And both had qualities which greatly redeemed their patent political manœuvres.

In the long struggle between Sir John Macdonald and Sir Oliver Mowat over the legislative authority of the Province and the determination of its boundaries, the Provincial Premier never sustained a decisive defeat. No doubt he relied upon the advice of Honourable Edward Blake and the industry of Honourable David Mills, but one feels that he was not dependent upon either nor persuaded by either against his own judgment. His mind was clear, his temper reliant, his industry adequate and his resource equal to any emergency.

As a speaker Sir Oliver Mowat was halting, laborious and unimpressive. But he never spoke upon any subject, even at the close of a long debate in which every argument seemed to be exhausted, without reinforcing the position by new facts and fresh reasoning. In the Cabinet there were

two, if not three, better speakers than himself but none of these could make a deeper impression upon the Legislature. He persuaded not by fluency or eloquence but by simplicity and solidity. He lacked the relief of humour, but he had a keen insight into the vanities and frailties of his fellows. He could redistribute constituencies with Christian humility and partisan ingenuity. He could take the fruits and know not the tree thereof. He was not a Radical, nor a Liberal, nor even a Whig. He was a Tory in social instinct and in political practice and outlook. He had honest reverence for established forms and institutions in Church and State. He had the innate quality of a gentleman. He was offended by looseness of tongue or coarseness of fibre. He kept his hand upon "the people" lest they should get out of control. He never believed that the voice of democracy was necessarily the voice of God. He neglected the University of Toronto, not because he had a low conception of the value and dignity of higher education but because he suspected political danger in generous appropriations. Primarily an economist even in his attitude towards elementary education, his common appeal was to the economical and conservative instincts of the people. One feels that he was like an employer who is content with a solvent concern even though by raising wages and scrapping decrepit machinery he could increase both output and profits. But he would not have waste or extravagance. He was a devoted British patriot of the school of Brown and Mackenzie. Throughout the Province there were thousands of "Mowat Conservatives" whose support he had in every political contest, as there was an influential, independent element which believed with Principal Grant of Queen's University that, "Ontario could not afford to dismiss Sir Oliver Mowat". He conserved the natural resources of the Province, respected the essential moralities in

the exercise of power, and resisted the influences which are ever ready to prey upon Governments for personal advantage.

Moreover, he was his own "boss". Of Prime Ministers there are two kinds. One conducts, the other is "personally conducted". In so many Cabinets there is one particular Minister who stands between the leader and the people. This type of politician is forever busy with intrigue and patronage. He nestles in the bosom of "the Chief". He seems to love him with a love passing that of women. He becomes the source of favours and honours. He persuades the leader that he is the saviour of the party and the party that he is the door of access to the leader. His instruments are flattery and corruption. He increases in substance but by methods that are seldom fully disclosed. He is an eternal danger and an intolerable affliction. In proportion as he is powerful the meaner elements of a party prevail in administration and policy. But Sir Oliver Mowat never had a master nor ever was misled by adulation.

Perhaps Sir Oliver Mowat trusted no other man as fully as he trusted Honourable T. B. Pardee. Between these two there was an affection as well as confidence. But affection flowered for Mr. Pardee as naturally and spontaneously as flowers open in the spring. He was of commanding stature, and had much natural dignity of bearing. His features were rugged but attractive. In his eyes there was the look of a man who knew the world and found the knowledge pleasant. In early manhood he had sought adventure and fortune in the gold fields of California and Australia. Through such experiences men come to know human values. If they survive they become wise and tolerant. Until his death Mr. Pardee looked at the world with young eyes. If the schools refine it is true also that the rough experiences of life often give serenity

and dignity. There was a rare sense of felicity in companionship with Mr. Pardee. When the Creator makes such men he must feel very pleasantly towards his creatures. The Press Gallery was always attentive and interested when Mr. Pardee was "passing his estimates" or manœuvring a contentious measure through its various stages. He was bland, conciliatory, accommodating. He could disarm the most fretful and suspicious critic. Very often he would divide his opponents, and draw timely and valuable support from the Opposition. It would be found that in the conduct of his department he had conciliated some Conservative member or shrewdly abated the grievances of some Conservative constituency. Naturally, therefore, gratitude was expressed and the unity of the attacking forces impaired. In a volume of Reminiscences Mr. Justin McCarthy describes the perplexity of the Court and Government when Garibaldi visited England. Although he had no official status there was an irresistible popular demand for official recognition of the Italian patriot. As a way out of a difficult situation Lord Palmerston suggested that Garibaldi should marry the Duchess of Sutherland. It was objected that the Duchess had a husband, but Palmerston argued that Gladstone could explain the husband away. There was nothing that Mr. Pardee could not explain away and that without such elaborate verbiage and exhaustive reasoning as often distinguished Mr. Gladstone's defences. Wise, able, faithful and lovable, Mr. Pardee served Ontario well, not perhaps without the guile which was required in an era of rigid devotion to party but with fine simplicity and simple personal integrity. One looks in vain in the streets of Sarnia for monuments to Alexander Mackenzie and T. B. Pardee.

Of different temper was Honourable C. F. Fraser. Eager, aggressive and defiant, he challenged his adversaries

to combat, and pressed the battle to the gates and beyond. He could fall but he could not retreat. He could not withhold the blow even if to strike was to lose the field. Often he was so merciless in attack as to damage the cause for which he contended. He hated all meddling and mothering legislation. He would have fought a Committee of One Hundred or a Committee of One Thousand in defence of the freedom of choice and freedom of action which he believed were the inalienable privileges of British citizenship. For waste and extravagance he had no toleration. He would burn with anger against any evidence of plotting by supporters of the Government to secure illegitimate subsidies or establish a doubtful interest in timber or mineral resources. Nor could his anger be appeased until the designs of the despoilers were abandoned or defeated. It was the boast of a campaign that the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park were erected without "extras". In the fact we may rejoice if it is conceded that the buildings should not have been erected in the Park with or without extras. But what was a park against "economy". It is doubtful if the Legislature has had any other debater as fluent, lucid and powerful as Mr. C. F. Fraser. For vigour in attack, for resource in defence and for instant appreciation of the true significance of a complex situation he ranks in my mind with any other man that I have known in the Legislature or the House of Commons. At his side I would put Dr. George M. Grant in the Presbyterian General Assembly. Grant, however, was more adroit and more persuasive; less eager and vehement. Besides Grant seldom struck to wound and never was carried into oratorical excesses. Fraser did not care if he drew blood. He had no compassion for a writhing enemy. For years his health was not good and he was often worn and weary. He fanned the flame of life too rashly and

too fiercely. Burning more energy than he could spare he exhausted the supply, the spirit faltered and the darkness came too soon. But he could not have lived otherwise, and how brilliant was the life while it lasted. A Scotch Roman Catholic, Mr. Fraser was the spokesman of his Church in the Legislature. But he never cringed to authority, and while a faithful Churchman he never was merely the instructed counsel of any group or interest. When I was assigned to service in the Press Gallery I was warned that Mr. Fraser was of uncertain and autocratic temper and that at his hands I must expect command and rebuff. But he treated me with unvarying courtesy and kindness. There was no member of the Government from whom I sought advice more freely or who gave me more of confidence and friendship. Once when I was attacked for something that I had written it was Mr. Fraser who sprang to my defence with instant and fervent protest. I think of him as a man of great gifts and acute perception, who, if he had sat in the House of Commons would have been among its great figures and its decisive forces.

Curiously enough when Mr. Fraser was a witness before the Royal Commission which investigated the mysterious and perhaps somewhat legendary machinations of "the Brawling Brood of Bribers"—his own description of that shadowy association of inept strategists—he was embarrassed and confused by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy. Nor did Mr. Hardy pass through the ordeal of cross-examination to great advantage. Both were easily provoked and Mr. McCarthy displayed genius in provocation. I have often wondered how Mr. McCarthy would have borne a cross-examination by Mr. Fraser. It is as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a man of eager temper and strong impulses to be a good witness under a skilful counsel. In any encounter on the platform or in par-

liament Mr. Fraser and Mr. McCarthy probably would have carried the scars of equal and honourable combat.

For Honourable A. S. Hardy and Sir George Ross, both members of the Mowat Government when I was in the Press Gallery, there will be another chapter. Each was skilful in debate and fertile in strategy. Hardy had humour; Ross had humour and eloquence. Both had resource and courage. It is doubtful if any other man of his time was so signally and uniformly effective on the platform and in parliament as Sir George Ross and the effect was produced by infinite labour under such physical affliction as would have brought almost any other man to bed and kept him there until the happy final release. Sir John Macdonald, in a moment of fretful exasperation, described Sir Oliver Mowat as "the Little Tyrant" and scoffed at his Pardees and Hardys and Lardys and Dardys, but they frustrated all his devices and held the citadel against all the forces that he could command. Moreover, through long years the Mowat Cabinet was singularly harmonious and cohesive. Mr. J. Israel Tarte once said that in Council members of the Laurier Government "fought like blazes". That seems to be the chronic condition of governments. It would be hard for the people to have confidence in cabinets if they knew how seldom ministers have a common confidence in themselves. One thinks of the injunction of the Prophet Jeremiah, "Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and trust ye not in any brother; for every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbour will walk with slanders".

During the four or five sessions that I was in the Press Gallery, Sir William Meredith was leader of the Opposition. Among his supporters were Honourable Alex. Morris, Mr. David Creighton, Mr. E. F. Clarke, Mr. A. F. Wood and Mr. H. E. Clarke. Of these Mr. Creighton was very service-

able and Mr. E. F. Clarke effective in debate but absorbed in the affairs of Toronto. Mr. Morris was among the prophets of Confederation, but age had put its hand upon him and his face was turned towards the past. Mr. H. E. Clarke and Mr. Wood spoke often, generally without extreme party bias and with knowledge of the subjects they discussed. These had useful and industrious associates, and there was Mr. Metcalfe, of Kingston, eccentric and daring, grossly personal in assaults upon ministers, but so boisterously happy and exuberant that even his victims enjoyed his performances. I heard Sir James Whitney's first speeches in the House, singularly calm and judicial as compared with his later manner, but clearly revealing distinct individuality, simplicity of character and resolute integrity. It cannot be suggested that there was talent or experience to the left of the Speaker equal to that on the treasury benches, but under Sir William Meredith the Opposition was an effective Parliamentary instrument.

The Conservative leader was industrious, vigilant and aggressive. No measure was too insignificant to receive his attention. Generally his criticism of details was sympathetic and constructive. He thought it his duty even to amend and improve measures to which he was opposed. For the actual letter of much of the legislation enacted he was as responsible as the Government. One could not doubt his sincerity and integrity or withhold admiration for his zeal and assiduity in the public interest. His mind was more liberal than that of Sir Oliver Mowat; his outlook more sympathetic and confident. He forced manhood suffrage upon the Government. He was suspicious of capital and corporations. He had a close relation to organized labour. He was a zealous advocate of legislation to compensate workmen for accidents. He was with courageous consistency a champion of public

rights against private interests. Those who remember his teaching in the Legislature will reflect that many of his causes have triumphed, though later reformers wear the laurel, and perhaps he was not unimportant in shaping the legislative programme of the Whitney Administration.

Sir William Meredith, perhaps through the exigency of political circumstances and the obligation of loyalty to Sir John Macdonald, was counted against Ontario in the long struggle over the Boundary Award. He was drawn into the vexatious constitutional contests between the Mowat Government and the Conservative Government at Ottawa and too often fought and lost upon ground which was not of his own choosing. Whether or not it was desirable in the national interest that he should maintain the alliance with Sir John Macdonald it is certain that the association was sometimes gravely prejudicial to his political prospects in his own Province. In his struggle with the Roman Catholic Bishops he failed to secure Protestant support in any degree equivalent to the French and Irish support which he lost. Moreover, while the Catholic voters polled for Sir Oliver Mowat in the Province they gave generous support to Sir John Macdonald in federal elections.

There was nothing illiberal in Sir William Meredith's conception of the Roman Catholic Church as a religious institution, but it was inevitable under all the circumstances that he should suspect and denounce ecclesiastical interference in political contests. It may be that he was not always judicious or judicial in his references to the hierarchy but there was provocation and under provocation he was not patient or apologetic. Among those behind him in the constituencies were not a few who cried in their hearts, "a barred door to Popery and no Peace with Rome". But who can confine the bounds or control the spirit of controversies

which touch racial and sectarian feeling? They are hateful altogether but the world is free, or as free as it is, because through the ages courageous spirits have resisted obscurantism and absolutism and made "the bounds of freedom wider yet". One cannot think that the educational measures of the Mowat Government affecting Roman Catholics were so dangerous or so reactionary as they were represented to be, but the anger of the Conservative leaders of Ontario over the alliance between the Bishops and the Government was natural, and, as has been said, such controversies inevitably develop suspicion, rancour and all uncharitableness. Still Ontario has had no truer public servant than Sir William Meredith and it is impossible to doubt that if he had become Prime Minister he would have maintained high standards of probity and efficiency in the public departments, guarded the resources of the Province with austere integrity, and incorporated the spirit of social justice in legislation and administration.

If there is no humour in this chapter it is because there was no humour in the Legislature. Like all Canadian Parliaments the Legislative Assembly of Ontario was trying in its gravity and very tragic in its profundity. Two incidents, however, I recall. Once Mr. G. W. Badgerow, who represented East York, was called to speak in a debate on the Budget a day before he should have spoken according to the order of debate arranged by the Whip. In his first sentences he explained that he was not fully prepared and was only speaking to fill a hiatus. The correspondent of *The Toronto News* remarked that he filled the hiatus but emptied the House. This was not exactly true, but could a human correspondent neglect such an opportunity. Once Mr. Tooley, a venerable and respected Conservative who represented East Middlesex fell asleep and gently slid from his chair to the floor. Mr. Too-

ley opened his eyes, seemed to be wholly unimpressed by the incident, arose slowly and deliberately re-seated himself, and as Mr. John Lewis said in *The Globe*, "gravely resumed his legislative duties". I think also of one other incident in the Legislature which, like the story that Abraham Lincoln told Henry Ward Beecher, will not bear telling.

Of my own work in the Press Gallery I say nothing. It was petty and trivial and partisan. A glance at my daily contribution in the old files of *The Globe* was enough. It was of the atmosphere of the Legislature and in those days one worshipped his political idols; blasphemed the enemy and rejoiced. Nor do I hesitate at the confession that very often I was in complete sympathy with Sir William Meredith's legislative proposals, as I

was attracted by his personality and deeply impressed by his power in debate and his wisdom in counsel when measures outside the realm of party controversy were under consideration. When Sir William ascended the Bench he wrote me a letter, as unexpected as it was welcome, in which he said that never under my editorship had *The Globe* treated him unfairly or ungenerously or misrepresented his position on any public question. Moreover, when *The Globe* building was burned in 1895 he gave me the files of *The Globe*, *The Mail* and *The Empire* from the time that he had entered public life to replace those which had been destroyed. Still, I think just as badly of the stuff I wrote in the Press Gallery of the Legislature more than thirty years ago.

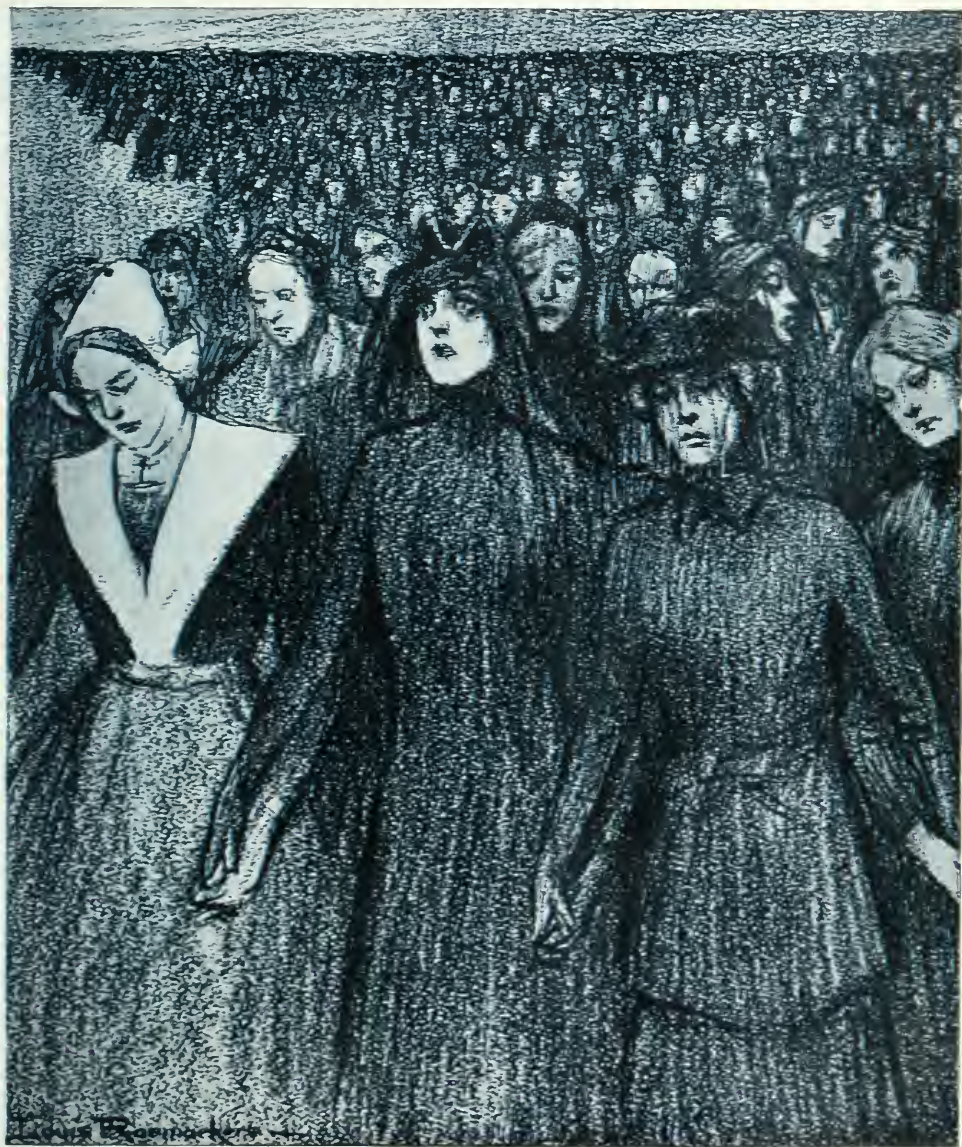
In the September Number, Sir John Willison will give his reminiscences of "The Press and the Press Gallery."

IN DAYS OF GLOOM--1918

By EDWARD SAPIR

I AM the smoke. I curl up out of you,
 You league on league of chimnied town, and float
 Off on the crest of winds. I am a boat
 That glides up-current to the sunny blue.
 You breathe me out, warm black, but as I rise
 And rise, I lose your life and chill to gray,
 And, dying towards the sky, I silently give way
 To beams that rush to smile into your eyes.

I am the smoke, you league on league of souls,
 That fouled your dreams, but that, breathed out, now rolls
 Off in a warm black cloud to die, to chill
 To nothingness, and make room for the light of spring
 To rush to you and grant awakening
 Of hope—of hope that long lay crushed and still.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE WIDOWS OF BELGIUM



Grenville P. Kleiser

GRENVILLE KLEISER: EXPONENT OF SELF-HELP

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH



If the real estate business in the city of Toronto had not taken a sudden slump a quarter of a century ago, it is just possible that Grenville Kleiser, instead of being one of the most widely celebrated exponents of the gospel of self-help in the world to-day, would have been a mere capitalist of purely Canadian fame. Un-

doubtedly he would always have been a very ambitious and aspiring man, but business would have claimed him completely, and he would never have had a chance to become a real educationist, occupying the unique position that is his.

The collapse in land values, which brought financial misfortune to so many at that time, was actually a harbinger of good fortune to him, for

it deflected his course from the business in which his success and promise were the more marked because they were the achievements of a mere boy, to the development of his own pet hobbies and ambitions, and above all made him the preceptor of others with the same zeal for self-improvement.

Voluminous and varied as are the works of Mr. Kleiser, they all have a central idea, that of self-help, and self-reliance, and in preaching the gospel of success to others he has won popular and financial success himself. There are very few living authors who command so vast a field of enthusiastic readers and admirers than he, and probably no living educationist speaks to so large an audience. He is probably the most renowned of living exponents of the art of public speaking, and latterly he has directed his energies to the entire field of human achievement, the basic principles of which, as expounded in one of his latest books, "How to Build Mental Power", are radically the same. It is something for a man, who is himself largely self-educated, to be proud of.

When one stops to consider it, the number of individuals who have a sincere desire to seek the paths of personal distinction, but who struggle in the dark, and remain in a state of permanent bewilderment toward the problems of life, must be very large. It is a problem which once fascinated the kaleidoscopic mind of the English novelist H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells once dealt with it sportively in his novel "Kipps". Laugh as one may at poor Kipps, the novel has its pathetic side. The reader feels that if there had only been someone to touch the right spring of energy in Kipps, he would really have amounted to something. Instead, those who undertook his development did no more than amaze and bewilder his unsophisticated but ambitious mind.

There are countless men like Kipps in all walks of life; men who cannot

be reached by the average essayist, men who need an education in the old essential things, before their faculties can take wings. Many have more brilliant natural faculties than Mr. Wells's hero, but most of them are in a similar state of confusion in their attitude toward life. It is such men that Mr. Kleiser endeavours to take by the hand.

Early in his career, Mr. Kleiser touched on a very common human trait, the desire which nearly every man cherishes to shine among his fellows—in other words to be able to acquit himself respectably as a public speaker should occasion arise. It is a situation in which men of exceptional ability in other respects usually fail, and suffer extreme embarrassment in consequence. It was his early efforts to find a remedy for the average man's disabilities in the matter of oratorical expression which constituted Mr. Kleiser's starting point as an educationist.

Grenville Kleiser was born in Toronto of American parents, and, as has been said, embarked on a business career as a mere boy. Even then the art of expression and the relation of words to thought interested him keenly, and he qualified himself as an elocutionist, so that when he abandoned commercial pursuits he was able to turn his abilities in this respect to account. He studied the technical side of expression from every standpoint, so that as a very young man he gave successful readings of Charles Dickens's delightful story, "David Copperfield", and was in wide demand both as a miscellaneous reader and a teacher of public speaking.

In the early nineties he went to New York City in quest of a larger field, and a few years later he was appointed instructor in speaking at Yale Divinity School, Yale University, to improve the pulpit methods of budding clergymen. At Yale he introduced radical methods for the de-

velopment of pulpit style. He not only taught them finished vocal expression but he laid down a time-limit of twenty minutes for sermons. As a teacher of oratory Mr. Kleiser offers no encouragement to the long-winded speaker. In all his discourses will be found that insistence on logic, terseness, and brevity which he inculcated at Yale.

Fortune favouring him, he was able to cultivate to the full his longing for foreign travel. With his wife, whom he describes in one of his books as "his constant inspiration", he has visited nearly every odd corner of Europe as well as the seats of the ancient kingdoms of the Eastern Mediterranean.

It was at Athens, Greece, while standing on the Pnyx—where Pericles and Demosthenes delivered their immortal orations—that the inspirational idea came to him that the almost obsolescent art of oratory could and should be revived in America. He recognized, however, that all oratory, to be vital, must be of its time, adaptable to modern conditions. Therefore he proposed to revive the spirit of oratory along the lines of modern public speaking.

On his return to New York he at once organized the Public Speaking Club of America, which proved an instant success. Business and professional men joined in large numbers, fulfilling Mr. Kleiser's plan that the members themselves should comprise an audience before whom they could have actual practice in public speaking. This idea is essentially sound. Oratory is meaningless unless it has the co-operation of an audience. The first Public Speaking Club was founded in 1908, and Mr. Kleiser's initiative has brought forth extraordinary fruits. From this parent organization have sprung branch clubs in all parts of the neighbouring Republic. In 1910 he extended his activities to the motherland and London—delivered a series of lectures on

the revival of oratory, which led to the foundation there of the first Public Speaking Club of Great Britain. The idea spread to other cities of England and Scotland, where several such clubs are in a flourishing condition; and Australia, too, has proved a fruitful field.

The purpose and effect of these organizations is to train men and women to become correct, fluent, and effective public speakers on all occasions. The instruction which Mr. Kleiser imparts through them is most minute, and covers not merely technical phases like personal bearing, and voice production, but also logic, reasoning, the importance of material, and the proper choice of words.

One notes as a key principle of Mr. Kleiser's teaching his immense respect for the written, and especially the spoken word. In one of his brochures entitled "How to Become a Master of English", which describes his course in practical English and Mental Efficiency, he says: "Your thinking is done in words. It is impossible for you to think in words which you do not possess. It follows, therefore, that your thought must suffer for the words you lack."

This idea of the relation of words to thought is one not clearly appreciated even by many of those whose business in life is to write and speak. Mr. Kleiser voices a general truth when he says that a limited vocabulary means limited thought, limited power, and limited authority.

His writings on various phases of the art of public speaking, and all that excellence therein implies, are voluminous, and his anthologies for the use of students cover the entire history of oratory. So great has been the vogue of his instruction in public speaking and allied subjects, that he has been compelled to forgo personal instruction, and now devotes his time to writing books and teaching by mail; and he has now upward of fifty thousand students in all parts of the

world. That is to say, he reaches an audience equal to about the entire student body of twenty average universities.

Of late years he has added to his activities in the revival of the art of oratory by taking up the very complex problem of Business Success. One gathers that he scouts the mention of the street's ready-made formula of "Luck!" but is a firm believer in the old proverb, "The Lord helps him who helps himself". As has been intimated, he does not approach this subject as an amateur. His success as an author and an organizer are ample proof of that. He is a natural born "systematizer". By the time he was eighteen Mr. Kleiser had a thorough knowledge of all phases of office routine, and before he was twenty-one he had entire charge of a large real estate business in Toronto, handling with discretion and probity sums running into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

He is therefore a variation on many lecturers who profess to inculcate the principles of business success, because his ideas are based on practical experience. His theories on the subject are akin to his views on the essentials of good oratory—the development of personality, self-confidence, and clear and logical thinking. His precepts stimulate the growth of will-power, with its attendant quality of initiative.

One of the most fascinating of his publications is a little booklet published by the Royerofters of East Aurora, New York, entitled, "Building Business Success". He takes for his text the legend of Ahmend Karn, the master-builder of Damascus, to dwell in whose houses brought increased happiness and prosperity, who perfectly understood the art of construction, and was a maker of beautiful minarets. Ahmend's method was deliberate. He would place several stones in position, and would then pause to read the Koran. In the re-

flective mood so inspired, he would inspect the progress of his efforts and then resume his labours. It was a cardinal point with him to reject every imperfect stone. Mr. Kleiser finds in the story of Ahmend the four essential requisites of business success: thoroughness, which is another name for efficiency; discrimination in the resolve to use only the best materials; definite purpose in the careful review of progress made; patience and reflection in his recourse to the Koran.

The reference to East Aurora, brings to mind the fact that the last literary work of the late Elbert Hubbard—the beloved Fra Elbertus, Grand Prior of the Royerofters—before he made his fatal voyage on the *Lusitania*, was "A Little Journey to A Builder of Men; being an appreciation of Grenville Kleiser". Those who, like the writer, have had the privilege of hearing from the lips of Fra Elbertus, the story of how he developed masters of handicraft among the rural inhabitants of East Aurora, who had never been taught how to use their hands to make beautiful things, can realize how deeply he sympathized with Kleiser's gospel of self-help. In his picturesque way he wrote: "Grenville Kleiser is always going to school. Life to him is the kindergarten of God."

Meeting and hearing Mr. Kleiser also inspired in the Fra the following characteristic reflections: "We are all in business, and we should get our fun out of business. We should draw our dividends every day and remember that every day is judgment-day. Also, we should remember the week-day to keep it holy."

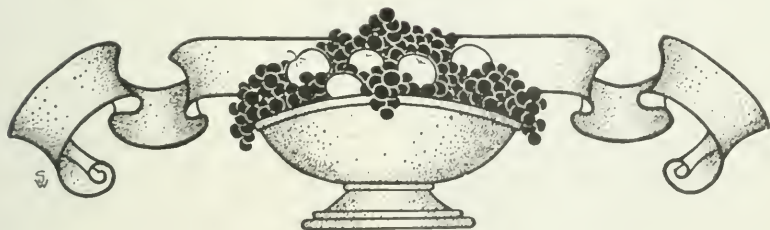
Remembering the week-day to keep it holy, is an accurate description of the impulse back of two of Mr. Kleiser's recent books, "Inspiration and Ideals" and "How to Build Mental Power". The book first named is an epitome of all the proverbial wisdom of the ages, set forth in a series of

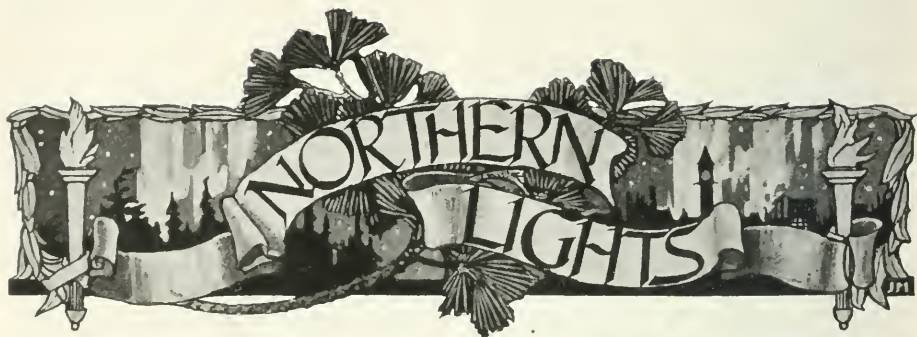
brief and simple messages for every day in the year. That the truths are old does not alter the fact that they are unassailable. "How to Build Mental Power" is a corrective to wasted time, wasted effort, and wasteful thinking, in the form of a series of interesting lessons—a book written in the simplest language, yet dealing comprehensively with a subject as wide as life itself. As the author puts it: "The aim of the lessons is to give to the student a thorough training in all the faculties of the mind, including Concentration, Reflection, Memory, Imagination, Judgment, Will, Observation, Intuition, and Constructive Thinking". A vast field, indeed, but which compels the admiration even of those who instinctively rebel against anything didactic, by the remarkable faculty of analysis and the gift of simple exposition which the author displays.

Taken in conjunction with his instructional duties, the prolific authorship of Mr. Kleiser shows that he has, by trying his own medicine developed an amazing capacity for work. "Hard work" is a phrase he hardly understands. His method of writing is unusual. Apparently he is never too busy to meet people who seek his counsel, and to treat them with unvarying courtesy. The secret of his large annual product is that he makes good use of "fragments of time".

He is never hurried, never tired, never overwhelmed by work. He apparently believes sincerely that he does not work—or perhaps it would be better to say that he has no sense of the onerous in connection with his chosen tasks.

It would be a misleading conception, however, to regard Grenville Kleiser as a mere human mechanism, efficiently operated by a cold, practical mentality. There is abundant testimony from old friends in his native Canada, and the new friends he has made in a larger field, to the warm heart that lies back of his forceful and efficient personality. Without it, indeed, all his precepts would be barren. There is a tendency among a great many social commentators at the present time to denounce formula as the curse of modern life. It is supposed to have a crushing effect on individuality. Such thinkers no doubt would find in Mr. Kleiser's teachings a too-close adherence to formula. For my own part, I think that individuality in business, and art, and life, can only effectively express itself after the formulas have been mastered, and the individual has learned to set his mind in order, has realized his own capacities, and made up his mind as to what he wants to achieve. It is this condition that Grenville Kleiser aims to assist and develop.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

IT is noteworthy that the French Canadians as a people have not been as conspicuous in art in Canada, particularly in the art of painting, as might have been expected from a race closely allied by blood and language with one of the most artistic countries in the world. There are, however, a few brilliant exceptions to the rule. One of these is M. A. Suzor Coté, a



M. A. Suzor Coté, R. C. A.

painter, particularly of winter landscape, whose work easily places him among the best painters of the Dominion. He is undoubtedly the most outstanding French Canadian painter. And while he is himself a French Canadian, he oftentimes chooses to paint subjects that have something distinctively French about them, for instance, "Blessing the Sugar Bush", a large canvas depicting an early custom of the *habitants*; "The Voyageur", scenes in the Maple woods, "Retour des Champs", "The Landing of Champlain at Quebec", "The Discovery of Canada by Jacques Cartier", and other depictions of French Canadian history, life and types. But M. Coté is a painter above mere subject, for he has developed an admirable technique, and he essays with success the difficult task of "building up", or modelling intelligently, in paint. In this technique he is assisted by his frequent excursions into the realm of sculpture, for, besides being a painter, he models with much facility and charm in clay, and in this métier his panels, single figures and groups are full of character and charm. He has studied abroad, for some years at Paris, but his most important work has been done in Canada. While he maintains a studio in Montreal, his sympathies are with the types and landscapes to be found in

and around Arthabasca, where he is really at home and where he was born and reared. While abroad he received a bronze medal and a gold medal at the Exposition Universale (1900), and he has been a frequent exhibitor at the Paris Salon. His painting generally is notable for beautiful colour, fine vibrating quality, original design, courageous treatment and exquisite tone. Examples of his work are in the National Gallery at Ottawa, and in many private collections. He is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy, The Canadian Art Club, the Arts Club of Montreal, and an exhibitor at all important art exhibitions in Canada.

✱

THE CHINOOK WOMAN

THE metaphor of the wind is a very common and adaptable one to apply to a woman. For instance we all know various types of women who are "Whirlwinds", "Tornadoes" and even "Cyclones". It is a trite expression that a western woman is "Breezy". Speaking of the West and winds there is a particular kind of wind that is peculiar to the West and that is the chinook. It is a balmy, optimistic wind and always comes at a time when it is most needed and is always welcome. That is the metaphor I would like to apply to Miss Jean Grant, Calgary's leading business woman, for she is confident, optimistic and has come at the moment when there is need of the work she is doing. She has the unique position of being business manager and associate editor of the new weekly market paper of the West, *The Market Examiner*, which was started on its career in Calgary last June.

But Rome wasn't built in a day and neither does real success come overnight, so it behooves me to go back to the "early days" of Calgary, which is only a period of about nine years ago. That was the time Miss Grant first went to the West, fresh from the University of Toronto, where



Miss Jean Grant, the Chinook woman

she had just completed her third year. It is a safe guess to state that she began her western life as a school teacher. Trace back the lives of most successful women and you will find that at some period of them they have taught school. At that time Calgary was beginning to boom. Every business enterprise was forging ahead and never have the newspapers of that city reached the pinnacle of financial success that they did in the days of the real estate advertising. There was much ado among the women too. A "Society" had sprung up, and there was talk about a "Woman's Club." The newspapers felt the need of a "society editor", and into that work Miss Grant went. She was the first woman to devote her whole time to newspaper work in the West.

As I said before, at this time an agitation was on foot to organize a woman's club, one that would embrace everybody, regardless of religion, and out of it grew that first big club of Calgary, Woman's Canadian Club.



The mother of the Roberts

Miss Grant, who had been very active in the preliminary work of organization, was made its first secretary.

Times still continued to boom and so this enterprising woman left the newspaper game to develop another phase of her ability, which is her sought-after, coveted attribute, known crowning asset, that elusive, much-commonly as business ability. She launched forth a firm at Saskatoon, a firm of "lady brokers". Here again she was first among women to carry out such a scheme. It was, at the time, an immense success and warranted the opening of two offices and the engaging of several salesmen, for the firm put a subdivision on the market. But the depression came, and prices began to drop slowly, and then came the war. All that remains now of that once thriving firm is the tax bill, which comes regularly once a year.

Then, like most westerners, she went back to her former profession and plodded along steadily until the price

of wheat went up and the farmers of Alberta began to glean in the money from that bumper crop of 1915. There have been crops and crops but never before or since has Alberta had a crop like the one of 1915. The farmer became an important person. He was in the public eye. Miss Grant saw an opportunity, and she seized it.

She noted that nowhere west of Winnipeg was there a paper that especially devoted itself to the market, one that could keep the producer, the farmer, in touch with the constantly fluctuating prices of his products. In company with Mr. Everett Marshall, a very competent newspaper man who was thoroughly familiar with the stock exchange "beat," they formed the company of which she is business manager and associate editor, and together they get out a paper which chronicles weekly current prices of grains, vegetables and stock. In addition to market prices it has brief paragraphs devoted to personalities about the stock yards and a department that is devoted to the work of the farm woman.

Miss Grant was born at Stratford, Ontario. In addition to her regular work she contributed regularly to six trade magazines and occasional articles to other Canadian magazines. She is also secretary of the Calgary Forum.

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THE MOTHER OF THE ROBERTS

ONE of eleven children was Emma Wetmore Bliss and of United Empire Loyalist stock on both sides. Through her father's family she can claim relationship with the Emersons, which is a start at least toward literary achievement. She and Bliss Carmen's mother are sisters. Born in Fredericton, N.B., in 1836, she married when quite young, a clergyman, George Goodridge Roberts, which was only what might have been expected—a large proportion of both Wetmores and Blisses having illumine

ed the Anglican church. After some peregrinations through the Province, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts moved with their little family back to Fredericton in which parish they remained until the Rector's death 33 years later. Mrs. Roberts read aloud to her children a great deal. She read beautifully, and the smallest baby sat spellbound listening to her voice, even though the words were unintelligible. During the time when the little Roberts's were too small to listen to reading, she used to recite the most wonderful rhymes, gradually educating them to Longfellow and Tennyson, with the result that at the age of six, Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald could repeat "The Lady of Shalott" without "ever having learned it", as she says. Books of adventure appealed to the mother of the family (they still do!), and the copies by Verne, Kingston and Ballantyne were well thumbed. Much of this reading took place out of doors for the "clan" loved to take long excursions into the woods, gathering ferns, May flowers and other woody things. Especially did Mrs. Roberts love animals: dogs, cats and horses, and they instinctively returned her affection. She seldom went abroad without an escort composed of the neighbours' dogs as well as her own. Her idea of hospitality extended to the stables, for

when she had made the visiting clergy or parishioners comfortable indoors, she invariably ministered to the needs of their animals—a special curry comb and brush being kept for these, and used with such effect that doubtless the horses did not recognize themselves when she had finished with them! A strong character is "Granny Roberts," with plenty of fun in her composition and a lack of wordliness which is refreshing. She had and has a remarkable power for attracting and holding people—her friendships standing the test of more than half a century. Reckless generosity is another virtue, and it is hard to say whether she would have been most intolerant of a hint of the mercenary spirit in any of her children, or slang, or careless English! And hers was not a placid nature, either! All her children wrote. Charles, the eldest, have given us stories which are highly regarded: Theodore Goodridge, who has a commission in England; Will., one of the Editors of *The Literary Digest*, and Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald—all are too well known to require introduction. The names of the grandchildren, too (Lloyd and Douglas) can be found in the world of letters, and the great-grandchild, a small maid of less than ten years, is already finding her way along the blazed trail.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

SEA DOGS AND MEN AT ARMS

BY JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON. Toronto:
McClelland, Goodechild and Stewart.



OEMS like "Off Heligoland," "Lord Kitchener," and "The Eternal Why" had been enough to show that Mr. Middleton had unusual gifts as a poet, but it was not till this volume of his collected poems appeared that one realized his importance, not merely as metrical expert, but as a keen, moving interpreter of manly, heroic and patriotic Canadianism. And while the book is pulsing with the best Canadian spirit, leaving no doubt of the author's sincerity, we cannot help wondering whether, after all, there is any great difference between the Canadian and the Britisher, whether Mr. Middleton, revealing the sentiment of the best in Canada, is not just as surely and just as reverently a Briton. For, as he himself puts it:

And still the name of England,
Which tyrants laugh to scorn,
Can thrill my soul. It is to me
A very bugle-horn.

Whether his vision is of the sea or the land, of fighting or the spirit of fighting, Mr. Middleton touches the nerve of the men he interprets and makes them appear to us and speak to us as they should appear and should speak:

Swift and stern from the nor'-nor'-west
Riots the savage gale.
Never a sailor's eye is dimmed,
Never a cheek is pale.
We are strong, and the bunker's full,
Winds of the world may blow.
Brave are the men on the for'ard bridge,
Bold are the men below.

Here and there we find also sweeping flashes of Empire:

Liberty, the shining maid
Knows the scent of Surrey thorn,
Knows the mellow Austral air,
Knows the purple Afric morn.
'Neath the palms she takes her way,
'Neath the pines on tor and fell
In the storied East she walks
Hears the jingling camel-bell.
Wreaths the bay with loving hands.
Mid the stars our England stands.

And again:

Your sons are 'neath the Flemish sod
Yea, but not yours alone!
Brothers are we, beneath the rod,
Brothers we fight before our God,
Brothers beneath the churchyard
stone.

There is fervent patriotism also, British patriotism, in the poem "Lord Kitchener", of which we quote the last stanza:

Deep in the ocean's blue infinity
That soldier body has been doomed to lie.
In English caverns of the English sea
Ten thousand sons of Admiralty cry:
"No more we come with cutlasses in hand
To teach the foe what red revenge may be,
But we, and Kitchener, can understand
The luxury of dying to be free.

There is the softer side, too, the touching pathos of the lover:

Should I depart, O lady mine,
To give my body to the King,
Leaving my cup of heavenly wine,
Those eyes and hope's imagining,
Hold high and proud thy stately head
And veil thy glorious grief a while,
Restrain the swelling tides of dread,
Give me the tribute of a smile.

I never saw the cliffs of snow,
The Channel billows tipped with cream,
The restless, eddying tides that flow
About the island of my dream.
I never saw the English downs
Upon an April day,
The quiet, old Cathedral towns
The hedgerows white with May.

Altogether the book contains much of the soundest poetry that has appeared in Canada in recent years.

✱

"IN OUR FIRST YEAR OF WAR"

WOODROW WILSON. Toronto: The Musson Book Co.

IT is interesting to note the graciousness and warmth of enthusiasm with which large sections of European opinion accept the political leadership of President Wilson. Somehow or other, by careful degrees of slow progress, he has become an authentic voice in the counsels of world democracy. And somehow or other democratic European opinion has accepted him. This is an absolute departure from the traditions of world diplomacy. World diplomacy has been a European matter almost altogether. Now it is a world matter and America's voice is, for the present at least, loudly heard. Whether this political situation is a more or less sentimental phase in the development of things, following upon America's entrance into the conflict as a great military power, or whether it is a condition likely to continue is a matter for consideration. At present President Wilson by his addresses is waging a political warfare as well as a military. As to how long France will listen, as to whether Russia will ever listen, as to how sincerely and intently Great Britain really listens, as to how adequately the German people hear at all—these are questions. In the meantime President Wilson talks about a League of Nations and of open diplomacy and of making the world safe for Democracy with a frankness and apparent sincerity unmatched elsewhere in the world.

He is not always consistent in his own political acts with the idealism of his most inspired utterances. But possibly if he were chatting across the desert he would say that the task of nations, through their representative leaders, was to make approximations



Mr. Jesse Edgar Middleton,
author of a notable book of poems entitled
"Sea Dogs" and "Men of Arms"

to the ideal, and by practice and zeal and resolution, to advance. This book of addresses will give glimpses of high-minded statesmanship.

✱

THE FLYING TEUTON

BY ALICE BROWN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS collection of short stories by one of America's most popular writers contains one story that the editor of "The Best Short Stories of 1917" regards as the finest story that has been published on a phase of the war. This story takes the myth "The Flying Dutchman" as a basis for an up-to-date story of exceeding strength and charm. There are thirteen other stories in the book. The author is also a novelist of considerable reputation, but she is best known for her short stories.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1917

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is the third of the annual volumes of American short stories selected by the Editor of *The Bookman*. One may grant that the best stories of the year are represented here, and that by reading them (a score in all) one may become acquainted with the best that is being done in a country where the people take cordially to short fiction. Some of the authors represented in the book are Irvin S. Cobb, H. G. Dwight, Edna Ferber, Fanny Kemble Johnson, Lawrence Perry, Vincent O'Sullivan, and Wilbur Daniel Steele.

✱

ARIZONA THE WONDERLAND

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a very sumptuous volume, treating of the history of the ancient cave and cliff dwellings of Arizona, of the ruined Pueblos, the Conquest by the Spaniards, the Jesuit and Franciscan missions, the trail-makers and Indians. It gives also a survey of the climate, the scenic marvels, the topography, the desert mountains, rivers and valleys. It reviews as well its industries, accounts for its influence on art, literature and science, and points to its attractions for sportsmen, travellers and the seeker after health and pleasure.

✱

THE BOARDMAN FAMILY

BY MARY S. WATTS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IN America and in Europe there are thousands of young women who have chosen to leave the parental roof and seek a "career". Some of them are successful, but most of them would be much happier and more useful if they had remained at home.

The heroine of this novel is one of the happy exceptions. Born into a home of wealth and refinement, where she is reared with regard to the most rigid traditions of propriety, she nevertheless goes out into the world and pursues her studies and work in art, defies the social canons of her set, and at length, by ability and common sense, achieves success.

✱

UNIVERSAL TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE contention of this book is as follows:

"1.—No country is rich enough or strong enough to rely upon untrained patriotism.

"2.—Universal training for citizenship and public service is possible.

"3.—Every citizen can be trained not only to acquire for himself the minimum essentials for private citizenship but to demand definite and exacting minimum standards for five other citizen groups—drill masters and teachers, civil servants, the learned professions, parents, and the specially gifted.

"4.—The future is glorious. But that glory must be achieved not stumbled into, must be consciously worked for as an ideal of equal opportunity for all to become efficient as citizens and servers."

The book, as may be gathered, is a voice crying in the wilderness of national upheaval, and haste and ardour. Mr. Allen discusses the changes in the national life brought about by the war and faces the changes that will again be brought about with the coming of peace. He does not anticipate any wholesale relapse into slothful selfishness, nor does he apparently even consider the possibility of a sort of world collapse which might fundamentally alter the very genius and

problems of civilization. He looks for conditions which shall be as normal as could be expected after war, that is, for conditions which leave society much as it is, but naturally with certain problems, opportunities, and demands accentuated. The nation must face this future in a state of preparedness. Mr. Allen admits universal military training into his scheme as naturally as any European nation ever did. Whether, when men do this, they are but now discovering the reason why European peoples armed themselves and calling it a good, just and complete reason, or whether they are simply being drawn into the whirlpool of a wilder, madder peace by armament theory is a question. At any rate Mr. Allen accepts the prospect of universal military training with equanimity. But, while he accepts universal military training, he does not urge it as he urges the matter of trained citizenship for all departments of civil life. The emphatic and outstanding emphasis of the book is upon this necessity of training. It is a dogmatic and practical book and is sometimes a little pert. But it is visionary as well. It contemplates a nation prepared for service in all its citizenship and in all departments of its citizens' life; and it makes that idea of service to include a world objective.

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IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE

BY DEMETRA VAKA. Toronto:
Thomas Allen.

THE author of this revelation of the methods pursued by Germany in dealing with neutrals in Europe after the outbreak of war left the United States in 1916, and, after visiting England, where she interviewed

Lloyd George and other high officials, she succeeded in entering Greece, her native country. Her avowed intention was to reconcile Venizelos and King Constantine to the cause of the Allies, and towards that end, as she accounts, she had numerous interviews with the Prime Minister and the King. She gives accounts also of intimate interviews with Greek ministers and generals, and discloses German intrigue on all hands. Perhaps the most interesting revelation is that of the secret conferences held in 1914, before the outbreak of the war, between the German Emperor and the King of Greece, at which the subject of the impending war was discussed. The fact of this conference is revealed by the author in her account of her last interview with General Dousmanis. In the course of this interview, the account of which takes up most of the last chapter, the author agrees with General Dousmanis that England in the "futile muddling of Downing street, lost Greece and consequently Constantinople and brought about the subsequent destruction of Serbia and Roumania". Then the author reports the interview further, and credits the General with the confession that the German Emperor visited the King of Greece at the latter's castle on the island of Corfu and offered inducements for Greece to side with the Central Powers in the event of war. The King did not then consent, because, according to the General, as reported by Madame Vaka, he waited to see what inducements France and England would offer. The lasting impression of the book is that throughout all the negotiations Greece was in the way of siding with the force that offered the greatest inducement.



TWICE-TOLD TALES

Lady Visitor: "That's a badly wounded soldier—what are you going to do with him?"

Orderly: "Oh, 'e's goin' baek again to the Front."

Lady Visitor: "Good heavens—Whatever for?"

Orderly: "'E thinks 'e knows who done it."—*London Opinion*.

✱

Two Irishmen met after having spent some time in a hospital as a result of injuries received in a railroad accident. Said one: "Well, how much did yez get?"

The other replied: "I got \$300 for mesilf and \$2,000 for me woife."

"Yer woif? Sure she wasn't hurt at all!"

"O, I had the prisence of moind to kick her in the ribs just as we was going over the bank."

✱

Waiter (serving wine at municipal banquet): "Sauterne, sir?"

Workingman Councillor: "Saut herrin', did ye say? Na, na! Nane of yer saut herrin' for me. I've a guid naitural drooth o' my ain!"

✱

Mr. Cyril Maude, talking about class distinctions in speech, said they are not so notable in the United States as in England. "In England," he said, "the lower classes talk a disgraceful jargon. The 'h' especially! The lower classes can never master that 'h'. In my youth I once heard a stage manager rehearsing 'Faust'. He had sprung from the people, poor chap, and he conducted the rehearsal like this: "'Old your 'ands on your 'ips, 'old up your 'eads, and look 'anghty. You're not on 'Amp-

stead 'Eath now—you're in 'Ades. Now 'asten off 'urriedly, with a look of 'ate'. 'But, sir,' said I, 'there are only six of us'."—*London Evening Standard*.

✱

THE COAL MINER'S BATH

Mrs. Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes said at a recent sociological convention in New York:

"The economies that some of the rich would force upon the poor. Why, they'd have the poor as impossibly economical as the miner's wife in Trinidad.

"This woman said to a missionary:

"Talk about economy! Well, sir, every night when my Bill comes home I shove him in the bathtub, clothes and all, and after he gets out I sieve the water and make briquets of it for the fire'."—*Washington Star*.

✱

WORDS, WORDS

Mistress (indignantly): "Jane, whatever did you mean by wearing my evening dress at the 'bus-drivers' ball last night? Really, you ought to have been ashamed of yourself!"

Jane (meekly): "I was, mum. You never 'eard such remarks as they made."

✱

"I want you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy-looking man to the London publisher. Publisher—"I'll look them over; but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well known name. Poet—"That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken." "Ah, indeed! What is your name?" "John Smith."—*Rochester Times*.

WITH THE REST

An authoress of some note in her day once asked a famous editor to give his opinion on a book which she intended to publish. In her letter she said:

"If the work is not up to the mark I beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire; and should you think this is not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else."

Having read over several pages of the manuscript, the editor returned it with the following brief remark:

"Madam, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."—*The Pittsburger Chronicle*.

✱

A SUBMARINE STORY

The following story is vouched for (you believe it or not, as you please) by a well-known Scottish M.P. somewhere off the East Coast. A trawler was on naval patrol duty. The skipper thought he would like some fish for breakfast, so he commenced operations. Soon up popped a German submarine close by. The trawler's skipper, an Aberdonian, was about to ram it and earn the prize money when the submarine commander, not suspecting this evil intention, offered to buy some fish. So the canny Scot went alongside, sold his fish—and then rammed the submarine.

✱

"See what I've got!" cried Johnnie, a Cockney boy, as he came running from a chicken-coop holding in his hand a china egg.

"Oh, go and put it back!" cried his six-year-old sister. "That's the egg the hen measures by!"

✱

BETTER WAKE UP

Foreman (to workman who has failed to appear before breakfast): "Well, Pat, another shilling lost, and how is that?" "Shure, sor, and sorry it is I am that it should be so; but I never woke meself up, and thought it would be no good to come here aslaape."

HIS LIFE-LONG EVENING

"The naive, frank selfishness of warring nations—it makes me think of the beggar," said Andrew Carnegie at a luncheon in New York. "A beggar, muscular and well-fed, asked a lady for a nickel. I'm afraid you are not over-fond of work," the lady said. "No, ma'am, I aint," the beggar agreed. "How could I be? Work's wot killed my wife."

✱

BROW-BEATING

The terms "highbrow" and "lowbrow" are evidently taken seriously by exponents of Chicago culture, and a complete classification of the various kinds of "brows" has been published in a newspaper of that city. The definitions include the following:

Highbrow: Browning, anthropology, economics, Bacon, the uplift, Gibbon, Euripides, "eyether," pate de foie gras.

Lowbrow: Municipal government, Kipling, socialism, Shakespeare, politics, Thackeray, taxation, golf, grand operas, "ether", stock and bonds, gin rickey.

High-lowbrow: Musical comedy, Richard Harding Davis, euchre, baseball. Anthony Hope, moving pictures, whisky. Robert W. Chambers, purple socks.

Lowbrow: Ham sandwich, haven't came, pitch, melodrama, hair oil, the Duchess, beer, George M. Cohan, chewing gum in public.

✱

SAFE TO TRY

A friend of Nat Goodwin's was staying with the actor at his home in California, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia. One day he was taking a walk along the beach with his host.

"I have derived relief from drinking a glass of salt water from the tide," said the invalid solemnly, "Do you think I might take a second?"

Goodwin reflected deeply. "Well," he replied with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."

A COCKNEY DOUBLE ENTENDRE

"What would you say if you met a German lady and she said, 'Guten morgen! Gott strafe England!'"

Having learned by experience that it is best not to "bite" on these occasions, you give it up.

"Well," says the querist. "I'd say, 'Don't you think you're very Hun-ladylike?'" — *Manchester Guardian*.

*

JUST LIKE PRAYER MEETING

Aunt Liza's former mistress was talking to her one morning, when suddenly she discovered a little pickaninny standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt Liza?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, dat's Prescription."

"Goodness, what a funny name, auntie, for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah simply calls him dat becuz Ah has sech hahd wuk gettin' him filled." — *Exchange*.

*

A CRANKY RABBIT

Some time ago an automobile party was touring the back countries when hunger seized the crowd. Having a kit with them, they decided to make a Welsh rarebit instead of going to a local hostelry. To this end a trip was made to the corner grocery for the raw materials.

"We want a couple of pounds of cheese and some large, square crackers for a Welsh rarebit," said the purchaser, going into the store.

"Got the cheese all right," answered the grocer, "but none o' them big, square crackers. How 'bout some little ones?"

"They won't do," returned the purchaser. "We must have the large ones."

"S'pose ye must if ye say so," thoughtfully commented the grocer, "but it strikes me that rabbit o' your'n is purty derved pertic'lar 'bout his eating."

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

Algernon, the golf champion, stood with his "kind to the orphan" passport outside the pearly gates, and the document looked good to St. Peter, so the applicant's harp was handed out to him from the cheek window.

"Oh, I say," protested Algernon, "I want to exchange this pocket piano for a golf kit."

"Sorry," said the clerk, "but we don't have golf in Heaven—it really is not the thing, you know. You'd better try the other place."

So down went Algernon by the Milton Express and landed on schedule time in Satan's kingdom.

"Any golf links?" asked he, grown wary now about registering too hastily.

"Finest in the universe," said Satan, rubbing his hands jovially. "Look for yourself!"

In fact there before them stretched such links, such smooth, bright greens, such tantalizing hazards, such seductive bunkers, that Algernon could hardly contain himself.

"My dear fellow," said he, "this place of yours has Heaven wiped off the map. Just tell me where I get my clubs, balls, and a caddy."

"Aha, that's different," replied Satan with an evil smile, "we haven't any of those things. That's just the Hell of it."

*

HE GOES TO BED

While a travelling man was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant in a little backwoods town in Missouri a customer came in and bought a couple of nightshirts. Afterwards a long, lank lumberman, with his trousers stuffed in his boots, said to the merchant:

"What was them 'ere that feller bo'?"

"Nightshirts. Can I sell you one or two?"

"Naup, I reckon not," said the Missourian. "I don't set around much o' nights." — *Exchange*.



A SCENE AT BANFF SPRINGS, ALBERTA

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 5

ST. EUSTACHE

SOME INCIDENTS OF ITS DEFENCE AND ITS DEFENDERS IN 1837

BY L. STONE

Joe Papineau, my jo, Joe,
When first I saw your face,
I thought you rather spunky,
And a lad of soul and grace;
But now you've turned a seamp, Joe,
And your fame is rather low,
You're nothing but a "Patriot",
Joe Papineau, my jo.

—Parody of the time.



HE parishes to the north of Montreal had been for some time prior to the outbreak of the Rebellion of '37 centres of political agitation and disaffection, the chief leaders being Messrs. Scott and Girouard, who were, or had been, members of the Legislative Assembly, and Father Chartier, Curé of St. Benoit. But Amury Girod, a Swiss adventurer who made a specialty of revolutions, and Dr. Chenier, a medical man of St. Eustache, soon came to the front as the principal leaders in that district, and the latter is the only figure that approaches the heroic among all their commanders.

It was at St. Eustache that the rebels elected to mobilize most of the

forces they were able to draw from the district roughly represented by the present county of Two Mountains, and parts of the counties of Terrebonne and Laval. This they commenced to do on learning of the mobilizations south of the St. Lawrence, so that, within the three weeks which elapsed between the discomfiture of the rebels in the Richelieu district, and their own defeat, they had assembled a considerable force, and were committing depredations that called for speedy punishment, and gathering strength that necessitated early dispersal.

They refused to believe the news of the defeat of rebels at other points and persisted in their depredations. Though provisioning their army by commandeering whatever they required, it is likely that such supplies were speedily consumed, and that they accumulated no great reserve either of food or ammunition. The habitants attacked with good appetite the pork, beef, potatoes and buckwheat pancakes furnished at other people's ex-

pense, but it was afterwards found that many of them had not much stomach for fighting.

Colborne's column, 2,000 strong, including volunteer cavalry and six pieces of artillery, left Montreal on December 13th, and on approaching St. Eustache at noon next day caused the desertion of about 500 of the habitants, about one-third of their force.

An interesting incident, preliminary to the engagement, has been gleaned from the reminiscences of an old rebel. The scouts captured two rebels, Jean Jacques and Jeremie Forget. The latter, seeing that he and his comrades were outnumbered, and not being able to speak English, made a sign, intended for submission, by reversing the butt of his firearm, that being, perhaps, a traditional method of surrender in French Canada. But, in the absence of any word of surrender, the troops, either not perceiving the manœuvre, or not comprehending it, bayoneted him in the side, and he was shot by a loyal habitant, though not killed outright. Father Ducharme, perhaps the assistant priest of the parish, was brought to receive his confession, but the dying man, required to repeat the Lord's Prayer, stopped at the petition, "and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us"; the priest exhorted him to continue, and he replied, "I forgive all my enemies, even the traitorous Canadian who assassinated me, but I will not forgive the English". No exhortation of the priest could move him from this infatuation, and he died peacefully asking that his comrades remember him. The animus displayed by the narrator of this incident suggests that his death was held in as great detestation by his comrades, as the murder of Lieutenant Weir has been by all Loyalists.

The troops quickly assumed positions calculated to hem in the rebels, who were posted mainly in the church, presbytery and manor-house, from whence they commenced the engagement by firing on the advancing mili-

tary. Those in the church were summoned to surrender, and upon their refusal the guns were brought to bear upon all their positions, the cannonade tearing great gaps in the buildings, and the church was eventually set on fire from a rocket apparatus used by the troops, a catastrophe the rebels had no means of averting. It is said that some were so credulous as to believe that the military would not fire on the church, or, if they did do so, any of its defenders who were killed would attain sure salvation.

A number of the rebels, among them Chenier, were posted in the belfry, on a sort of loft overlooking the church-yard, and to which perch they are said to have dragged their only gun. From this coign of vantage they kept up a galling fire on the troops without doing much execution, though one youth of nineteen, a namesake of the arch-rebel, afterwards claimed to have disposed of nearly a dozen soldiers. This is quite an impossible story, the casualties among the troops, all told, being only ten. However, as the engagement lasted nearly four hours the resistance of the rebels must have been strenuous.

When Chenier saw that the church would be no longer tenable, he gave the signal to retreat, and with his immediate followers descended to the sacristy, whence they hoped to sally out, but their escape seems to have been cut off by the flames. Here he received a fatal wound and cried to his companions, "I am going to die. Do you go on". Those of the garrison, whose retreat to the belfry had not yet been cut off by the fire, ascended to the loft, and climbing to the spire, jumped thence to the snow-covered church-yard, across which they essayed to escape, under the murderous fire of the troops, delivered from cover outside the church, and from a house they had occupied at the crossing. This cross fire did great execution and changed the course of the rebels' flight.

Meanwhile the flames had spread to the presbytery and manor-house, a

brisk wind spreading the fire, started by the rockets, to these and other buildings. Such of the garrison as could escape the flames streamed out in flight, many taking to the ice, some of whom, provided with skates, easily escaping. The cavalry made hot pursuit and about 118 were rounded up, besides about 100 captured wounded. Only about 100 rebels were killed or perished in the flames, the great majority escaping, owing no doubt to the vast clouds of smoke from the conflagration, the small British force employed and its weakness in cavalry. Colborne had, however, enough to make an example of, and perhaps as many as he could conveniently convey back to Montreal. About sixty dwellings were burned in addition to the other buildings mentioned, some as reprisals by loyal inhabitants, whose own homes had been destroyed by the rebels, and who had returned in the wake of Colborne's men from Montreal. These natural acts of retributive justice were heartily participated in by the volunteer cavalry, who did not stand in as great awe of the regular officers as did their own men.

All the rebel leaders already mentioned seem to have been at St. Eustache during the engagement, except perhaps Father Chartier, and all escaped, temporarily, except Chenier, who was killed.

The inhabitants of St. Eustache, having on that eventful fourteenth of December, 1837, listened with profit to the timely admonitions of their curé, M. Paquin, and his vicar, and abandoned positions they had prepared to maintain, generally refrained from participating in the defence of the village. The actual rebel military commanders, Girod and Chenier, were then obliged to depend on the support of the habitants whom they had assembled from surrounding districts. Among these were many from Bellefeuilles' Mills (now the town of St. Jerome), and from the vicinity of "Le Nord", now known as the popular and beautiful summer resort of Shaw-

bridge, in the Laurentian Hills, then the outlying settlement in that particular direction, and some of whose clearings were only accessible by canoe.

This latter place took its name from one of the routes used by the Indians in gaining access to their northern hunting-grounds, the River Nord, whose dark and forbidding waters the Indian hunters periodically navigated, the surrounding hills oft re-echoing their deeds of valour in war, and prowess in the chase, as their songs kept time to the swift paddles glancing brightly in the rays of the sun.

The English-speaking inhabitants of these and the surrounding districts were far from numerous and, though thoroughly loyal, were too few to do anything towards stemming the rising tide of "sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion".

Indeed, anything in the way of armed participation in the troubles was beyond the power of those living at "Le Nord", at least, their French Canadian neighbours having taken care to deprive them of any weapons they possessed. In the fall of the year they had gone hither and thither, in armed bands of six or eight, among the English-speaking settlers, demanding the surrender of all weapons of whatever sort. In the majority of the cases the arms were surrendered without hesitation or remonstrance, though this was not invariably the case.

In the neighbouring settlement of Paisley some half-dozen approached the farm-house of "old Rafe Stevenson", a fervent Loyalist and militant Orangeman, on a commandeering expedition. Stevenson had been advised of their approach and met them gun in hand in the doorway. They demanded the weapon, and he heatedly challenged them to come and take it from him. Wisely remembering that "discretion is the better part of valour", they declined to accept the challenge and Mr. Stevenson retained his weapon. This loyal citizen's wife was as staunch as himself, being so

whole-hearted as to have earned the local sobriquet of "Old Brit", and we may very well imagine her standing behind her husband prepared to give him every possible support.

At "Le Nord" six or eight of the neighbours of Mrs. Scott, a widow, paid her a visit, led by one Joseph Aubin, of which she was duly warned by her Canadian hired man, who ran in excitedly to tell her that "Papineau's people" were coming. Had she been possessed of any weapons she would have tried to secrete them. During their visit they were perfectly courteous and readily took her word when, in reply to questions whether she had any guns, pistols, swords or other arms of any kind, she told them she had sold her late husband's gun and had nothing such as they were looking for. They made no attempt to search the place and took in good part the counsel and advice Mrs. Scott gave them quite freely as to the foolishness of the course they were pursuing. Such arms as they secured at "Le Nord" were hidden in a barn at Fourches' (*Sic*) Hollow (on the road to Bellefeuilles' Mills), near which lived the three brothers Fourche dit Robert, who were of the disloyal party.

Beyond the commandeering of their weapons and the threatening of a couple of arrests, the Loyalists at "Le Nord" do not seem to have suffered at the hands of their rebel neighbours, yet lived in constant apprehension of persecution and outrage; which was rather increased by improbable rumours that the Irish Roman Catholic settlers of St. Columban had decided to make common cause with the rebels; rumours that were thought of sufficient consequence at the time to cause, it is said, Father Phelan, of Montreal, to publicly threaten the St. Columbans with many pains and penalties eternally if they dared to attempt such a thing.

The loyal French fared worse than their English neighbours, as the disaffected made them especial objects of petty persecution, such as taking

down their fences at night and cutting off the manes and tails of their horses and cattle.

Among those especially obnoxious to them at Bellefeuilles' Mills was M. Montigny, or De Montigny, a merchant, the father of the late recorder of Montreal, who, to avoid a threatened arrest, thought it wiser to leave home and go to Paisley.

The Prevost family was another notably loyal family at Bellefeuilles' Mills, who, like other loyal French, were designated "Chouans", after the Loyalists of La Vendee, by their rebel neighbours.

Another, an English Loyalist, who fled from thence to avoid a threatened arrest, because guilty of the high crime and misdemeanour of belonging to the militia, was William Scott, a merchant, who came to Montreal and did duty with the militia till quiet was restored. His wife remained to manage the business, and have her loyal soul vexed by frequent requisitions from the rebels for oil for their weapons; occasions which she improved by stating her opinion freely as to the iniquity of carrying arms to kill better people than themselves, remarks that were invariably taken in good part and treated as jokes.

Shortly before the action at St. Eustache this lady, while entertaining her relative, Mrs. Scott, of "Le Nord", received a visit from two of the insurgent leaders, Jerome and Lebat Longpré, farmers of the vicinity. Evidently these loyal ladies received them courteously, but not cordially, for an hour later found all four in the positions they had assumed when the Longprés entered, viz., leaning on the backs of tall Canadian chairs *vis-a-vis* on each side of the great flagged fireplace. The interval had been spent in an animated discussion as to the right or wrong of the rebellion, during which, to the credit of all parties, not an uncivil word was spoken till on leaving, the rebels, visibly nettled, misinformed Mrs. Scott that they were coming to confiscate all her cattle on the following morning.

Without doubt many of those who went to St. Eustache were coerced into doing so. The prime movers in the agitation locally were the doctors, lawyers, notaries and other men of some education, imbued with an inordinate love for everything French, and a corresponding hatred of everything British, and who used the influence that position and education exercised on behalf of armed rebellion. They resorted also to drastic measures and took precautions to force the adhesion of all those whom they thought ought to be on their side, and to insure that any man having once put his hand to the plough should not, at the eleventh hour, look backward. These results were obtained largely by the help of press gangs which scoured the country when the time for action arrived.

The church dignitaries came out emphatically against the movement, but some have alleged that the parochial clergy were largely passive. If such was the case those who wished to resist coercion into the rebel ranks were left without encouragement from a quarter from which they might well have expected it. As it was, only those whose wits were sharp enough to incite them to individual action escaped conscription.

In the disaffected district of which St. Eustache was the centre it was not safe to be found at home when the press gang paid one a visit, unless one had been bitten by the mad dog, Rebellion, and was prepared to march away with it. In the parish of St. Martin a French Canadian carpenter was taken by the press gang at his home at Cote St. Elzéar and, though he positively refused to bear arms, was made to do duty as a teamster and carried off to St. Eustache, the press gang making vigorous but ineffectual search for his several brothers, even probing thoroughly with their bayonets the hay-stacks and potato heaps, or pits.

Young Farmer Basil Piché, of St. Monique, aware of the methods of the rebels, and recognizing how exceed-

ingly bitter the feeling against him was, buried what arms he possessed, secreted as much of his stock as possible, and betook himself, through the bush and through by-ways (for the roads were heavily patrolled) to Montreal, whence he did not return till he did so in the wake of Colborne's column three weeks later. During his absence the press gang visited his farm and, finding only his wife, searched unsuccessfully for arms and drove off the remainder of his stock to provision the rebel army gathering at St. Eustache, about twelve miles distant. The experiences of himself and family are interesting.

His father was enrolling officer (probably adjutant or major) for the militia in the district, and he himself was captain. Their duties consisted, respectively, in compiling and forwarding annually to the Government an accurate list of the fighting men, and in mustering them (for roll call only), once a year, viz., 4th June, King George Third's birthday. As was natural, the parish of St. Monique, being so much nearer St. Eustache than Le Nord and Bellefeuilles' Mills, the disaffection was more pronounced and the accompanying disturbances more blackguardly. The mutilation of the Loyalists' horses was here carried on in broad daylight by the rebels outside the church during the celebration of the most solemn service of their religion, the unfortunate Loyalists thus becoming objects of derision and the laughing-stock of the majority of the parish. Besides this, patrols of about eighteen men went around intimidating the people, securing arms, driving off cattle and stealing everything they could lay hands on. Forcible enlistment, as elsewhere, was a feature of their visits, and those who objected were promptly taken as prisoners to St. Eustache, and, it is asserted, actually placed in front during the action. Search was invariably made from top to bottom of a house for ammunition, and, in many cases, the interior was wrecked if the owner were not a "patriot" (?). Naturally

many attempted to save property by burying it in boxes, but, owing to the season, the articles were found invariably to be musty or ruined when unearthed.

An expedient adopted by the rebels was to bring out men whom they could not find, and who were evidently in hiding, was to threaten incendiarism, which was done by leaving pieces of burnt wood on their window sills at night, but I cannot say that the extreme was resorted to.

Mr. Piché one night lay sleeping while his wife took her turn at watching, as they were apprehensive that the rebels might destroy the fences or throw the cattle down the wells, when the house was suddenly surrounded, the shutters hammered upon, and finally a charge of slugs fired at the door. Next day some of these slugs were extracted and found to be triangular pieces of iron, which Mr. Piché immediately recognized as parts of the weight of a clock he had repaired for a neighbour. However, he kept his own counsel till he could obtain confirmation of his suspicions.

Shortly after, when out walking with some neighbours, a rabbit was started, which one of them killed with a charge of slugs. Madame Piché took the game home and when dressing it discovered that the slugs were more of the triangular pieces of iron. Mr. Piché did not fail to tax his double-faced neighbour with his duplicity, much to that person's discomfiture.

The unscrupulous commandeering in this parish proved in some instances a Loomerang. A detail of miscreants making their rounds visited a certain farmer and found him to have a remarkably fine gun. One rebel remarked its fine quality, saying to his comrades that it was worth at least twelve dollars, and then promptly requisitioned it. After the engagement, the owner went to get his rifle and found that the rebel had been captured and liberated, but that the rifle had naturally been lost, having been broken in twain and thrown into the river. In the absence of the rifle the owner

demanding the price of it, which he declared the other had made in the presence of witnesses, and the upshot of it was that the money was paid and the owner's demand satisfied. It is also asserted that in cases where the rebels were well-to-do, and the seizure or destruction of chattels could be brought home to them, payment, or restitution, was forced from them and to such an extent that in some instances they were ruined.

Madame Piché's confinement took place during her husband's enforced absence at Montreal, at which critical time she found a safe refuge with a poor widowed neighbour whom the patrols did not visit, and where others had also taken refuge. All visiting between neighbours was done at night only, on account of the constant espionage on the movements of the Loyalists.

Madame Piché returning from thence, after her recovery, with a party of neighbours after nightfall came suddenly face to face with a large wolf, and the whole party was as glad to beat as hasty a retreat as the wolf doubtless did. But this is a digression from the subject of evasion of conscription.

One Belair, of "Le Nord", to avoid impressment left his home and hid in the bush several days, with the melancholy result that he lost his reason thereby.

Michevielle, of Bellefeuilles' Mills, an itinerant mender of clocks, sharper witted than some of his neighbours, produced by friction intense inflammation of the left eye, and calmly awaited the advent of the press gang with the damaged optic tied up. Behold him then cordially welcoming them in his kitchen and expressing great desire to accompany them, but—removing the bandage and showing the inflamed eye—to what purpose? He feared he would be of little use, and so vigorously had the mender of clocks done his work that the press gang agreed with him and hastened away in search of a sounder victim.

Mrs. Scott, of "Le Nord", travelling

homeward from Bellefeuilles' Mills the morning after St. Eustache, and dropping in on her neighbour, Madame Labelle, finds Labelle absent and his dame cheerfully rendering pig's lard, as unconcernedly as if last night's sky had not been red with the conflagration at St. Eustache and the fat not sufficiently in the fire elsewhere. The secret of her contentment was explained when it transpired in conversation that the worthy Labelle, instead of being away with the rebels as was suspected, had carefully hid in the bush, fearing a visit from the press gang.

A contrast between those methods of impressment and the manner of enforcing the now operative Military Service Act will not be here amiss. At both these crises it was the same party that resorted to violence. In the former case they endeavoured to snatch a verdict from the god of chance by a vigorous and blackguardly method of impressment that knew no mercy, recognized no rights of exemption, permitted of no appeal, granted no delay, allowed for no liberty of opinion or exigency of affairs, that took into account only in the smallest degree physical disability, and that had behind it no moral or legal right. It was the outcome of mob rule, and was naturally accompanied by the confiscation, or destruction, of the draftee's property. That it was but local was only due to lack of opportunity to extend its operations. When we consider that the excuse now given was the desire of domination in the affairs of the colony, with the unfettered control of the public purse and revenues, and the right of appointment to all political offices, how wholly inexcusable to a well-ordered mind appears the resort to armed rebellion, and the unwarranted and brutal system of impressment adopted to fill their ranks, and terrorize their compatriots, in the hope that they might attain that end. But some minds are cast in such a mould that a resort to violence is the natural argument employed to promote their own

particular brand of liberty, a brand that, like charity, which is said to begin at home, too often ends there also. And when the well-intentioned, but probably too lenient, provisions of the Military Service Act came into force, supported by an overwhelming majority of the nation, the descendants of these "democrats to the hilt" (from whom one would look for a firmer belief in the infallibility of majorities), would have none of it. Here was a measure which many think should have been put into force much sooner than it was, remarkably lenient in its provisions, affording ample opportunity for exemption, interfering as little as possible with economic requirements, and business and family obligations, and affording careful protection for the unfit. If anything was likely to inspire confidence, generally, in the fairness of the framers of the Act it was its proposed administration by the Department of Justice, and the placing the power of exemption in local hands. And it should surely have appealed to these keen contenders for their alleged rights, as necessitous on behalf of the nations enjoying democratic forms of government, not only as a step towards the insuring of the freedom of humanity, but to help in the preservation of the very principles of Christianity itself.

But for months the latent race feeling had been pandered to by anti-conscriptionist orators, and by a large part of the provincial press. Meetings had been held, societies attempted, rioting permitted; no motive was too vile to ascribe to the framers and upholders of the measure. No argument seems to have been too childish to advance against it, and such would have been a matter for laughter but that they were eagerly listened to and applauded. For instance, most of us will recollect that the first selective conscriptionist we have read of was King David, when he sent Uriah to the battle-front that he might steal his wife, but we would hardly look for his counterpart at the present. However, the writer expected, from the

absurdity of the allegations made, that a like motive would be alleged in due time. And the apex of silliness was finally reached by an (probably youthful) "anti" orator when he alleged, as a motive for the enactment of selective conscription, the desire of the dominant race to appropriate the wives of his compatriots sent to the Front. Perhaps in his heated imagination he could picture the Cabinet, especially the Premier, and the "Honourable Bob", surrounded by seraglios of French Canadian beauties whom they had thus been enabled to appropriate. He, at least, paid a doubtful compliment to the women of his race in conceiving them acquiescent, and one which they certainly have not merited. What must we think of the mentality of adults influenced by this and other abominable drivel, used to arouse anti-British feeling?

It was surely history repeating itself in the life of an excitable and suspicious community. From the moment of the outlining of the draft provisions, numerous voices, often hydrophobic, had been raised against it; and if so many lyres, mostly tuned to different keys, did not make for harmony, at least all struck the same defiant notes. Altogether it was a lamentable display of Neroian minstrelsy while the world burned.

One cannot go about dropping incendiary bombs, and not have some of them eventually fulfil the purpose for which they were launched, and the upshot of the agitation has been mob violence, and the evasion of service to such a degree that the efficiency of the Act has been much impaired.

From a statement issued January 10th, 1918, by the Director of Public Information, it appears that of a total of 117,104 registering throughout the Province, there applied for exemptions no less than 115,707. In many localities these were granted wholesale by the local tribunals, the members of which were, in some cases, only too glad to hinder the Act, for the appointments had certainly not been made for partisan ends. In fact, the

total exemptions numbered 89,575, of which the military authorities appealed a very large number, and the courts have been congested for many months hearing these cases, of which, I believe, there were about 30,000 on the rolls at one time, and as late as April 20th there still remained to be disposed of 22,000. Besides this, there are (at date of writing, according to press reports), 7,000 absentees from service, and classed as deserters, in the district of Montreal alone. And of these appealed draftees and deserters the vast majority are of the race that invoked a five-fold harsher method to secure a mere political reform.

However, we are assured now that voluntary enrollment in Quebec is greatly improved; but it is regrettable that up to March 31st last we had only been able to send overseas 16,000 French Canadians from all Canada, or considerably less than one per cent. of the total French Canadian population of the Dominion. One sane French Canadian paper pertinently asks why the race could contribute 40,000 men to the American Civil War and only 16,000 at this crisis? Certainly nothing could exceed the gallantry of the French Canadians who have gone to the Front. Would that they had been in greater numbers, as they might well have been had they been better taught and better led these hundred and fifty years past.

Notwithstanding the evasions to impressment by the '37 press gangs a goodly company drove through Bellefeuilles' Mills that busy day before the action, and went to form part of the thousand men that made up the rebel force. They travelled in *traincaux* (sleds such as the habitant may be seen driving past the Bank of Montreal in the well-known print of old Montreal), six or eight standing up in every *traineau*, holding on to the side stakes. Their uniform was, of course, the usual habitant dress, sash, tunique, beef moccasins and great coat of *étouffe* covering the homespun clothes, and the inevitable leather

apron. The dandies sported deerskin aprons and had capuchins to their great coats, the breasts of which, as well as their trouser legs from ankle to knee, were ornamented with brass buttons.

Many were armed, but many were not, expecting to get arms at St. Eustache, an expectation that was in many cases unfilled.

Some were excited and enthusiastic; some noisy and bombastic, according as their temperament and the fever in their blood inclined; others quiet and undemonstrative as their better sense dictated. They did not return with as much publicity, but slipped slyly and quietly home in small parties to realize later that they had been the dupes of a few political gamblers.

It is either not true that the more ardent seekers after liberty were so careless of that of their pressed compatriots that they put them in the places of greatest danger in the day of battle, where they were between the devil and the deep sea, but which positions they deserted, or else the disaffection of many on whom the leaders had really depended was not deep enough to impel them to actual armed resistance of authority. Because we read that a considerable number fled without firing a shot, and that, while one road was occupied by an approaching Nemesis, in the shape of the punitive column under Colborne, another was filled with retreating rebels, who left the honour of meeting the troops to those of their comrades who possessed the requisite bravery. Even Girod fled immediately the firing began. Perhaps it would be better to describe that as infatuation which could induce men to disbelieve the well-authenticated news of the defeat, by Colonel Wetherall, of their comrades at St. Charles under "a person named Brown", (as the school histories used to describe him), and could lead them to imagine that there was a chance of establishing in the face of

the power of Britain "the Northwest Republic".

It was either during the defection mentioned above, or at subsequent attempts to escape after the engagement, that the fugitive rebels threw aside, on the ice and elsewhere, their arms, which were gathered up by the troops and eventually put in store at Laprairie. Here they remained about two years, when a petition was presented by the inhabitants of "Le Nord" and vicinity asking for the restoration of their arms.

The reason for this move was that the wolves seemed to know intuitively that the country was denuded of firearms, and grew daily bolder till at last hardly a day passed but that they committed some depredation on the settlers' stock, or were seen or heard in close proximity to the clearings.

The petition setting forth the plight of the settlers was favourably received and permission was given to convey several team loads of arms from Laprairie to the store of William Scott, at Bellefeuilles' Mills. Here they were deposited, and those who could identify any of them as being their property were permitted to take possession of such. These arms were a motley collection in every state of disrepair. Many were without locks, and many, for other reasons, could not be discharged, but the owners were glad to recover them.

The troops did not visit Bellefeuilles' Mills or "Le Nord", but it is recollected that old Madame Viseau precipitated herself, and some precious bandboxes, upon her neighbour, Mrs. Scott, of "Le Nord", demanding protection, firmly convinced that the troops would come and apply the torch as they were even then doing at St. Benoit. But the depredations in the vicinity had not been serious enough to warrant retaliatory measures; the military never occupied "Le Nord", and the Viseau bandboxes were saved.

MATES

BY MORLEY ROBERTS



WYATT remembered that an old chum of his on the China coast had said to him:

"Now and again, or perhaps only once in a man's life, he passes some woman whom he could have been mates with, and they look at each other and know it, and don't speak and regret it—as I do."

Perhaps that was why Thompson never married and always seemed, even when he was in the quietest mood, as if he was expecting someone who never came.

And now, for the third time, Harry Wyatt had seen the only woman who made him remember what his friend had said at Nagasaki. For even when he first passed her at Manila three years ago it seemed to him that he had known her as a child and had not wholly forgotten or been forgotten. Their eyes had met just for a moment, or perhaps a little longer, and he had stopped and wondered who she was and the impulse came on him to run after her and speak. Her image remained with him and his mind ached oddly with the thought of her for many long days after he had gone back to China and taken up the work of the coast that he so hated. And then again he thought he had seen her passing him swiftly in a rickshaw at Colombo and he felt that he found in her the same greeting and regret which swept over him in a flood as she vanished in the crowd of the closing evening by the Oriental Hotel. This time he sought for her

but did not find her. But Jackson, purser of the *Lyceum*, to whom he spoke of her casually, seemed to think she might be a Mrs. Herman, who had that night sailed again for Hongkong.

"It's odd how we all know each other here," mused Jackson, "at Hongkong, Singapore, Bale, Brindisi and Charing Cross we can meet all the world if we only wait long enough."

And then he talked eagerly of the Strand, his street among the world's streets, and Harry Wyatt, who loved none of them any better than he loved the Coast, dreamed of the Sussex Downs he longed to get back to once again. And while the purser talked of London, Harry saw only the old house under three pines, and by it, in the ancient garden, some one not a stranger.

Now he was at last going home, leaving that alien wonderful shore of China, its oily and hidden creeks, its swamps and mighty rivers, its stinking and resounding haunts of full humanity. He stood on the steps of the Club and looked upon Hongkong, thinking he would leave it with unutterable joy. But as he turned into the Club again he saw once more the remembered vision of the strange and friendly eyes he had passed in Manila and Colombo. And he was sure that she remembered, too, and his heart leapt in him, and but for an old bowed man with her he would have spoken. In another moment he might have taken his courage in his hands and gone after her if Jackson,

who was still purser of the old *Lyce-moon*, had not run against him and caught him with both hands. They had not met for months.

"My congratulations, old chap," said Jackson. "I've only just heard you're off. Don't I wish I was coming with you."

And all that Harry could think of was that this strange woman whom fate had thrown across his path was in mourning. Should he go home after all or stay? But even as he said this to himself he knew it was folly. And Jackson chattered cheerfully and was full of a notion that Wyatt should come with him in the *Lyce-moon* and then pick up a boat for England.

"And for two bent pins I'd chuck it and come with you," said Jackson. "I'm full up of Fidler."

All the Coast knew Fidler.

"And what's he full up of?" asked Wyatt.

Jackson shook his head.

"He seems to have braced up a bit and taken a pull on himself for a time."

"And his mate?" asked Wyatt.

Jackson grunted.

"Well, he's pretty bad but keeps the weather side of total insensibility. I think I can guarantee him for a time. Will you come? There are some decent folks with us this trip."

Wyatt did not answer for a moment and then replied in odd haste.

"Yes, yes, I'll come with you," he said as he started across the bay. "And if Fidler or Simpson gets tanked up and blind and piles us on the Natunas or the Paracels I shall owe it to you. When do you sail?"

"In the morning at ten," said Jackson. "And the next news I shall have of you is that you have become a farmer and are married."

And even as his friend spoke Harry Wyatt's heart ached and England was not all it might have been.

"I'm a fool," he said when Jackson left him, "just a fool."

But he went on board the *Lyce-moon* in the morning and settled

down in his cabin and stayed there till Lamma Island and the solitary peak of Mount Senhouse were far behind them. As he heard the pipe of the south-west monsoon he seemed more like himself again, though regret endured in him and his sky was overcast. But when he came on deck early next morning he saw, standing by the starboard rail and looking westward over the sea, the one woman whom he now thought never to meet. There was something, he knew not what, which was deeply familiar to him in her very figure and her aspect. She bore the signs of the Coast about her in her pallid cheeks, whose want of colour was accentuated by her black hair. It seemed to him that she stared across the continents of Asia and Europe to England lying at anchor in her gray and tumbling seas. And now he was surer still that she was a widow. He wondered what her life had been, and whether his own heart spoke truly that they would be friends. And then at last she turned and saw him and he knew, deep in his mind, that this was so and must be.

There were many who said Harry Wyatt was secretive, reserved and impassive. This aspect of his nature came from his own knowledge that he was impulsive and only too apt to act on his instincts. By self-repression in alien surroundings he had schooled himself to show outwardly what he was not. The Coast had been a hard taskmaster. But now it was behind him and, as in one moment, all his regret had left him, he let himself go and became the man that he desired to be. Now he saw England in his heart without anything to hold him back from her native and passionate loveliness. His mind worked swiftly and freely, and happiness held out its hand to him. This woman's eyes were beautiful and more than beautiful, for she remembered. In a moment he spoke to her.

"We have met before," he said with a smile.

She did not resent his approach which seemed so natural.

"Where?" she asked with an answering look which told him that she knew.

"Once in Manila three years ago," said Wyatt, "and once again I believe in Colombo, and then—yesterday. Tell an exile of few friends that you remember."

"I—I think I do," she said, but he was sure she did.

She moved towards a chair in a sheltered place and he followed her and stood near as she sat down.

"You were thinking of England just now," he said.

"Don't all exiles think of home?" she asked sadly. She leant her chin upon her hands and added—"Yes, I want to get back to England."

"The East has been hard on you," said Wyatt.

"It's hard on us all, isn't it?" she asked. "Except in steamships I've hardly spoken to a white woman these five years."

"What part of England do you come from?" he asked.

"Sussex," she said.

And Wyatt laughed happily.

"That's my country," he said. "I—I knew we should be friends."

It seemed that with her he found a voice for his silent thought; for he was suddenly happy. He told her the story of his years in the East and spoke of his ambition, that others might think so small, to return to his native downs and his father's house, with an ancient windmill near by, which stood under the northern shadow of three old pines. In the depths of his nature, half beneath his conscious mind, he took her there with him and made her mistress of his demesne. As she listened and smiled it seemed that she was a true mate long wished for. His imagination led him on swiftly, for the long oppression of his alien years was lifted from him and the voiceless misery of the lonely past mocked him no more. A grave and pleasant silence came to him and

then once more he spoke suddenly.

"If you go back to England would you like such a place as that?"

He saw a sudden alarm in her and did not understand it, for long suppressed passion grew in him and his instincts pushed him on.

"Would you, would you?" he asked. "I'm not a stranger, you know it! You *must* see it! Will you live there too?"

He saw her hands clutch each other and she said with strange harshness:

"You don't understand! My husband is with me in this ship."

Wyatt sat without speaking for quite a long time. Then he rose and went to the rail and stared at the desolate sea, while she did not move. And he wondered at his haste and utter madness. His instincts had swept him off his feet, and yet—and yet—he knew they had spoken the truth! Suddenly he turned round and went back to her and said—

"I am sorry, forgive me; I didn't know—I didn't know."

Once more he looked at the sea, but his visions were blurred. No longer could he see the house upon the downs, under the pines and by the mill. But a moment ago he had seen it all as he had seen that they two were by nature mates. For whom then was she in mourning? Still standing with his hand upon her chair, he said—

"No, no, I'm not sorry I spoke. Don't believe I'm sorry."

She said nothing. And Wyatt spoke again. He wondered at himself, even as he did so.

"Listen to me a minute. I must speak. Until I met you I never met anyone I could have been mates with! Just tell me one thing."

And she said—

"What thing?"

"Only the truth," said Wyatt. "It's a very little thing to take away with me. I want to know whether you, too, think we might have been mates."

And presently she looked at him and he held out his hand to her and

as she took it he said with reverence—

"Thank you. If we never see each other again that's something."

He ate no lunch that day but went to Jackson's berth later, and after a little casual talk he said, as he stared through the porthole at the gray sea,

"What do you know about that lady in mourning?"

"Ah, Mrs. Herman!" said Jackson, who had quite forgotten he had spoken of her to Wyatt years before. "I thought you'd be interested in her. She's a splendid sort, and not always complaining like the rest of them. She and old Herman, who's agent for a dozen firms, have been up and down this coast for the last six years."

"How did she come to marry him?" asked Wyatt.

"How does anyone come to marry anyone else?" asked the purser. "She came out to Java with her brother and his wife and they both died within a week and she was left stranded. And I suppose Herman just came along."

"What sort is he?" asked Wyatt.

"The sort that ought to have bought a Java woman for a slave," said Jackson. "And what kind of life is it for a woman to loaf about in hotels in Peking and Hongkong and Sourabaya and all the stinking ports of the East? Of course the only thing she had to live for went out. Her little girl died last year in one of our boats and was buried at sea, just about here. I'm very sorry for her."

"Ah," said Wyatt, "then that's why she's in mourning!"

And Jackson talked of himself and his desire to get back home. What he wanted to smell was the Strand.

"And here I am," he growled, "flying up and down in the 'scented East,' with a drunken skipper and mate! I shall be glad to get out of the old *Lyceum* before one of them piles her upon the Paracels. Why is it that when a man drinks he gets into the habit of cutting off corners and running things fine? It wouldn't surprise me if Simpson made two red lights out of one on the starboard bow and

started to run along between them."

"I thought you said the skipper had braced up," said Wyatt. "It didn't look like it at tiffin to-day."

"No, it didn't," owned Jackson uneasily.

And Wyatt was uneasy too, for all his unhappiness, as he went away. He walked straight into the saloon and there found Mrs. Herman by herself. They looked at each other but did not speak. Then Number One in his long robes brought in the tea. She poured it out for Wyatt in silence. When she did speak it was with strange irrelevant abruptness.

"I hate the whole, long, long, weary coast," she said.

"And I," sighed Wyatt, "but I shan't forget *you* even if we never meet again."

And she said with curious bitterness—

"I shall try not to remember."

It was as if she had said—

"What's the use of remembering?"

And what Wyatt said was, as if speaking to himself—

"One hasn't the courage to follow one's instincts."

And she looked at him strangely, and though she said nothing he knew that what held her to her duty was not instinct.

That night at dinner Captain Fidler, who was often very talkative, said not a word but drank steadily. When the meal was over Jackson came across to Wyatt.

"Did you see the old man to-night, how he soaked? And the mate's just the same. I don't believe he could see the holes in a ladder now."

"Something ought to be done about it," said Wyatt.

"Well, what can be done?" snorted Jackson. "Every skipper's a tin joss on wheels aboard his ship. And as for the second mate, who's a sober little chap, you can see he daren't open his mouth to either of them."

"How's that man we were speaking of this morning?" asked Wyatt. "I mean her—her husband, you know."

"Oh, he?" said Jackson contemptuously. "He never gets over being seasick."

After dinner Wyatt tried to read for an hour or two, and then, finding he was still unable to sleep, put on a waterproof coat and went up to the hurricane deck, and walked to and fro on the starboard or windward side, right under the bridge. What was the good of going back to England? She would still remain in the East wandering from one place to another. And all the time maybe she would remember and her heart would ache as his did.

"If I had gone last week," thought Wyatt, "I shouldn't have met her here. I wish I had gone!"

And then, above the steady sounds of a steamship and the wind and the sea, he heard a cry for'ard, as the man on the look-out reported something. He moved from the shelter of the for'ard deckhouse, and standing by the starboard rail, saw a faint red light on the bow. He hoped the sober little second mate had charge of the deck. And then, above his head, he heard Simpson's thick and raucous voice. He looked ahead again and still saw the red light. But a squall came up out of the south-west and he lost it. And six bells was struck for'ard. Then he found Jackson at his elbow.

"Dirty night," said the purser. "I wish I was going home with you, Wyatt. Who's on the bridge now?"

"Simpson," said Wyatt, "I heard his voice. I just saw a red light out here."

"Oh, I've seen the whole sea like a chemist's shop," said the purser, "and Simpson running things so close that I've fairly snivered. He holds on and never gives way till he has to."

He went to the starboard rail and looked ahead, just as the steamer on the starboard side blew her whistle as if in alarm. As he and Wyatt stood waiting and wondering, the mate apparently tried to cross the other steamer's bows, and when he found that he could not, instead of starboarding his

helm, so that he might possibly have scraped clear with help from the other vessel, he ported it and swung the *Lyceemoon's* after part right across the other's bows. A collision was inevitable, and Jackson and Wyatt saw it. They ran over to the port side.

"Holy Sailor!" said Jackson. "She's into us! I thought it, I thought it!"

The whistles of both vessels screamed uselessly, while Wyatt stood as if he were a rigid, carved figure. He saw the black bulk of the oncoming steamer, saw her red and green lights gleaming, and her mast-head light shining above them. And as Jackson caught hold of him and pulled him backwards, the other steamer lifted upon the sea and came down on them. She struck the *Lyceemoon* aft of midships and cut her right open ten feet inboard, splintering the plates and decks and all the upper works of the boat deck with a hideous grinding noise, as sparks flew from the shattered iron. Just over Wyatt the green starboard light shone calmly. Above it, on the fo'c'sle of the steamer that had struck them, he heard men shouting. And as the vessel slowly withdrew herself Wyatt seemed to wake out of a paralysed dream. He caught hold of Jackson and said—

"Where's Mrs. Herman's berth?"

Jackson looked at him and nodded without being able to speak. But at last he got his words out and pointed down with his shaking hand.

"Just down here, old chap, just down here, where she hit us!"

And Wyatt ran down into the saloon, thrusting his way past the passengers who were streaming on deck in their night gear. As he went down he felt that the *Lyceemoon* was already listing to port. He turned about to find the starboard alleyway, and even as he did so the lights went out. And Jackson was once more at his side.

"I'll find her if she's to be found," said the purser. "The *Lyceemoon's* going, old son!"

"I'll come with you," said Wyatt hoarsely.

But as he spoke he slipped and went down heavily. As he rose Jackson came back running—alone.

"They must both be dead," said the purser. "That boat cut right into their berth, old man! There isn't anything there, Wyatt; it's all jags and tatters."

Wyatt felt him shake as he laid hold of him.

"And I heard someone groan," said Jackson.

But even then a woman came running in the darkness, and they knew it was she for whom they looked.

"Catch hold of her," shouted Jackson. "And get her on deck, Wyatt!"

He rushed up the companion and disappeared. Wyatt caught Mrs. Herman as she came by him.

"Let me go," she said breathlessly, "I must find my husband."

But at that moment the *Lyceemoon* lurched as heavily as if she were sinking, and Wyatt caught hold of her and lifted her in his arms and cried out—

"You can't go! He's dead, dead!"

And still she cried out that she must help him and slipped away from his grasp. But again he caught hold of her and lifted her up, and for a moment she was rigid in his arms and then as limp as if she, too, were dead. With great difficulty he carried her to the upper deck, and felt the wind and rain upon his cheek. On deck there seemed no order nor anyone capable of procuring it. The darkness was intensified by the white foam of the tumbling seas. Folks cried and ran to and fro aimlessly. Some called for those who did not answer. The Chinese deck-hands and stokers lost their heads and took charge. The little second mate, who had never had any authority, was swept aside. No one saw the captain or heard him; he was asleep. Simpson, the chief mate, now partly sobered, made an attempt to stem the rush of the crew, but he was half crazy. Wyatt saw him pull a six-shooter, heard him bellow, saw the flash as he fired, and then heard

him cry out as he fell stabbed to the heart by a Malay. The men themselves set about getting a boat over the side. As it was being lowered, unequally and unevenly, part of them rushed it, and when it took the water the forward tackles came unhooked. The still moving *Lyceemoon* gave a roll and held the boat up by the after-tackle and emptied it. There was a frightful screaming of men who were thrown into the sea. And then Wyatt felt the woman in his arms begin to come to; she moaned.

"Where's the captain?" asked Wyatt of Jackson.

"Dead drunk," said Jackson. "He'll go down with his ship. Have you a life belt? Put one on her."

And he and Wyatt strapped one on her. At that moment it seemed to him that there might be more in life than there ever had been. Once again he thought of the Sussex Downs, the pine trees and the sails of the wind-mill answering quietly to the quiet breeze. And then he heard a scream from the siren of the vessel that had cut them down. He saw her black bulk still stem on to them. Jackson took him by the arm.

"She's our chance," he said, "if they will only lower boats."

"Can't we lower another of ours?" asked Wyatt.

The second mate, with a few of the crew who were left, was trying to lower one, but the *Lyceemoon* was wallowing deeply like a log. She had lost all buoyancy. She heeled over as if she was going and the boat took the water. The next moment the steamer gave another wallow and the deck sloped heavily. Wyatt felt himself slide. He slipped down to the rail with Mrs. Herman clinging to him.

"Get over the side," said Jackson. "We're better out of it!"

And Wyatt took her in his arms and jumped. As he swam he saw a little way from him the boat that had been lowered, with three men in it. Near it there were others swimming. He struggled to reach it with his bur-

den. Once he looked back, and saw the *Lyce-moon* rear her bows and lift her keel for'ard clear of the sea. Jackson was close by him.

"She's going," said Jackson, "the old hooker's going!"

And out of the heavy send there showed the faint light of the half moon near the horizon as the *Lyce-moon* took her last plunge and went like a great beast diving.

As Wyatt swam, still holding Mrs. Herman, he saw men in the boat rowing, and he heard, once more, the whistle of the other steamer. And he cried out, hailing the boat. The voice of the second mate answered him. With him was the Chinese steward, another Chinaman and a Malay. At last Wyatt laid hold of the boat's gunwale, and the men in her hauled them all on board. But Mrs. Herman was almost insensible, and Wyatt held her

close in his arms. Now he saw that there were two other women in the boat and one of the male passengers, lying on the bottom boards.

"Is that all of us?" asked Jackson, when he could speak.

"Yes, all of us," said the second mate.

Wyatt spoke to her to whom all his thoughts went out in a passion of love and pity, and said—

"We are going back to England, back to England!"

But she did not answer, though she clutched him with both hands. A quarter of an hour later they were on board the other steamer, a big tramp, called *The Star of the East*, bound from Singapore to Manila. And that night, before he slept, Harry Wyatt once more had a very clear vision of the little house among the Sussex Downs.





WINTER QUARTERS

From the Painting by Charles W. Simpson, Canadian Painter,
for the National Gallery of Canada.

THE INDIANS OF ALERT BAY

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



ALTHOUGH situated directly on the Alaskan coastal highway, with a constant stream of large freight and passenger steamers calling at the cannery pier or dropping anchor in its fine harbour, Alert Bay is a spot haunted by the spirit of the untamed, full of those powerful undercurrents that thrive on the edge of the wilderness. It is altogether mysterious and bizarre.

Part of this spirit is due to the wildness of nature hereabouts, to the high-reaching mountains, to the low-hanging, encircling mists, to the dark woods, and, in the rainy season, to the general atmospheric wetness clinging to the nearer distances; but specifically it is due to other things, things which the natural setting helps to accentuate and for which it forms a splendidly effective stage. Merely to mention Alert Bay is to think of Indians. For this little trading-post, now grown to prime importance as a Pacific coast port-of-call, has filled a high place in coastal Indian life from time immemorial.

Just how long the Indians have had homes or congregated at Alert Bay no one knows, not even they themselves. But as far back as their traditions go this particular spot on the coast has been a gathering-place focusing all the events of tribal life in peace and war.

Time, therefore, has vested Alert

Bay with all the importance of a capital and hallowed it to the red men all up and down the coast. Far within the Arctic Circle, away off on the shores of Queen Charlotte Islands, the aboriginals look to Alert for guidance in many things and in ways that are a mystery to us.

Building on established foundations, Alert Bay is now an Indian reservation, with an "Indian" agent and government school. For upward of a score of years a Church of England, established here with a resident rector, has maintained two boarding-schools—one for Indian boys and the other for Indian girls. But despite all these civilizing influences, there still obtains in the village the mysterious philosophy of life embodied in the community-house without windows, the open wood-fire in the middle of the floor and the hole in the roof for escaping smoke. There still remains the picturesque dugout or *kayak*, totem poles, big and little; tree burials, potlatches, including wild men orgies, and a host of other curious customs that lend colour and weave a motive of weirdness into all the life hereabouts.

A curving beach, a boardwalk above the swishing waves following the bend of the beach forms what might elsewhere be termed "The Avenue of the Totem". These totems, or "family trees," the chief attraction of visitors to Alert Bay are curiosities indeed! British Columbia giant



A Trio of Totems, "Totem Avenue," Alert Bay

trees, "sculptured" by some old red-skin into heraldic insignia of tribe and family, dealing mostly with leviathans that dwarf "our family trees" to nothing by comparison.

Crude? Yes, and no.

The writing is a little "uninformed", perhaps, but the *tale* itself, one of the most perfect bits of symbol the world contains.

Whales, bears, giant kingfishers, thunderbirds and fish tell the life-history of the primitive ancestor, sitting astride the giant sulphur-bottom, harpoon in hand, with a pictorial accuracy and vim that far exceeds the ordinary printed page having to do

with early times. It must be remembered, too, that the early Indians did not know how to write in any form but that of carving and colour, so that the men who at different times carved these totems were not only artists of a kind, but *historians*, limning history—valuable Canadian history—upon the heart of the giant British Columbia cedar—to the end that all ages may read what happened in these parts when the world was young.

As family history, in this "peerage" of the race, there are doubtless many errors. Details are probably exaggerated to reveal personal prowess to



Totem, and Tree "Temple" in Alert Bay.

greater advantage. The teeth of the bear are very large, the whale is a perfect giant and rapid in movement as was no whale before or since, so that the forbear who leapt astride the giant back, from the *kayak*, harpoon in hand, was a veritable master among Indians—a hero of heroes. All of which everyone admits to be legitimate poetic licence in the totem-maker and one wisely calculated to whet the edge of the most callous imagination.

But although the place of the whale is great and the lure of him, even at this distance in time, well-nigh impossible to resist, since through the length and breadth of him a wicked

spirit seems to run looking at you through the mist, out of very spirited eyes fairly dancing with mischief, still it is the "Thunder-bird" who is the reigning spirit of these totems, swaying the imagination of the tribe far more than the whale, or the bear, who is here depicted holding against his great hairy breast the sacred "copper," emblem of "Chieftainey" to this day.

Even to uninitiated eyes there is a magic weirdness in the very look of the "Thunder-bird". Its beak resembles somewhat the prows of two *kayaks* inverted one above the other. The bow of the lower, forming the under half of the beak, is hinged and allow-



A Household God in Alert Bay

ed to drop open on state occasions. At the time of the potlatch, by dint of much writhing and wriggling, the "braves" make their entrance to the house of entertainment through the "Thunder-bird's" open mouth.

It requires but little imagination to see how this beak might be converted into a diabolical trap. Indeed, there is a story common in Alert Bay that at one time a tribe of enemies were invited to "potlatch" and treacherously slain, a man at a time, as they entered the house through the beak, the arrangement being such that no

Indian on the outside knew what was happening till he received his death wound. The entire number of guests were thus wiped out.

Standing before the bird, mystery shrouding the crude mechanism, you feel that it was designed for some such *coup d'état* as the one cited. It is so simple and so subtle withal. Every time you see an Indian pass it, stolid and reserved he seems to glance that way with satisfaction. Proud that here among his people should be a device that holds the interest of the *white* man, to the extent of repeated



Indian Woman Dressing Fish

visits, if his stay in the neighbourhood be for long. The times assure us that the treacherous "feast-of-blood" will never be repeated. Yet the potlatch survives and who, even of the Indians, knows if the diabolical spirit of the bird is dead?

It is not altogether the natural scenery that weaves the mystery and charm for the visitor to Alert Bay, but rather those unfathomable things, sometimes, intangible things, which having no articulate voice yet speak with marvellous power to every generation and I suppose *have* so spoken since the dawn of time. One day as we were looking the "Thunder-bird"

in the eye trying to read his secret, a group of little Indian boys toyed nearby with their bows and arrows, and presently another lad came out of a "community house" with "*his* family" coffee-pot, which he set up on a post for a target. Soon the twang of the bow-strings and the tinkle of the falling coffee-pot spoke eloquently of the quality of the youngsters' marksmanship. Over against the sea-edge of the boardwalk a group of men and fat *klooch-mans* (squaws) squatted on logs, watching the tableaux and giving a deep, satisfied grunt every time the coffee-pot was shot from its perch.



The Interior of a Community-house at Alert Bay

To the Indian—whose ancestors fought the giant sulphur-bottom, single-handed, on his own ground, and invented the Thunder-bird's wily beak to trap the foe—skill in the use of the bow and arrow even to-day is of far more value than any coffee-pot ever made! At least the Indian mind is not *hampered* by little things! Marksmanship is still the perfection of acquirements to him. All his training hitherto has been along such lines. It is in his blood. But in these days he turns his skill to different ends. He is broad and big in his conception of nationality now, where formerly it was the "tribe" that was the biggest

concept of his days. To-day the Alert Bay Indian almost reverences the privileges of nationality! The British flag means so big a thing to him that when at death he now consents to be buried in the ground instead of being put far up in one of the giant trees in some old box or trunk made too short for his six feet unless doubled up once or twice, he usually has one and sometimes two or three handsome British flags set up over his grave on a pole or an overhanging tree—a rich bit of colour among the dark green pines. What faith in the flag and in its conquering ability to drive away evil spirits! Day and night, year



Indian Women Making Trusses for Salmon

in and year out, above that lone grave in the mists "the flag is still there"—waving above great painted whales, giant kingfishers, yellow moths and other symbols of name and place.

In keeping with this loyal spirit is "the roll of honour" hanging on the little English church door!

An honour roll on which the names of red men and white commingle! Some of the volunteers have already made "the supreme sacrifice" "somewhere in France," and are now taking their long sleep under the poppies in Flanders; and here, as at home, "the flag is still there," with its deeper significance for the red man than

ever before. For with his life's blood he has bought the right to add it, a new theme, to his family totem.

A splendid work is being done among the Alert Bay Indians by both the Government and the Church. The Indian agent here is a hardy Ontario Scotsman, who understands the red-man and has won his confidence to a splendid degree. "'Tis true," he himself assured us, "they still live in the community-house. But I'm not sure," he added with characteristic Scotch humour, "but what the hole in the roof gives better ventilation than the window, in the pretty cottage, that's never opened."

The work of the minister and his assistant teachers in the boys' school, and the English women giving their lives to work among the girls, is another fine medium for developing patriotism in the Indians here and to the north. Indian children appear at these schools from "anywhere up Arctic way" and on their arrival are frequently suffering from troublesome diseases, of which they must be cured before anything can be done for them from the teaching point of view.

The kindness and skill of the teacher in such cases does much to win the love and respect of whole tribes whom she has never seen and probably never will. On the other hand, the Indians have never seen her, but in their minds these teachers belong to the flag—the big scarlet flag that they love, and that is enough.

The teacher in charge of the Indian Girls' School at Alert is the oldest daughter of an English colonel of the Imperial army, a man who, in his prime, superintended the construction of one or two forts which in their day were rated as "Keys of Empire". She considers her life well spent here and although she and her father are separated by vast distances, they are united in the national service; and I take it the old colonel is as proud of his daughter and her work as of his forts. Here at school the future "chiefs" and "braves" and squaws of tribes-to-be learn to speak "the mother tongue", English, the language of the world, with passable fluency. Though often coming from far-distant sections of the Northland they cannot understand or speak each other's dialect—a fact rather surprising to the casual visitor, who is apt to fall into the error of thinking all Indians speak the same language.

Sunday at Alert Bay offers rare opportunities to the visitor. Dropping in to church in the morning, it is indeed a novel service one happens on. All the old familiar prayers and hymns in the strange tongue that

seems to express only k, w and a sounds! After church an incoming steamer with passengers from the North offers a very satisfactory excuse for a stroll along "Totem Avenue", where Indians of all ages sit sunning themselves, or are arriving and departing in family groups in the *kayak* to visit some distant settlement far up the Ninkisk. The young folk in their civilized and rather good, if somewhat bright-coloured "Sunday bests", are all down on the Cannery pier, seeing the crowd come off the boat. The older women, not caring for such "modern proceedings", paddle off alone in *kayaks* to gather driftwood from the opposite shores of the bay; the shore-edge of the tree-cemetery being an excellent "catch" for the "chips" that are the gift of the sea.

But it is the Indian of the week-day, the Indian going about his "business", that spells the most interest after all. A stroll along the board-walk then reveals sights that have to do with subjects of world-wide interest like food supplies and women at work. For it is the Indian woman (*kloochman*) who does the work, as board-walk scenes so frequently demonstrate. A group of squaws—bending low, heads together—on the grass at the front door of a cottage are trussing up a dozen juicy salmon between home-made frames of clean pine-sticks. A little nearby shack, from every crevice of which an acrid smell proceeds, proclaims the "smoke-house". A proper fire is revealed every time the crude door swings on its creaking hinge to admit another fish to the council of its peers. A little farther along an old squaw sits crouched on a shawl on a float under the wet pier-head, cleaning, opening and splitting salmon from a loaded *kayak*. Every now and then talking to herself, she works away with a will. While you, looking on from above, wish you understood enough of her guttural talk to tell whether she herself was the Izaak Walton of this good catch or whether it was her



Indian Kayak on the Beach, Alert Bay, Drying the Primitive Sail

lord and master, who has walked off and left her all the dirty work of preparing the fish while he squats on the bench, in the little summer house that forms part of the sea wall, and smokes.

Farther along the beach many little smoke-houses sweat and smoke—veritable volcanoes of the trade! For it is part of the life that every cottage and community-house should “smoke” its own winter supply of salmon. In the community-houses the fish is hung to smell and smoke anew over the perpetual flame that

burns on the open hearth in the middle of the floor.

Such an odour of fish as greets the nostrils of a cellar at the door of one of these community-houses! It takes courage to cross that threshold, and if in the middle of your call the chef of one of the many families, reaching aloft to the cross-pole from which the fish hangs, brings down a piece to cook over the altar fire, the smells which went before are as nothing to the vile odours now filling the room and lifting themselves to heaven through the hole in the roof.

In the community-house no one seems to mind, but all squat around in the semi-darkness and smoke, hugging knees and drawing on pipes, gazing in meditative silence at some old fellow stirring a pot of boiling rice perched in the elbow of the burning stump, with a wooden spoon, blackened and polished with age, and of a pattern suggesting the unearthed treasures of Thebes. Over at one side of the room, in a compartment partitioned off by cracker-boxes and blowing curtains, and all open on the side facing the fire, sits an aged woman, claiming to be a hundred years at least, and how much older—who can tell?—weaving pretty little baskets to sell to visitors from the boats. Despite her great age, the old woman has all her faculties and is really an interesting personality, dyeing some of the roots and straw and weaving fancy patterns into her basketry. In the "room" on the opposite side of the cracker-box partition, another woman kneels before a crude loom, on which hangs a half-woven blanket.

From out the gloom of distance the man interested in the rice fetches an armful of sticks and under their influence the fire leaps into a big blaze, revealing more "compartments" in which women work, or sick children lie in bed looking wistfully at the leaping fire. In some "enclosures" no one is at home, but outside on the boardwalk in the dusk of the evening, wending our way homeward to our room in the old Mission-house, we often meet the squaws returning from the woods, large hand-woven baskets of *scarlet* huckleberries, neatly covered with cool sprigs of evergreen, strapped to their backs by hand-embroidered bands of wampum. Next morning little pats of drying fruit, set breast-high on a clean pine board on a post between the sea and the boardwalk, with a man's hat and coat hung over them to scare off the crows, of which there are great numbers at Alert Bay, give one an inkling that even the Indian woman has heard the

echo of the "Preserve or Perish" slogan of her more southern sisters and is doing her "bit".

No one goes to Alert Bay and comes away without paying a visit to "Old Kitty"—a rheumatically old soul squatting on the floor of a tiny cabin whose open door adjoins the boardwalk. Kitty *loves* tobacco! Her heart goes out to anyone bringing a present of the weed. Kitty also confirms one's faith in the Indian woman's jam-making ability. Jars, bottles, bowls, old cracked cups and mugs, old spoutless teapots, etc., all overflowing with stewed fruit, stare at you from all directions. Tables and chairs are not popular with the average Indian. Kitty, squatting on the floor, pipe in mouth, has all her possessions scattered around her on the floor. The jam-pots flank the little floor-bed, outline the rude little pillows, are marshalled four-square against the mop-boards, and others more timid or worse cracked than their fellows are propped up behind the little old stove, itself dropping to pieces! Apparently Kitty is a happy old soul, with a great capacity for jam. One is puzzled to know how she gets sugar enough for it all, until learning that Kitty picks up a living by mending socks and stockings—everybody's in town, from the minister's down, at five cents a pair.

But Alert Bay food-producing and economy in food do not begin and end with Indians. The white man here takes a big hand along these lines. The salmon cannery collects fish for the home market and for shipment "abroad" from motor-boat and *kayak* alike. The lumber-mill makes fish-boxes for the Canadian Pacific coast and with its "waste" the great mill warms the whole village without distinction of colour, setting free much coal for use in other parts of the country where wood is not to be had.

Wireless, too, does its share from its place on the top of the hill above the totems, to keep open and "safe" the navigation up and down this dangerous coast for ships carrying cop-

per and fish—both war commodities.

For all emergencies there is a good-sized hospital. Here lumberjacks, meeting with an accident in felling or handling the giant trees and timber which in ships is helping to set at naught submarines and give to Canada a mercantile marine, are brought for medical treatment and care.

Alert Bay on account of its situation is a meeting-place for all sorts of interesting people. There is only one hotel and that, picturesquely enough, is the old Mission-house, which with its huge timbered ceilings and tales of early days and Indians would fill a book. Here over the crackling fire roaring in the great chimney-place "trail-beaters" for the woods, mines or fisheries succeed each other in endless procession, yarning of experiences, as they wait for steamer "up" or "down". Canadian history in the making. Yarns that are world-history, too. For men from this "company—from the hinterlands" of British Columbia and Alaska who sat here by the fire often enough in the old days are now "somewhere over there", and these comrades staying behind, with every stroke of the axe and load of shovel are keeping open "the lines of communications".

Truly the currents and cross-currents, as well as undercurrents, of life here are fast finding out, and that is what lends atmosphere to this niche in the coast. If it lacked these mysterious happenings and these out-of-the-ordinary people, it would have no more charm than dozens of other places one could name. Life never is dull here, where action is the keynote and where extremes are always meeting. Alert Bay is an outpost truly Canadian, truly British. Therefore one is not surprised here on stepping into the rectory drawing-room to come upon a bit of our social life at its best. The rector's wife pouring tea for several of the teachers—the doctor who has dropped in from the hospital, a visiting minister and wife from the mainland, the cannery

operator's bride, etc. Over the tea-cups the usual interesting talk, and then one by one a knitter takes her needles in hand and we sit around the fire talking war and victory bonds.

A visit to the Indian agent's attractive home, redolent of cosy comfort, produces an equally good cup of tea and reminiscences of interest connected with the Indians for the past quarter of a century.

At the Mission-house there's the scholarly old Scotsman of the clan MacLean and his wife "Becky", always ready with a story and tea, and making a real home at the old mission for the men who are carving Canada's fortunes out of the northern wilderness. Indeed, you may sip your five o'clock tea in as cosy and homelike drawing-rooms and from as delicate china in Alert Bay as anywhere in Canada; which, considering its remoteness, speaks well for those who are *holding* this "outpost" of the red men with totem pedigrees! The Indians need and deserve a high standard. With their "family" they have an idea of what's what, and who's who. No one stands more on his "dignity" than the Indian! One Sunday afternoon we were received by the present "chief" and his wife. They live in a neat cottage, furnished with chairs, tables and rugs and having family portraits on the walls. At our request the chief donned his handsome "court" coat, covered with symbols of great snakes, bears and eagles wrought in bead. Courteously he explained the significance of each emblem. He also brought out a handsomely carved "speech-pole", taller than himself, and showed with pride the "copper", which is the most important emblem of office. For the "copper" he paid five hundred dollars.

The chief speaks very good English, is a pillar in the church, and enjoys a potlatch. In other words, he is a man of parts.

The potlatch is a "giving-away" feast among the Indians. Wishing to impress the tribes with the importance of himself and family, some

man announces a potlatch. Frequently he spends thousands of dollars on his gift—hundreds of sacks of flour or as many blankets as will reach from one totem to another half a mile away. China and glassware, pots and pans are favourite gifts. A roaring fire in a selected community-house, guests in costume, a wild-man hunt, "braves" dancing and a good wild time, lasting sometimes for several months. A sort of winter carnival. On the most important night the chief, donning his robes, enters, speech-pole in hand, and makes an address to his people. On these occasions he is accompanied by his wife and son, the latter wearing a robe embroidered in design with many pearl buttons, and on his head a heavy crown of yew-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ornamented with sea-lion whiskers.

The potlatch, however barbaric in its dances and roaring fires and flickering lights and shadows, is now within civilized bounds when compared with the traditions of those of the long ago. The Indian is now beginning to see other more profitable ways for investing money. With his wider knowledge comes a moderation of old habits. They do not now "potlatch" every year. The young folk are not enthusiastic, having other ambitions. Their friends and brothers are now "overseas" in that strange, rare, old world of Europe. Who knows what new ideas of life are taking root with every word that trickles to this people of the coast from their "boys" at the front? The Alert Bay Indians have

never seen a train full of returned soldiers coming in, or a ship with men from overseas dock at Halifax, but they have a glimpse now and then of British naval authority in the rattle of a gunboat's chains coming to anchor in the little bay. None know whence these little boats come or whither they go, but while in port the gray hull and shining brass, angled-cannon, hour-bells and bugle calls are tangible proofs to them of that larger fleet which keeps England "Mistress of the Seas" and the Hun navy bottled up in the Baltic.

They know, these "braves" of the "family tree", that the son of their agent, who lived down the "Avenue" and played with their lads as a boy, fought in the navy at Gallipoli. They know that their sons and brothers were at Ypres with the rector's sons, who will never come back.

In these times of stress it is comforting to realize that the Government's confidence in the coastal Indian has not been misplaced. For not only is he doing service abroad, adding fresh glory on the battle-fields of France to the "totems" which are a landmark, not alone to his own people, but to the entire Pacific coast, but at home he is a food-producer, when it comes to salmon, of no mean accomplishments. And salmon, be it known, is a "ration" in the trenches.

The *kloochmans*, too, cheerfully lend a hand at home with the fish. They are equally good knitters and jam-makers, and they have given their sons along with other "mothers of Canada and the Empire".



A BIRTHDAY BALLADE

(TO CHARLIE)

By ALFRED GORDON

"I SHALL never, never grow old!"
Have your way, my lad, have your way!
'Tis only old fogies that hold
We erumble to dust, and decay.
In vain I cry out to you, "Stay!"
Remember the years and their rue!
The world was not made for mere play!"—
For I once had the same visions too!

"All I touch shall turn into gold!"
Well, it may, my lad, well it may!
'Tis a tale that's so often been told,
It surely must happen some day!
And, indeed, if you think of it, pray,
Why shouldn't it happen to you?
To such logic 'tis hard to cry nay—
For I once had the same visions too!

"My fame round the world shall be rolled!"
So you say, my lad, so you say!
"Though the sun and the stars shall grow cold,
It shall echo for ever and aye!"
Ah, yes! Though perpetual gray
Has clouded me half my life through,
In vain on such dreams I inveigh—
For I once had the same visions too!

Envoi

Health and wealth and fame, then, undoled,
Be yours, lad, whatever you do!
Ah, what though I erumble to mould—
For I once had the same visions too!

MARRIAGE IN EARLY UPPER CANADA

BY THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL



O those who from duty or curiosity have been led to examine the voluminous correspondence, official and private, of the early days of this Province, it seems almost paradoxical to speak of the scarcity of paper in those days; but notwithstanding the early erection of paper mills, paper was scarce and dear. Good, it undoubtedly was, and with the finish due to handwork and rag material, for the invention of Robert did not make its advent in this Province till well on in the 19th century. This scarcity has been the cause of the preservation of records of great antiquarian and sometimes of historical value. For example, some of the records of the Court of Common Pleas for the Western part of the Province when Detroit was part of Canada, and the Judge lived there, have been preserved because the Clerk of the Court of King's Bench at York (Toronto) in 1828 wanted a book in which to keep the minutes of that Court, and utilized the blank pages of the old Record of the Court of Common Pleas for the District of Hesse.

Another and perhaps even more interesting record was preserved because the Clerk of the Peace at Kingston, in 1813, wanted a book in which to keep the records of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the Midland District, and

he utilized the blank leaves of an old Register no longer of use.

There were only four entries in the register; few as they are, they throw a flood of light on the state of affairs in the first years of the existence of the Province.

David McCrae swears before Richard Cartwright, junior, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the Midland District, May 29th, 1794, that he did publicly intermarry with Erie Smyth at Michilimackinac, October 13th, 1783, and he names, with the dates of their births, his living son William, and three daughters, Sophia, Frances and Amelia. Erie Smyth (signing her name in that way) swears to the same facts before George McBeath, Justice of the Peace at L'Assumption (now Sandwich) June 18th, 1794. Then "Richard Cartwright, junior, of Kingston, Esquire", swears before Thomas Markland, Justice of the Peace, May 30th, 1794, at Kingston, that he did publicly intermarry with Magdalen Secord at Niagara, "on or about" October 19th, 1784, and he names his living children James, Richard and Hannah; and Magdalen Cartwright swears the same at the same time.

At the time these marriages were contracted the French-Canadian law was in force not only at Niagara but at Michilimackinac—the English law in civil matters had been repealed by the Quebec Act in 1774, and by the

same Act the boundaries of the Province had been enlarged so as to take in all of what is now Ontario and the present Michigan. Marriage was in French Canada a matter of canonical law; to be a valid civil marriage there must be a religious marriage; and the decree of the Superior Council of June 12th, 1741, enjoined the curés to observe the canon law strictly in marriage. By the canon law a marriage to be valid required the presence of a priest. The English law was equally strict—at that time and for sometime after the presence of a clergyman of the Church of England (before the Reformation, of a priest) was necessary.

In the new country it was generally impossible to secure the presence of a priest of either communion; but Love laughs at locksmiths and at law.

Young people appealed to the principle of necessity which proverbially knows no law; remembering the fire-side law that the captain of a ship might perform the ceremony of marriage on his ship when on the high seas, they applied to the commanding officers of the military posts, to magistrates, to adjutants and even to surgeons at the posts acting as chaplains to perform the ceremony—and it was performed accordingly. Some of those so married took care on their return to civilization to have the ceremony regularly performed: for example Captain James Mathew Hamilton, whose descendants we yet have among us, was married at Michilimackinac to Louisa Mitchell, daughter of Dr. David Mitchell, Surgeon-General to the Indian Department there, the father performing the ceremony. On their arrival at Niagara they found the Rev. Robert Addison, a clergyman of the Church of England there and were remarried by him. The register (which was Mr. Addison's own but became that of St. Mark's Church) reads, "August 24th, 1792, Captain James Hamilton to Louisa Mitchell his wife. They had been married by some commanding

officer or magistrate and thought it more decent to have the office repeated". The Hamiltons were great favourites with our first Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe and his wife. The English law in civil matters was re-introduced in this Province in 1792 and it is dangerous to attempt to apply the doctrine of necessity to English law.

Richard Cartwright, junior, who had been appointed a member of the Legislative Council, was strongly impressed with the peril attached to these irregular marriages—his own was one of them—and he in the Second Session of the First Parliament in 1793 introduced a bill to validate all such marriages. This passed the Council without difficulty, but in the House of Assembly it was amended so as to authorize the ministers of other communions than the Anglican to perform the marriage ceremony for their own people. This amendment was not accepted—a conference was held by Cartwright, Peter Russell (afterwards Administrator of the Government of Upper Canada) and Commodore Grant (who died at a great age through his exertions in the war of 1812), representing the Council and Macomb, Campbell and Van-Alstine, representing the Assembly. The Commoners withdrew the amendments on the positive assurance that representations would be made to the Home Government in favour of non-Anglicans, and that the matter would be put on a liberal footing at the following Session.

The Act was passed and became law; it provided that all marriages theretofore contracted before any magistrate or commanding officer of a post, or adjutant, or surgeon of a regiment acting as chaplain, or any other person in any public office or employment should be valid. Persons who had contracted such marriages might preserve testimony by making within three years an affidavit in the form given, with the dates of the births of their surviving children, if any, and

these affidavits the Clerk of the Peace was to enter and record in a register to be kept by him for the purpose.

For the future until there should be at least five "parsons or ministers of the Church of England" in any District—there were then four Districts in Upper Canada—a magistrate might marry after having put up a notice in the most public place of the township or parish and waited until three Sundays had elapsed.

Simcoe did not like the Act. He loved and honoured his church only less (if less) than his King: he desired the establishment of the Church of England and was indignant that it should even be suggested that ministers of another church should have the power to marry. Cartwright, strongly attached to his own church as he was, could not think it wise to give to that Church the same exclusive advantages "in a community composed of every religious denomination where nineteen-twentieths were of persuasions different from the Church of Eng-

land". This was made one of the grounds for Simcoe's outrageous charge that Cartwright was a Republican—at that time in Upper Canada a sin of rather deeper dye than stealing and equivalent to a charge at the present time of being a pro-German and a leader of the I.W.W.

Petitions asking for an Act giving others the same rights as Church of England "parsons or ministers" were treated by Simcoe with lofty scorn; he said that he thought it proper to say that he looked upon the petition as the product of a wicked head and a disloyal heart: and it was not till 1798 when Simcoe had gone home that any measure of relief was given, and then only to the Church of Scotland, Lutherans and Calvinists. The clergy of nearly all churches received the power in 1830, and all in 1857; the Salvationists in 1896; but Methodists and Baptists felt the strong hand of the law before their communions were placed on a par with some others.



REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

V.—THE PRESS AND THE PRESS GALLERY



IN 1886, after prorogation of the Legislature, I was sent to Ottawa. But during the few weeks that I was in the Press Gallery towards the close of the Parliamentary session I wrote only occasional letters to *The Globe*, with a few editorials and editorial paragraphs. The immediate object, as Mr. Cameron explained, was that I should have opportunity to study Parliament in session and to establish with the Liberal leaders at Ottawa such a working relation as I had secured with the leaders of the Liberal party in the Legislature. A year later I entered the Press Gallery as *The Globe's* special Parliamentary correspondent. It was an honour to belong to that Gallery, although I would be sorry to suggest a comparison unfavourable to any other group of journalists which have represented or which now represent the press of Canada in the House of Commons. The traditions of the Press Gallery are singularly honourable and have been worthily maintained. No greater distinction comes to a Canadian journalist than to be chosen to represent an influential newspaper at Ottawa. I look back to my years in the Gallery as the most happy and interesting of my life, as desirable and enviable through association with the Gallery itself as through any intimate rela-

tion with political leaders or any necessary identification with the strategy of parties.

There began an instant friendship with Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, which for more than thirty years has been firmly rooted and deeply cherished. In that friendship there has been not only enduring pleasure, but continuous advantage. No man has greater knowledge of the sources of Canadian history, the constitutional evolution of the Empire, the complex influences which make this a hard country to govern, the underlying forces which in seasons of crisis restore the balance of sanity and authority. Between Dr. Colquhoun and myself in the consideration of public questions there has been as much of conflict as of concord, as much of difference as of agreement, but we could always so temper ferocity with mercy that personal relations were unaffected. I know that this should not be said until Dr. Colquhoun is dead, but I may not be too late, and the word of tribute may be neglected.

Mr. R. S. White, once member of the Commons for Cardwell, for many years Collector of Customs at Montreal, and now again writing for *The Montreal Gazette*, was perhaps the most authoritative and distinguished member of the Gallery in the eighties. If he had less natural genius for a public career than his father, Sir

Thomas White, he was as great a journalist. In handling the intricate and mysterious questions of money, exchange and finance he has had no equal among journalists in Canada save Mr. Edward Farrer. He did his work with amazing ease and celerity. The product was always lucid and finished. He spoke with the authority of knowledge and with remarkable freedom from prejudice or partisanship. If he was never uncertain in his political attitude he reasoned with such moderation and discretion that the effect was persuasive and powerful. When Mr. White was a candidate in Cardwell I ventured in *The Globe* not only to extol his personal qualities, but to suggest that he had exceptional qualifications for Parliamentary service. I was made to understand that there were Liberals in Cardwell who were not grateful for my rash candour. The editorial was distributed as a campaign leaflet by the Conservative committee. I had no thought of disloyalty to the Opposition candidate, nor did I suggest that Mr. White should be elected. But I never could think that a political contest was a personal quarrel or that political differences should affect personal relations. It is curious that public men who habitually compliment opponents resent any generous references by friendly newspapers to the candidates or achievements of the party to which they are opposed. In this attitude there is a suggestion that the press is subordinate to the political leaders and may not be gracious without admonition nor generous without rebuke.

I met Mr. White in the lobby while the bells were ringing for the division on Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution which committed the Liberal party in 1888 to unrestricted reciprocity. He intimated that we would know in a few minutes if the ranks of either party would be broken and suggested an exchange of confidences. When I agreed he declared that not a single Conservative would vote with the Opposition. I had to tell him that the

Opposition was less fortunate since Mr. James Livingstone, of South Waterloo, would go with the Government. But what was anticipated did not happen. Mr. Livingstone, who had resisted all persuasion to support Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution, intended also to oppose the Government's amendment. When the amendment was carried, however, the Opposition agreed with surprising alacrity to have the main motion defeated on the same division. Thus Mr. Livingstone had no opportunity to vote on the Cartwright resolution, and failing a personal explanation was registered in its support. While displeased at the manoeuvre by which he had been entrapped, he agreed to keep silence for the time, and I doubt if his true position ever was disclosed. Mr. White understood and I was so confident he would reveal nothing that I never even spoke to him again on the subject.

One of my close friends in the Gallery was Mr. C. H. Cahan, who represented *The Halifax Herald*, was afterwards leader of the Conservative party in Nova Scotia, and finally turned to business with financial results far more satisfactory than accrue from journalism or politics. But he cannot altogether eschew politics, for he was a Unionist candidate in Quebec in the last general election. In the Gallery, too, was Dr. S. D. Scott, whom I first met at Halifax thirty-four years ago. Not less distinguished among Eastern journalists than Honourable J. V. Ellis, he has won equal distinction in British Columbia, where for many years now he has interpreted the East to the West and counseled wisely in social and educational movements. In much of Dr. Scott's writing there is an ironic pungency, which is very searching, a furtive satire not always detected, but which strikes with mortal effect at insincerity or pretension. I know of no writer in Canada who has a keener scent for cant or humbug or who can be so penetrating when he seems to be merely casual and uninterested.

One wonders if the Conservative leaders have understood how influential for a generation has been Dr. Scott's advocacy of the causes for which they contended or how arduous and unselfish has been his devotion to the principles which his judgment and conscience have approved.

One thinks also of Mr. George Ham, happy and companionable, fertile in devices to make life joyous, beloved by ministers, doorkeepers and pages, all alike the prey of a tongue that spared nothing, but never a shaft that would wound or a gibe with the flavour of malice. Was there ever a man with a greater capacity for friendship and fellowship, or one who received of what he gave so freely in fuller measure? Mr. W. B. Searth represented Winnipeg when the Manitoba Government undertook to charter a railway from the American boundary in defiance of the provision in the original contract with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company which protected the road for twenty years against competition. During the debate on a motion against disallowance of the Provincial legislation Mr. Searth received numerous despatches from influential citizens of Winnipeg demanding that he oppose disallowance and therefore oppose the Government. All the despatches were submitted to Mr. Ham by the embarrassed member, as faithful a Conservative as was Mr. Ham himself. They had many anxious consultations as to the wise course to pursue. But I wonder if Mr. Searth ever discovered that these despatches were written in the press room by Mr. Ham himself and delivered by a messenger who was a partner in the conspiracy.

Mr. T. P. Gorman, editor of *The Ottawa Free Press*, and for a time *The Globe's* correspondent at the capital, had not much humour, but he was often caustic and incisive. During the debate on the Fisheries Treaty of 1888 a member who spoke often and at great length on many subjects was trying the Gallery be-

yond endurance when Gorman muttered: "Why doesn't the d—— fool sit down? The treaty doesn't affect him. He is more than three miles wide at the mouth." This recalls the remark of a *Hansard* reporter when Mr. Blake was making a speech of four or five hours' duration on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The colleague by whom he was relieved at the reporters' table, in order to be certain that the report would be complete and continuous, whispered, "Where is he at?" The answer came with energy and emphasis, "He is on the south branch of the Saskatchewan, running down grade and going like h——".

In those days there was fierce rivalry between the morning newspapers of Toronto. The Gallery correspondents as distinguished from the short-hand writers were Mr. Fred Cook for *The Empire*, Mr. A. F. Wallis for *The Mail*, and Mr. James Maclean for *The World*, while I represented *The Globe*. *The Empire* was the official organ of the Government, and even without the advantage which this relation gave to Mr. Cook, he was a dangerous antagonist. *The Mail* was passing through a period of "splendid isolation," regarded with deep suspicion by the Government and comforted by the furtive affection of the Liberal leaders. I cannot think that Canada has ever had a greater newspaper than was *The Mail* during this period of separation from the Conservative party, nor was there ever a correspondent in the Gallery of greater industry, sounder judgment and wider, truer knowledge of public questions than Arthur Wallis. He had, too, a shrewd, bantering humour, as penetrating as it was disturbing. By a few provocative sentences he could and often did excite a furious controversy in the press room, and then quietly withdraw into himself, as if he had no interest in the contention which he had excited. Curiously enough, his humour was seldom revealed in his correspondence or editorials, nor indeed can I think that

his writing expressed his personality. Moreover, he so loved obscurity that his distinction among Canadian journalists has not, perhaps, been fully recognized. "Jim" Maclean was a brother of Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., a brilliant member of a family which has done at least as much as any other to give originality and virility to Canadian journalism.

Among other influential members of the Gallery was Mr. Molyneux St. John, of *The Montreal Herald*. Unobtrusive, agreeable, and lovable, without aggressive quality in private intercourse, and with the tastes of an English gentleman, he was by no means a political neutral nor a non-combatant in party controversy. He had the full confidence of the Liberal leaders, although it was also necessary to maintain a working relation with Honourable Peter Mitchell, who controlled *The Herald*, never neglected his own quarrels and was not always amenable to leader or caucus. It was a question whether Mr. St. John or myself would become editor of *The Globe* when Mr. John Cameron resigned. If Mr. St. John had been appointed he had the assurance that we would be loyal working comrades. We had, too, Mr. R. L. Richardson, of *The Winnipeg Tribune*, aflame with buoyant spirit and radical conviction, contemptuous of precedent and authority, and burning with the evangelical fervour which has not been exhausted. I think also of Mr. George Johnson, statistical and reminiscent; Mr. J. L. Payne, a perennial contributor to the humour of the Gallery, who had many a "scoop" at my expense when we were reporters in London; Mr. James Johnson of *The Citizen*, Mr. Mare, Sauvelle of *La Presse*, Mr. T. P. Owens, Mr. W. A. Harkins, Mr. A. C. Campbell, Mr. John Lewis, and Mr. Horace Wallis, Mr. Robert McLeod, who has made the Gallery his eternal home, "Mack", who was the friend of us all; Mr. Roden Kingsmill, Mr. John Garvin and Mr. W. J. Healey, all three young, eager and brilliant; Captain Chambers, a sol-

dier, but not yet a colonel or a censor, and Mr. Alexander Pirie, for one session only. Later there came "Pica" Kribs, devoted to "the party", belligerent when his idols were defamed, but so abounding in human kindness that his partisan ferocity had the flavour of comedy. During the "scandal session" of 1891, although I was then editor of *The Globe*, I went down to Ottawa for a few weeks to stimulate the "tumult and the shouting" by a series of special despatches. My first despatch began with the words, "Chaos has come." In *The Empire* Mr. Kribs insisted that this was a personal notice of my arrival at the capital, and "Chaos" I was in his correspondence for some time afterwards. During those weeks Great Britain was convulsed by the baccarat scandal through which the future King Edward had a season of unpleasant notoriety. One night I got a telegram from Mr. Farrer, who was writing *The Globe's* editorials: "I am attacking the Prince of Wales to-morrow. Come home at once or you will not have a friend left." These, perhaps, are trivial recollections, but such incidents relieved the asperities of conflict as they recall associations that were very pleasant, but, alas are very remote.

It is not easy now to realize the handicaps against which an Opposition correspondent had to contend at Ottawa thirty years ago. It was difficult, if not impossible, to secure information from the public departments. All appointments and statements of policy were reserved for the party organs. Very often the correspondents of friendly journals had access to blue books and returns before they were submitted to Parliament. Thus their despatches would be in the telegraph office before less favoured rivals could examine the reports. Once I made a personal appeal to Honourable G. E. Foster for equal treatment. There was much public interest in the negotiations at Washington which resulted in the Fisheries Treaty of 1888,

and I was anxious to have the report in advance of its presentation to Parliament or as soon as it was laid upon the table. I called upon the Minister at his house and pleaded for consideration. My argument, as I remember, was that I represented an important newspaper, that the report was of exceptional public interest, that I had no other desire than to interpret its contents and conclusions fairly and intelligently, that there was no advantage to the Government in a system which discriminated against Liberal correspondents, and that the press, regardless of party, should have equal access to public documents and the public departments. The Minister suggested, with smiling courtesy, that my request was unusual, but that possibly my position was not unreasonable nor my argument unconvincing. I did not get the report before it was laid on the table, nor did I expect that degree of consideration, but I did get a copy shortly after it was presented, and so far as I ever knew I was treated as fairly as the Conservative correspondents. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into office in 1896 I advised against the perpetuation of a system which was essentially petty in spirit and vexations in practice, which recognized a party interest in public information, and which I believed was of no advantage to the Government and of positive disadvantage to the country. Under the Laurier Government all newspapers were accorded equal treatment, and the example was followed by Sir James Whitney when the Conservative leaders obtained office in Ontario.

In those old days there were practically no social relations between Conservatives and Liberals at the capital. It is said that Sir John Macdonald rarely if ever invited a Liberal to his table. Only at Rideau Hall was there any common social intercourse between Ministerialists and Oppositionists. Mr. Alonzo Wright, "the King of the Gatineau", had a soul which would not be confined within the narrow walls of party, and once

a year he gave a dinner at his house in the country at which unity and concord prevailed and where there was as much eating as men could survive and wines royal in quality but restricted in quantity to the exercise of a gracious and decorous hospitality. Few followed his example. The unbelievers were rejected. To be out of office was to be out of the world, or as far out of the world as the official element could drive the army of the aliens. In this there is no sense of grievance, for I was unknown, a working journalist, as uninterested in the social life of the capital as in the lost tribes of Israel.

Sir Charles Tupper first attacked the walls of partition. He came back from London, where he was High Commissioner for Canada, to assist in the general election of 1887, as he came again to support Sir John Macdonald in his last contest. Sir Charles Tupper's private secretary was Mr. C. C. Chipman, afterwards Hudson's Bay Commissioner at Winnipeg, who, with knowledge of British practice, insisted that statements and documents affecting the Department of Finance should be furnished simultaneously to representatives alike of Liberal and Conservative newspapers. In this he was supported by Sir Charles Tupper, who may indeed have been responsible for the new regulation, since we had many evidences that he was anxious to extend decent consideration to Opposition correspondents. Probably he was affected by his London experiences, and possibly the representations which I made through Mr. Chipman, with whom I had very friendly relations, may have had some effect. It is certain that I took full advantage of the connection which I was able to establish with the Department of Finance, and that in my despatches to *The Globe* such information as I obtained was not distorted or interlarded with partisan comment. It may even be that the Minister of Finance was treated with greater leniency than his colleagues, who kept the door closed against Lib-

eral correspondents. From Sir Charles Tupper I had the only invitation to dinner that I ever received from a Conservative Minister while I was a member of the Press Gallery. The thing was so amazing that I hesitated to accept without authority from the office. I telegraphed to *The Globe* and was assured that acceptance would not be treated as a betrayal of the Opposition.

I had a working relation with a Conservative member through which I was able occasionally to forecast ministerial policy and even to announce impending Cabinet changes in advance of the official organs. We entered into no compact, but he was not neglected. In my despatches he was the subject of many friendly references and often I was censured at Liberal headquarters over my apparent infatuation for this particular member. But if I got, I had to give. Neither of us committed any venal offence, and there was mutual advantage in the understanding. So far as I know the relation never was suspected, nor will there now be any fuller confession. Sir Hibbert Tupper was among the first to follow the example of his father in mellowing social relations between the parties and in reasonable treatment of Opposition newspapers. I have never thought that it was a political advantage to the younger Tupper to be the son of his father. That, I think, was the common judgment of the Press Gallery, and no man of any considerable length of service in Parliament ever imposes upon the Gallery or gets less than justice in the press room. Its estimate of public men is not greatly coloured by partisanship nor affected even by advocacy of unpopular causes. Any man to whom the Gallery yields its final favour has in his bosom the roots of sincerity and integrity and may safely challenge the judgment of posterity. In this the Gallery may not agree, but I have always thought that if there had been no disruption under Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and if Sir Charles Tupper had not succeed-

ed to an estate in Chancery, Sir Hibbert would have been leader of the Conservative party.

Honourable N. Clarke Wallace, too, during my term of service in the Gallery, would not tolerate any ostracism of Liberal correspondents. He was chairman of the committee which investigated trade combinations, and when the report was ready insisted that the Liberal newspapers should have copies as early as their Conservative contemporaries. But Mr. Wallace was essentially fair-minded, resolute and courageous. No man could be more generous in every private relation or more uncompromising in political conflict. A man of fundamental convictions, he hated the meretricious pretension and fawning subservience which distinguish the politician from the statesman. There was more of quality in Mr. Wallace than his opponents recognized, and greater capacity perhaps than the country has ever understood. I had many an angry controversy with Liberal politicians because I held to this estimate of Mr. Wallace against every persuasion and protest. In *The Globe* my regard for Mr. Wallace was often expressed, and at many meetings of the Committee on Discipline I was reproached and condemned. But when Mr. Wallace resigned office and became an ally of the Opposition in the long Parliamentary struggle over the Remedial Bill, designed to re-establish separate schools in Manitoba, the Liberal group discovered virtues in Mr. Wallace which they had not suspected, or at least had not acknowledged. One of my first appearances on a political platform was at a joint meeting where Mr. Wallace was the chief Conservative speaker, and I was saved only by his merey from abject discomfiture and humiliation.

From the first I had an inveterate distaste for the slander and scandal of politics. No doubt I offended often, but in the offending I was not happy. Nothing is more fatuous than the notion that a newspaper may not correct an error or express regret for mis-

representation or misjudgment. Early in the session of 1887, when I had been only a few days in the Gallery, a severe attack was made on Mr. J. C. Patterson, of Essex, over an alleged transaction, which I need not explain. Mr. Patterson, who was not in the House when he was indicted, next day made a statement which I thought was a complete and conclusive refutation of the charges. When the House rose I sought out Sir Richard Cartwright, explained that in my despatch to *The Globe* I had joined in the attack on Mr. Patterson, that I thought he had been badly treated, and that I desired to say so without reserve or equivocation. Sir Richard suggested that a confession was unnecessary and would be awkward, because if I acquitted Mr. Patterson I would indirectly censure the Liberal members who were responsible for the charges. He admitted, however, that the charges were clearly disproved and at length agreed that I might explain and withdraw any censure that my despatch had expressed. A few days afterwards I had a letter from Mr. Patterson, in which he declared that my action was without precedent in his political experience.

I had more serious trouble over a friendly reference to Honourable Mackenzie Bowell. Shortly after *The Globe* in which this reference appeared was distributed in the buildings I entered the Liberal headquarters, unconscious of offence, but was instantly assailed by a group of Liberal members in language that was neither complimentary nor restrained. In degree as I was humble and apologetic the violence increased. My chief assailant was a Liberal member from Central Ontario, who declared that for years the Liberals of Hastings had fought Mr. Bowell, that he deserved neither consideration nor compassion, that any word said in his praise in *The Globe* was treason to the Liberal party, and that I had come to Ottawa, a stranger, without political experience or knowledge of Mr. Bowell's character, and with feeble amia-

bility or arrogant self-confidence had commended a ruthless enemy in the columns of the chief party organ. When it became apparent that humility would not avail, I grew as violent as my accusers. I think, too, that I revealed a talent in invective for which they were not prepared. Before they had fully recovered from their surprise, or admiration for my picturesque vocabulary, I left the room and did not appear again in "No. 6" until three of the members who had joined in the attack came to me in the lobby with a formal apology. They even admitted that what I had said about Mr. Bowell was true enough, although they could not fully agree that it was desirable to have friendly references in *The Globe* to any member of the Government. The member who had been most severe in reprobation of my evil conduct became one of the best friends I ever had, and thereafter I believe I had the complete confidence and good-will of the Liberal Parliamentary party. Of this regard and good-will I had so many manifestations that those years at Ottawa are the portion of my life that I would be most willing to live over again.

I think of one Sabbath day in which I was engaged from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight preparing for publication the private letters which led to Mr. J. C. Rykert's expulsion from Parliament. I know who gave me the letters and how they were obtained. But I was responsible only for the despatch to *The Globe*, and its preparation was not a pleasant duty. Ever afterwards I refused to handle private letters. More than once I declined to print such letters when they were brought to *The Globe* by disloyal officials or secured by other doubtful methods. More than once I prevented publication of statements that could only hurt private reputations and serve no public object. In the Press Gallery there was a remarkable consideration for men's private faults and follies. Of what all men knew only the Press seemed to be ignorant. Moreover, so much of what was common

gossip at Ottawa was sheer, wanton slander that we were reluctant to believe even when the truth was as manifest as the daylight. Whether it be admitted or not, there is a practice of reticence and a standard of honour among journalists not less lofty than that which prevails in the legal and medical professions. Once from the platform a public man of high reputation and distinction made a savage attack upon the private character of a Conservative leader. All that he said was sent to *The Globe*, and by my order every word was suppressed. The next day the man who had made the attack came to my house to express his gratitude. He said, "I behaved like a common blackguard, and I shall never forget that you saved me from public obloquy, if not from self-contempt".

Once I entered into a conspiracy with a reporter to discover evidence that would prevent publication of a discreditable story affecting a Conservative Minister which very powerful influences had determined should appear in *The Globe*. A doubtful action, perhaps, for the story was true enough, but I am unrepentant. I have related these incidents, because this is a chapter for journalists, because I know that if I could compare my experience with that of other editors and correspondents I would find that they had done likewise, and because I am not certain that the public understands how much of restraint and reticence is commonly practised by the profession to which we belong.

In thirty years there have been revolutionary changes in journalism in Canada. The staffs of the morning newspapers have ceased to be the aristocrats of the profession. The evening newspapers have equal authority and equal circulation. They have as complete news services; they have as much individuality and distinction. But when I was in the Press Gallery *The Montreal Star* alone among afternoon journals compared favourably with the morning newspapers. There is a common notion that party feeling has

been less acute and party hostilities less implacable, but I doubt if this was true either in the press or in Parliament until the Union Government was organized. As it was in Canada so it was in Great Britain. We have, however, passed out of the era of corporate domination in the press and in politics. It may be that the day of deliverance was long in coming, but that it has come is beyond dispute. A generation ago it required courage for a newspaper to attack a great railway or a group of capitalists. Now it requires even greater courage to defend corporate and financial interests even when these are assailed by mercenaries and demagogues who mouth duty and patriotism, but practise personal or political blackmail. The last condition is better than the first, but neither is ideal.

It is often said that the press declines in prestige and authority. There may be loss of prestige with the few, but there is increase of authority with the many. A century ago the newspaper was read chiefly by the educated and governing classes. These in great degree did their own thinking. They had knowledge of the facts of history and the science of government. They could reject misinformation and penetrate fallacious and mischievous reasoning. Now, however, the newspaper enters every household. It thinks for those who do not think for themselves. It reaches the multitude who are not instructed in social, economic or political science, who have meagre knowledge of the experiences of other generations, who have faith in the omnipotence of statutes and the power of governments over natural laws and inevitable human tendencies.

In proportion as we widen the franchise we enlarge the body of uninstructed voters. There are those who seem to think that the child of the twentieth century is born with the inherited wisdom of the ages. The truth is that man still lives only three-score years and ten, and few of us are much wiser than the fathers were a thousand years ago. How many of us be-

lieved that the nations would learn war no more? We scoffed at Armageddon, and stoned the Prophets of Preparation. But human nature was unchanged. Autocrats and despots still lusted for dominion. Blood was still the price of freedom. War came, and all the genius of man was devoted to the science of destruction. The press chiefly inspires a democracy to exertion, endurance and sacrifice for the preservation of its ideals and institutions. Where there is no free press there cannot be a free people. In such a world who can measure the responsibility of the journalist?

It has been said that a constitutional statesman must have the powers of a first-rate man and the creed of a second-rate man. In journalism the creed is the first consideration. Moreover, a single mind must dominate a public journal if it is to speak with the consistency which inspires confidence and gives authority. It is often said that a Delane, a Greeley, a Russell, or a Dana are impossible conceptions for the twentieth century. If so, the press must become devitalized. For a press that is unequal to wise and strong leadership is a menace to the Commonwealth. A fellow journalist once declared that one man must "spit blood" to give vitality and power to a great newspaper. It is a mistake to think that a newspaper's opinions are expressed only in its editorial columns. There is individuality and unity in every public journal. The balance inclines towards good or evil. There cannot be neutrality in motive or effect. The editorial page colours the special despatches. Even if no editorial opinions were expressed, the news columns would advocate a cause or a party, reveal the convictions or betray the prejudices of the responsible editors.

The printer with his "composing stick" has gone the way of the rural shoemaker, the village blacksmith and the household weaver. Many of the old printers survive, but often they are lonely and pathetic figures, mourning for the independence which the type-setting machine has destroyed.

No craftsman had greater mastery over himself than the printer. No one was less at the mercy of employers. No one could tramp more gaily from town to town, from coast to coast, with his tools in his hand and his skill in his fingers. He was like the minstrel who had only his violin and his companion who had only her song. His successor sits at a machine which belongs to the company and feels the dependence which is inseparable from the necessity for capital.

The modern printing press, a miracle of inventive genius, and of amazing productive capacity, costs from \$50,000 to \$60,000. A battery of type-casting machines costs a like amount. The motor has replaced the delivery wagon, increasing the outlay and driving rival newspapers into fiercer competition. Half a century ago there were few great cities in the United States and Canada. Now there are many with a total population of 500,000, and not a few with from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 people within the civic area. As population expands rentals and taxes increase, cost of building, plant, delivery and general organization rises, and the investment necessary to establish, publish and circulate a daily newspaper becomes enormous as compared with the outlay and revenue required under more primitive conditions.

Thirty years ago a metropolitan newspaper could be established with \$100,000 or \$150,000. To-day in a community of 500,000 the publishers are fortunate who achieve success with \$1,000,000. This means that the professional journalist, whatever his genius or industry or self-denial, cannot hope to own a daily journal. It may be that few men are wise enough or good enough to be a law unto themselves. God has made no more offensive creature than the editorial bully. Nevertheless, the editors who have best served their generation have had the complete control of their newspapers which ownership confers, and it is hard to believe that with less absolute authority they would have been

as useful or as powerful. But there is no evidence that the independence of the press has been affected by the necessity for great capital or that there is any greater element of dependence in the relation of the journalist to the newspaper for which he is responsible before the public. Nor is the freedom of the press greatly affected by its relation to advertisers. There are communities in which a material percentage of the gross advertising revenue is provided by a few great commercial houses. But these have no natural monopoly. They succeed chiefly through efficiency in service and volume of business. In many households no newspaper is acceptable which does not carry departmental store advertising. Town and country are alike interested. In the counties readers order by mail, in the towns they purchase direct. This advertising is generally trustworthy and often attractive and pungent. In many publications there is nothing of better quality. The pages of newspapers devoted to store advertising are as interesting as the news pages. Failure to secure this patronage is equivalent to sentence of death to many journals. It is a question if they could not better afford to give free space to such advertising than to be without it. The journal which loses revenue by heroic posturing ceases to exist. It is easy to practise virtue at the expense of other people. In all human relations there is occasional submission to inexorable circumstances, and as long as newspapers depend chiefly upon advertising there may be occasional consideration for the sources of supply. But few of those who censure make as great sacrifices for the public welfare or show equal disregard for private convenience and private interest.

The war has greatly affected newspapers in every belligerent country. It has been necessary to reduce size and increase prices. In many cities the price on the street has been raised from one cent to two cents a copy, and there has been a proportionate increase to mail subscribers. Generally,

so far as can be ascertained, the loss in circulation has not exceeded twenty or twenty-five per cent. It is not desirable, either from the standpoint of the publisher or the public, that circulation should be reduced, but there will be compensation if the dependence of newspapers upon advertisers is relieved. There will be relief also for advertisers from the increasing charges to which they have been subjected. Fewer newspapers may enter some households, but those that are taken will be read more thoroughly. There is no danger that the volume of advertising will decline. As an agent of publicity the newspaper has established its supremacy. For classes of advertising, the magazines, the trade journals and the weekly publications are as valuable as the daily papers. Moreover, newspapers, magazines and periodicals are giving increased returns to advertisers because both the quality and the reliability of copy has improved. Newspapers also begin to recognize that they are not solely responsible for the success of charitable, benevolent and patriotic movements. Even political committees discover that they have no squatters' rights in the advertising columns. The press is bound to assist legitimate social, commercial and political movements, but the whole cost of advocacy cannot fairly be imposed upon publishers. Those who demand free space in a newspaper as an inalienable right do not expect to have offices provided and furnished at the expense of landlords.

These considerations begin to prevail with publishers and to be understood by the public. For the conditions which have existed newspapers have had a degree of responsibility. They have hesitated to confess that they are commercial enterprises, selling news and space as a farmer sells his wheat or a manufacturer his product. They are responsible for the character of the advertising they accept, for the opinions they express, and for the material which they admit into the news columns, but they

have no obligation to private or even to public interests which does not rest in equal degree upon the private citizen. This is not a sordid view of journalism. It does not suggest neglect of duty or sacrifice of character for revenue. It does ignore cant and pretension. It does separate the journalist from the Pharisee. No institution can have a life worth living unless it is solvent. Nothing affects the character of a newspaper more vitally than the shifts and compromises inseparable from an empty treasury. It is fortunate, therefore, that publishers have come to recognize the value of space, that prices to subscribers have been increased, and that even governments, political parties, and social, commercial, municipal, and national organizations realize that they can

best advance their interests by liberal expenditures for advertising. With increase in the variety and volume of advertising, there is less dependence upon any single class of advertisers. There is also a better guarantee of quality and reliability. The final reliance of a newspaper is upon popular suffrage, upon the public opinion which in degree it may create, but which it must express if it is to have large circulation and adequate financial support. There may still be Greeleys and Danas and Delanes and Russells, as there will be many a Jap Miller, who, according to James Whitcomb Riley,

Helt the manner up'ards from a-trailin' in
the dust,
And cut loose on monopolies and cuss'd
and cuss'd and cuss'd.

The next chapter of these Reminiscences will treat of "Blake and Thompson in Parliament".



LIFE, MIND AND MAN'S IMMORTALITY*

BY LAFAYETTE BENTLEY, M.D.



IN its lowest forms animal life consists of a minute microscopical mass of jelly-like consistency called protoplasm, usually in a

spherical form, surrounded by a thin wall and called a cell. Within this cell is another body called the nucleus; in this nucleus is contained the protoplasm. These one-celled bodies (unicellular) may be studied in their lowest form in the Amoeba, a unicellular body of animal life.

The Amoeba reproduces itself by subdivisions: first, the protoplasm becomes divided into two parts; then the cell wall is gradually constricted in the centre, taking a somewhat dumb-bell shape; and finally a complete division takes place, which completes the process by which we have two Amoeba. This process continues in the new cells. In all cases, the cell, the living cell that can reproduce its kind, comes from a pre-existing living cell. In the Amoeba the above constitutes the whole cycle of its existence, but in the higher forms of ani-

mal life the conditions are much more complicated, for while practically the same cycle of cell formation occurs, the development of the different parts and organs of the animal are added.

In man, the unicellular ovum (one cell) is about 1-120 of an inch in diameter, and contains a nucleus and a nucleolus or a smaller body within the nucleus. The protoplasm divides rapidly many times within the cell wall, but instead of merely producing other cells, the cells become arranged side by side in such a manner as to form a membrane, and this membrane divides and forms three membranes. These membranes have been named the epiblast, mesoblast, and hypoblast. From these membranes the body is formed, called the foetus. Each membrane forms its respective part of the body, but always from the reproduction of cells from living cells, every cell from a living parent cell; therefore, all life from pre-existing life. But these cells, membranes and organs which they form must have nourishment. This nourishment is sup-

* Without discussing the pros and cons of "Higher Criticism", this article is an attempt to show that man has other being than mere animal life, and that he is immortal.

It will be observed that I have not used the Holy Bible in any of my arguments, because one has only to believe in Holy Writ, so I leave this to each person's conscience and faith. Argument is useless.

My main object is to make my meaning as lucid as possible, hoping to induce others to think on the same subject and perhaps clear away some of the stumbling blocks.

—The Author.

plied by the mother through her blood, which is carried to the remote parts of the developing new being, and so long as this continues the developing foetus is only a part of the mother. Shut off the mother's nourishment, and the foetus dies at once; each individual cell dies, and it can no longer produce its kind.

In due time all the organs of the foetus are fully developed, and birth takes place.

What a change! The first gasp for breath is the breath of life, and the child which a moment before was dependent entirely on its mother for life becomes instantly an independent soul, if you will, with a mind only requiring education, which it could not have before, while a part of the mother. The blood which was taken from the mother, and was the mother's a moment before, now becomes that of a new being. It takes another course: the first breath calls it to the lungs of the new being, where it becomes aerated, taking in air from the atmosphere and giving off carbonic acid gas. There is a change also in its course through the heart. The blood, instead of being conveyed back to the mother, after it passes through the lungs, finds its way to the left side of the heart, from there to the aorta, thence by the smaller arteries to the remote parts of the body. After it has imparted nourishment to the body it is collected by the smaller veins, and again carried to the right heart, and thence once more to the lungs. But this, though interesting, need not concern us further at present.

We have now a distinct individual endowed with life and reason, but which, physically, is no greater than the first minute cell from which it originated. That is to say, this body is only composed of innumerable cells, each of which is no greater than the parent cell. Each cell reproduces its kind, dies, and is cast off without producing any effect on the mind of the individual. The life of these cells is very short, so a constant change is

being made; therefore, we can hardly risk a guess of how soon or late the entire body is, physically, changed. Is this fact the same with the mind? Evidently not. Mentally, the human being is the same identical person as when the first breath of life was inhaled. These cast-off cells, each at one time containing a minute portion of human life, are never missed any more than we see the remains of them after a bath, or as the so-called dandruff, after combing the hair. These particles are combined portions of what is known as pavement epithelium, that is, the superficial portion of the skin, or epidermis. No one would contend that these epidermal cells ever contained any portion of the human mind, still, they each contained at one time a portion of the protoplasm of human life.

Mind—what is it? It is not tangible. We cannot put our finger on any part of our body and say, "Here is my mind." We cannot see it. We are only conscious of it. It is evidently more than mere cellular life.

Under an anaesthetic, life is still there, physical functions are still carried on, the heart beats, the breathing continues, but the mind does not act. So life is not dependent on the mind.

It seems an indisputable fact that man's individuality, mind and soul, are one, and that life is independent of this individuality, that is, the animal life. Also our consciousness of individuality, or self, as we see it, is dependent on life. For, when life leaves the body, mind also leaves it. The body, seemingly, is only a home for the individual. The mind has very little control over life, for most of the muscles that carry on the functions of life are of the involuntary kind. For, as we know, muscles are of two kinds: one, voluntary, under control of the mind; and the other, involuntary, not under the control of the mind. The best example of the latter are the muscles of the heart, which act involuntarily from the beginning to the end of life.

As we have seen, the soul, or mind, leaves the body when life is extinct. The question arises as to when the soul first inhabits the body.

We have already stated that until birth the foetus, or child, is only a part of the mother. It has animal life from the beginning, but can only claim to be a separate being when first life is sustained from external sources. If this be so, the next question arises, from whence does this individuality come? We do not know. Humanity, as we shall show later, is "dead" to this knowledge. Many of the advocates of so-called "higher criticism" see no reason to believe that our mind, soul, individuality, or whatever name may be given to our being, can be transmitted after death to another condition in which our intellectuality may continue to live. Why? Because they have no direct proof. They cannot grasp such a condition of things. There seems to be no natural law to cover the condition. Why do they not dispute the transition of our being at birth? Apparently, all that is seen then is the fact of birth, and this is attributed to natural law. That there is a transition of a new being with this birth is entirely overlooked; that there may be a like transition to another condition at death is not thought of. That our body is merely a home for the mind is a reasonable deduction. Instinct teaches this, for it matters not how dearly beloved a friend may be, one we could caress before death, the moment after death we can only look upon with awe, and even to touch the once loved one can only be done with a feeling of dread. The remains are merely the empty house. The individual has gone. Gone where? It seems absurd to think he is annihilated.

Henry Drummond* in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" has reasoned briefly as follows: "A man who is deaf is dead to hearing, one

who is blind is dead to all that can be seen by one who is not blind. In like manner, the brute creation is dead to many things that man knows." So, carrying the reasoning still further, man is dead to very many things that are simply attributed to natural law.

We cannot grasp infinity. Nothing to us can be without a beginning or an ending. Look at the stars, hundreds of millions of miles away, still to us there must be a starting point, and also an end. Our conception of all this is simply bewildering. The whole universe is a miracle to us. It would be considered a miracle to produce perpetual motion on the surface of the earth. Still the universe is one vast perpetual motion.

In the vegetable kingdom, even with all the proofs at our command, there are many things that we are "dead" to.

Let us take a beech nut and dissect it. Within the shell we find a pair of seed leaves, and, as if supporting these two leaves, is a small stem called the radical, or root. Now, if this, or, rather, another nut be planted in a suitable soil, in due time the shell bursts and two fleshy leaves push upward towards the light, and the radical works downward for the root. This follows what we call natural law. If the seed leaves turned downward and the radical sought the light, we might call it a miracle, or at least a violation of natural law. But as far as the human mind is concerned, it is "dead" in both instances. We do not know why the seed leaves grow up, or why the radical grows down. Now, let us suppose the seed of the sugar maple be planted beside a nut of the butternut. Both grow to large trees, both under the same environment, the same atmosphere, the same earth. The sugar maple can be made to produce from its sap, to many a very palatable sugar, while the other, the butternut, from its sap produces a violent and

* Dr. Drummond quotes from Herbert Spencer's definition of life. The mention of it here is very brief, and only intended as an illustration of the deficiencies of the human mind.

poisonous cathartic. Here, the human mind, as to the cause of this, is again "dead", only that we fall back on the natural law—natural conditions make the difference, and that is all we know about it.

There are still other ways in which the human mind is deficient, is dead, or, at least, partially so. Here we refer to the ability of certain animals to perform acts, which are, at least, wonderful. The homing pigeons: it is well known that these birds are able to return to their home after being carried many miles away, and even after being kept for a considerable time, they return directly and swiftly. Also some breeds of dogs will follow the track of an individual for miles when once put on the scent of the individual. These instances can hardly be in any way due to the natural selection of Darwin.

In still another way the average mind is at least partially dead. Nature sometimes produces a prodigy, or a freak, such as the negro "Blind Tom", who, without being taught in any manner, could, after hearing the most difficult music played on the piano, follow immediately and play the same, mistakes and all, and also, it is said, rectify the mistakes. I believe this being was partially "dead" to every other accomplishment. He was not quite an idiot, but nearly so.

These instances show that the human mind is "dead" in many ways, and the most perfect mind educated to our highest standard has much to learn, and that he needs another existence to perfect him, and other senses, senses which evidently exist, but in this life we have them not.

Life is a mystery: so great a mystery that scientists cannot even give a good definition of what it is. Let one follow the course of development of a human foetus, till its birth, if he can, then say this is the work of chance. He must be dead to all reason. It is not the work of chance, no one can believe that such a being has been created for the purpose of going

through this world half blind, or "dead", only to be annihilated, after a few years of struggling existence,—struggling more through the lack of knowledge than anything else.

It seems that the arguments in the so-called "higher criticism" are mostly on the side of defence. Scientists are simply agnostic. They prove nothing, they are so taken up with their own theories that they do not notice where they strike. And their mistakes are numerous. For two hundred years there was war between two schools as to whether life is pre-existent—"*Omne vivum ex vivo.*" (Harvey).

The Academy of Paris once said in effect that it was absurd to think vessels could be propelled by steam. In time, science will acknowledge many mistakes, as it has done in the past, and among these will be the seeming contradiction of the immortality of man. In the above, we do not mean individual scientists, for there are many scientists of the highest order who do not agree with the critics.

If we have no future life, Providence has been more generous to the brute creation than to man. My beautiful canary! He sings all day, knows no care, has no mental worry, and is happy. He is an old bird and cannot live much longer, but he knows nothing of death. He lives only in the present. Man, knowing his being is only what he can get out of this life, knows too much for his peace of mind. He would have been much better created as the canary. Such would be our state were there no hope of a future existence. Still we know there are many who profess to believe that this life ends our mental existence as well as our animal life, but these believe that animal life and mind are one. It is difficult to understand how they can come to the latter conclusion, if they have studied the subject at all thoroughly.

Matter is indestructible. Every living thing must die, but in death the component parts are not lost.

Let a tree die and fall to the ground,

It finally becomes part of the earth which supported it during life. Or, let it be cut down by the woodman and burned. The result will be the same. The carbon which forms the bulk of the tree combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, forming carbonic acid gas, which is again taken up by vegetation, the moisture is passed off as vapour to the atmosphere from which it came, and the earthly matter, together with the mineral matter, which is mostly potash, remains in the ash. The heat which is latent in the tree is also, after serving its purpose, again stored up in vegetable matter. All this is by natural law, and, as Darwin tells us, there is by natural selection an improvement in each cycle of growth.

The same improvement occurs in the animal creation, but the bodies of animals do not reproduce animals. They only reproduce the chemicals of which they are composed. The individuality takes another course which man has not been allowed to see. But I think we may rest assured that this individuality has not gone backward. The same law of Natural selection applies here.

Does it not seem absurd that man, who has reached the present stage of perfection—which we have shown is a vast stage of imperfection, in knowledge, knowledge which is not possible in our present existence—we say, is it not absurd to say that the whole thing stops with the end of our present life? The knowledge which we have represented as "death", that is, we are not alive to it, is represented by Drummond in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" as lack of communion with God, and that once we have that communion we have everlasting life. Besides, in this he means that man must be in complete correspondence with all his environments, which is, of course, impossible in this life. Be

this as it may, we have advanced in knowledge in this life, and we should look for much more in the next.

A few words on the subject of natural selection will suffice. We cannot see that the theory of natural selection is antagonistic to immortality. Still, there are points in theories that might be misunderstood. Darwin quotes from the naturalist Lamarch, and draws attention to the probability that all change in the organic as well as in the inorganic world, being the result of law and not of miraculous interposition, so far as the human mind can fathom the subject, natural law is a miracle, and no miracle is required further than this.

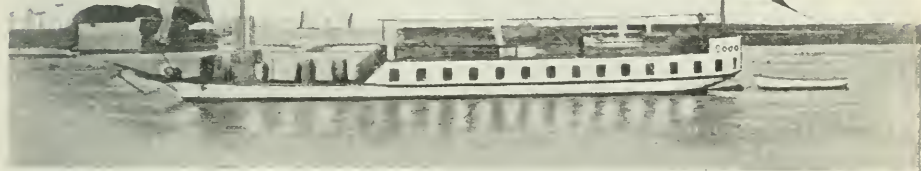
That improvement in animal life is due to natural selection is probably true, but what about matter itself? Whence did life come? And what is life? Natural selection is a subsequent question.

Darwin himself admits that scientists have no good definition of life. And it is self-evident that matter must have been before organic formation. Call it law, natural law, or what you like, and admit the theory of natural selection. Still, it may be, as already stated, so far as human reason can fathom its miraculous interposition.

Whence did matter come? When did it come? Suppose we say it always has been. What does that mean to the human mind? We cannot comprehend such a condition, nor can we understand endless space. Let us hope for the time when we shall no longer be "dead" to it all.

I have already stated I have not used the Bible in my arguments. Still, I shall say that I can hardly believe that so good a book can be wrong. Let us hope again for the time when the mistakes of science shall be cleared away and harmony shall exist between the Bible and science.

Dahabeah Days



BY HELEN M. EDGAR

VI. THE IMPOSING RUINS AT LUXOR, KARNAK, AND THEBES



FEBRUARY 28th.—We left Assouan in the morning and drifted sideways with the current as is a dahabeah's wont when wind fails or is contrary. We only went a mile or so when the Rais landed us in a most uninteresting spot. Our persuasions availed us not with the Rais, but another dahabeah, the *Isis*, following us, inspired him to action, and we started once more on our crablike career.

March 1st.—After a drift of twenty-one miles we anchored again beneath the shadow of Kom Ombos, too late, however, to visit it that night. The C's and ourselves got up at sunrise to see the Temple in its morning glory. A little sleep was well lost for so grand a sight. The twittering birds had taken the place of owls, though one old owl blinked from the top of a massive wall. Sunrise colour had scarcely time to fade before, alas, a dusty wind arose.

The *Dodo* had fluttered her wings before we returned to the landing, leaving the felucca behind to bring us to our breakfast.

The morning promised well, but we had not sailed more than a mile before the wind drove us ashore, a hurricane of sand assailing us. In the midst of the turmoil a crowd of natives appeared, conveyed thither, we decided, on the wings of the wind. Among them was a vendor of chickens, with his blind wife and his two children, a boy of five and a baby girl, both clad in their natal costume. The weather seemed to have no effect on their enjoyment. The parents bargained shrewdly, while their offspring played as happily as any little befrilled folk, digging wells in the sand that would not fill with water. I produced two dolls in up-to-date French bathing dresses and coaxed the boy to come and get his toy first. There was something ecstatic in the grin with which he received it, but the baby girl screamed with terror when the "Sitt" approached her, so her doll was given by proxy. It was very pathetic to see the children take their dolls to their mother, who could only see them with her lean brown fingers.

When the chickens were sold and by the sound we heard had been made to suffer a lingering death, the family



A general view of Luxor

departed, the two-year-old baby staggering across the sand, trying to balance on her head the cover of a biscuit-tin, in imitation of her mother and her basket. The boy was nearly left behind, for the proud papa, flattered by my admiration, did his best to make us a present of the child. We had to get C. to refuse the honour in his best Arabic.

March 6th.—After vexatious winds and much delay, which was relieved by a cornelian hunt, we reached Edfu once more, and did scarcely anything but drift. We waltzed backwards and forwards and round the *Isis*, and finally came to anchor on account of a broken rudder. Knowing Egyptian methods were not rapid, we foresaw a long delay. However, the crew of the *Isis* came to our rescue, and we were mended in unprecedented time and ready to start in the morning.

March 7th.—A fair sailing breeze brought us to Esneh about mid-day.

The Temple is quite near the river, and we explored as much of it as we could, for only the outer court is excavated. The central mass still lies undisturbed and only the lotus capitals push their heads above the sand. In the cornice of the facade of the Hypostyle Hall can be traced the names of Claudius and Vespasian.

After viewing these emperors in the guise of Pharaohs offering gifts to the gods of Esneh, we walked through the bazaar, which was like, yet unlike, so many we have seen with its quaint medley of old and new. The narrow pathway was monopolized quite unblushingly by the shop-keeper, who doubtless feels his wares will attract more notice if the passer-by has to step over them. A little girl sat patiently by her father, a mender of tins, blowing bellows of a shape and fashion contemporaneous with the Temple. The bellows consisted of a bag placed over a small opening in



Colonnade of the Temple of Luxor

the ground which led to a fire glowing to a white heat at every rise and fall of the cotton bag. Sad to say, the ugly enamelware of European commerce jostled into the shade the copper pots and quaint shaped vessels of home manufacture.

We passed through the lock at Esneh without mishap and had a most perfect afternoon of sailing. The river, like a glass, reflected the high cliffs and reproduced at sunset every line and colour of their immensity. Our anchorage at night was about twenty miles from Luxor.

March 8.—We were early astir, and had the joy of seeing a lovely dawn. Long before the sun appeared the moon and Venus hung in the daylight sky, shining with all the brightness of the night. The sun was flooding the world before the moon retired behind a puff of pink cloud, but Venus could still be seen when our cabin was full of sunlight.

We rowed almost all the way to Luxor, reaching there about 1 o'clock. The *Dodo* was difficult to settle, but finally she was induced to remain by a sandy stretch on the Theban side of the river. The most prominent object that faced us across the river was the winter Palace Hotel. Luxor Temple is almost hidden by the booths and cafés that have pushed their shabby forms into every nook and cranny of the outside walls. Cook's steamers, the boats of the Anglo-American Company and dahabeahs crowd the water front, and when we crossed to Luxor in our felucca we could scarcely find a footing. Tourists were swarming up the embankment, and a perfect Bedlam surrounded us. Donkey boys with very smart donkeys hastily christened according to the nationality of the hirer crowded everywhere. It was a Teddy Roosevelt day and about fifty donkeys named after the former President were ridden by



Obelisk of Thotmes and his daughter at Karnak

as many timorous "Cookies" towards Karnak.

Having watched the crowd depart in that direction, we strolled slowly towards the Luxor Temple. Our entrance was rather undignified, for we had lost our bearings in the maze and interests of the bazaar and reached the Temple as it were by its back door. We scrambled down a rubbish heap and were met at the foot of it by a very angry gaffir, who thought we were trying to effect a free entrance. We produced our tickets, which had at once a calming effect. We wandered through the many courts, tracing their history deeply carved in the walls, whose tales of beauty, linked

with spite and jealousy, had a lesson that is repeated, alas, in many a lovely Temple on the Nile. The first duty seemingly of each succeeding dynasty was to destroy all traces of the previous one. The Priests of Ammon and the worshippers of the sun were no less gentle with their rival creeds. No Temple vista that we have yet seen is more beautiful than the peristyle Court of Luxor with its columns crowned with lotus bud capitals. Our perspective of time was strangely distorted as we stood before the shrine built by Alexander the Great and heard the gaffir in charge describe it as a modern addition.

As we sat on deck that night mys-

terious feluccas stole up beside the *Dodo* and landed stately passengers, who produced from the folds of their garments "antika" of rare value that they were anxious to dispose of. C's appearance in the bazaar had been noted, and consequently the *Dodo* had become a most popular resort. It was a delight to witness the bargaining—such courtly manners, such quiet voices, such exorbitant demands and such calm acquiescence when a tenth of the original price was suggested.

March 9th.—To-day we attempted to do the tombs of the kings, but donkeys failing us on the Theban side of the river, we crossed to Luxor instead. I was lucky enough to capture Anubis for my ride to Karnak. Mrs. C. selected Alexander the Great. My donkey boy was the envy of all his companions, for he wore as a buttonhole a bunch of curls that had been jolted from the head of some fair tourist in advance of us. We remained a whole

long day among the forest of stately pillars. Karnak strikes one dumb, it is so huge, so overwhelming in its mighty height as well as great extent, a veritable Temple town, with avenues and outlying portions all welded into one vast whole. Through the kindness of M. Legrain, who was in charge of the excavations, we were able to see a wall quite recently uncovered. It was in a small room and had been saved from mutilation by a masked wall that had been built in front of it. Here Queen Hatshepsut, 3,500 years ago, had commemorated the worship of Ammon. This strong-minded queen is here shown in the way she best liked to be depicted, in her man's robes and with her step-son, husband and heir in miniature beside her. The little Thothmes hated his step-mother so vehemently that when in due time he succeeded her, he caused her image and cartouche to be defaced, and even in her own lovely



Avenue of Rams, and the Triumphal Arch of Rameses III. at Karnak



The Colossi of Memnon at Thebes

Temple at Der el Bahri the hacked-out space shows again the vengeance of her heir. I have no historic basis for my assumption that this queen with womanly wile, knowing the fate that awaited her, had covered this one wall and so saved it from destruction. At all events Thothes in another world must feel extremely irritated that Hatshepsut has had the last word, emerging triumphant in all her glory, while he himself is a mere cypher at her feet.

March 10th.—We set to-day apart for our trip to the tombs of the kings, our choice being made because it was a "non-Cookie" day and we would not be troubled by shrill voices comparing the size of the valley of the tombs of

the kings to something much grander on the other side of the "Pond". The day was glorious, a perfect sample of Egyptian weather at its best. Alexander the Great and Ambis were to have been transported from Luxor to the Theban side of the river for Mrs. C.'s and my benefit, but somehow the order miscarried and we had to be content with "Asquith" and "Sir Edward Grey", who fulfilled their duties nobly and cantered us gaily past the great statues of Memnon, who sat with impressive gaze while the tender green of the barley whispered about their feet. If our goal had not been so distant we could have spent many hours in the Ramesseum, where Shelley's "Ozymandias, King of Kings",

lies shattered in his colossal length upon the ground. We paid him obeisance and journeying on passed through a tomb village whose dwellings no longer are sacred to their dead owners, but teem with living fellahin who inhabit the carefully planned abodes. It was an impressive moment when we entered at last the valley which leads to the great amphitheatre and trod the road where all that was mortal of many an ancient king has been carried to its rest. The cliffs towered on either side, outlining their sharp edge against a sky of almost intolerable blue. In that great valley even the wind grew still and only a puff of dust from time to time crossed our path to remind us that we were not in an enchanted land. We dismounted at the entrance to the Amphitheatre, which was surely planned by the gods for their earthly representatives.

The tombs of Seti I., Ramesis III.

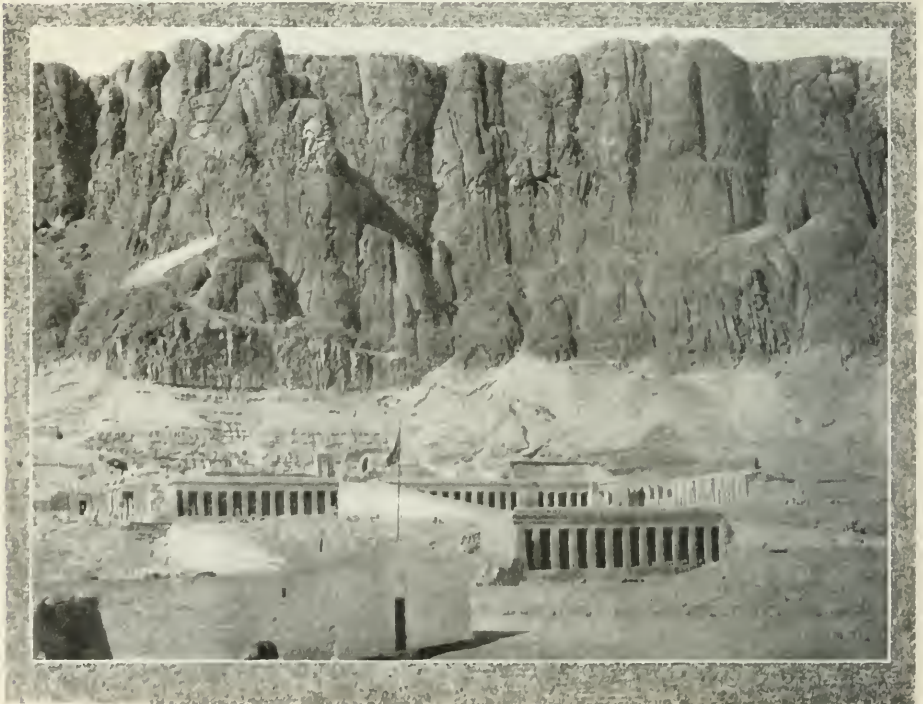
and IX., and Thothmes III. are tenantless. With irony supreme the shrinking owners have been torn from their retreats and now lie exposed to light and the curiosity of many a passerby in the Cairo Museum. Amenhotep II. alone remains in his chosen spot. To visit him we followed a winding downward way, crossing on wooden planks deep caverns that had been built as pitfalls for the unlawful searcher for the dead and his buried treasure. Staircase succeeded staircase, and still we journeyed downward till the heat and closeness of the air made us feel that the weight of all the mighty mountain rested on our heads. The last staircase was steeper than all the others and we were half dazed when we reached the final chamber. The atmospheric oppression was deepened by our consciousness of disturbing so ruthlessly the quiet of the tomb. Torchlight no longer light the royal presence chamber, but dim electric



The Memnonium of Rameses II. and the entrance to the Queens Tombs at Thebes

bulbs showed us its extent. The walls in clearest outline tell the story of the soul's journey and all its difficulties. The patient waiting figure watching its soul being weighed against the feather of truth seemed pitiful, and we rejoiced when Osiris at length accepts the eager voyager. As yet we had not seen the king. To our right some rigid figures were lying unsheltered by sarcophagus or pall. The braided hair and slender limbs of one mummy conjured up even in its desolation a vision of youth. The other remains seemed but a heap of bones and horrible to look upon. At noon the electric light is turned off, so we had to hasten to offer salutation to Amenhotep. A few paces farther on, and we stood before the entrance to the lower chamber, and as the light flashed out we saw the withered form encased in its sepulchral granite. No living royalty could more disdainfully resent intrusion than this lonely king.

The painted figures on the wall seemed to gather round him to protect his peace. The blackened features were pinched and drawn, and we gladly turned our eyes to the wreath of mimosa blossom that had lain through all the centuries so lightly and tenderly on his breast. Thus we left him, feeling grateful that our audience with his majesty had been a private one. The living world was welcome after this ghostly interview, though the dazzling sun, radiating from stone and sand, drove us for shelter to the entrance passage of an unopened tomb. After lunch we mounted the cliff by a steep path, sending our donkeys by a less precipitous way. The view from the summit was superb. All Egypt lay before us. The monster cliffs that guard the kingly tombs were to our left and on our right Der el Bahri in all her beauty leaned against another mighty barrier. All about us the harvest



The Temple at Der-el-Bahri



Anubis

wheat was ripening in the sunshine and the river wound its way in snake-like curves between the fertile banks. In the far distance the Arabian hills glowed with the warmth and colour they had wrested from the sun. We made a perilous descent to Der el Bahri, picking up ourselves and flints alternately and murmuring the familiar donkey cry, "rig lae, rig lae," in extra slippery places. Der el Bahri is a dream Temple, exquisite in proportion and delicacy of work. The expedition to Punt started from here and we saw the remains of the incense trees presented to Hatshepsut by the King of Punt, whose leafy branches are so delicately traced in the decoration of the walls.* The sun had almost set before we turned our faces homeward, and cool and refreshing was the ride back. So quickly does the dusk turn to night that when we once more passed the Memnon figures their heads were only faintly traced against a starlit sky.

By a stroke of luck the felucca met us after we had floundered through the heavy sand to the river. The *Dodo* had an obstinate look, we thought, as we neared her, so we were not surprised to hear that in our absence the Rais had unshipped the rudder and, like him, could give no definite date as to when repairs would be accomplished. Owing to this mishap we had ample time on March 11th to visit the exquisite little Ptolemaic Temple of Der el Medineh, so very lovely in its proportions and decorations that it seemed a fitting "half-way house" on our journey to the Tombs of the Queens. The queens of Egypt rest with much less pomp and ceremony than the lordly kings. Few of the tombs are decorated, though some of the walls have the appearance of being ready for the brush. In one tomb the entrance on either side had a representation of Maat, the Goddess of Truth, protecting those who entered with her

* A replica of this wall is in the Royal Ontario Museum.

wings. Amidst all the gods and goddesses and their stern dealings with the wandering soul, a human touch appeared, for one dainty queen, not at all in awe of the spirit world, had had her pet robes and jewels carefully painted. They hung in effigy upon the wall, the little bodices and narrow skirts reminding us of later empire days. We rode home late in the afternoon, the Memnon statues seen in profile acting as our guides. The evening was spent in receiving box after box of flints, C. having apparently discovered a quarry of these desirable treasures in Luxor.

March 11th and 12th.—We had time to visit Medinet Habu and see a double temple group. One was a small but lovely temple of the 18th dynasty. Succeeding dynasties had hacked and defaced the walls of the inner chambers so effectively that little trace of Queen Makere (Hatshepsut), during whose reign the temple was erected, can be found. When Rameses III. built the main temple he took the precaution of having his cartouche so deeply cut that anyone wishing to destroy his identity would have to remove the whole wall. C's arm thrust elbow-deep into the wall gave us some idea of the depth of the carving. The mystery and reverence we had felt at Edfu and Kom Ombos was absent here. On every side we saw slaughter and bloodshed as the sign manual of the

king. Even before the gods this Pharaoh drags his captives and holding them by the hair, smites them with a mighty club. When space forbids a full representation of his victories, a heap of dismembered hands tells the number of the vanquished. Before we had half finished our explorations, signs of a sand storm caused us to hurry *Dodo*-wards. The Rais, with unexpected forethought, had clothed the *Dodo* in a complete canvas cover, and glad we were to creep into shelter from the driving sand that blinded, cut and terrified us with its force and fury. This storm acted as a drop curtain to our Theban explorations. Till the 15th of March we were stormbound in the *Dodo*, living in semi-darkness, with closed windows tightly covered with layers of canvas. Even so, the sand penetrated every quarter. We ate, drank and slept with sand, and absorbed so much grittiness about our persons that never again, we thought, could we feel really clean. C. was the only happy person on board, for, under cover of the storm, natives seemed able to find him, and cases innumerable were slipped under the canvas cover till we began to feel the *Dodo* under weight of flint and sand would settle forever on the Theban shore and add herself and us, encased in sand, to the long list of "things to be visited" by future generations.

To be concluded in the October number.



NORMAN BLOOD

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

WINTERTON sat up in bed, yawned, and took from his manservant the silver tray containing his breakfast and the morning mail. As he proceeded leisurely to shake out the serviette there came a sound of hard knocking from below.

"Boggs, go and see who it is that is making such a deuce of a racket downstairs. That's three times already. My word! They shall have the door beaten in presently."

The man started.

"So sorry, sir," he said, dropping his whisk. "I had quite forgotten that Cattle had stepped round to the garage."

As Boggs glided noiselessly from the room his master swore softly to himself.

"It is Captain Fraser, sir," Boggs said a moment later, putting his head in at the door.

"What? Fraser? Oh! Send him right up, then."

And Winterton sighed with relief.

Presently the door opened again, this time to admit the tall, well-built form of his Canadian friend, Alan Fraser.

"How is this, Winterton—ill?" demanded the visitor, blinking a moment on the threshold as one does who comes in to a semi-dark room from vivid sunlight.

"Ill nothing! What do you irrepressible Canucks expect of a chap? I've only just tubbed and now I am having my chocolate. It is scarcely

nine. Sit down like a good fellow. Breakfasted?"

"Hours ago! I've been walking in the park since seven," replied Fraser, dropping into a chair. "You Londoners make me tired. Think of lying abed and June abroad outside your windows, with all that wonder of roses, bird-songs, dew and—"

He broke off with a shrug of despair at his paucity of suitable terms, and twirled his stick. Winterton, whose thirty years gave him an almost paternal attitude toward this Canadian youth, smiled indulgently.

"I say, though, were you trying to break in the door of Oakham Place with that implement?" he suggested as he slit open an envelope with a grapefruit knife, and nodded toward Fraser's stick.

"Your bell was out of commission."

"I've had all the bells muffled. (Nerves are still on the ragged edge). By-the-bye, I thought you were the charming Gwendolyn's coachman. Do excuse the state of the house, Fraser. As I believe I intimated to you before, it is rather upset. Repairs, papering, etc. You see, with the mater running a V. A. D. in Kent, and Sis nursing in France, I felt I should have it comparatively quiet here."

Fraser looked significantly at the pile of letters on the breakfast-tray.

"Not for long, I should say," he remarked. "They appear to have hunted you out already."

"I shan't be a moment running over these," returned Winterton, with an apologetic nod. "Pardon me."

He smiled as he finished the third letter.

"The Honourable Jane thanks me for my 'darling' wedding gift. 'It was so dear of you, Bert, and I do so love that cunning salad-bowl,' she gurgles. As a matter of fact, I sent a pair of silver candlesticks. However, let it pass unchallenged. I wonder what this lavender missive is. Ah! It is from Dolly. She—um—has only just heard of my return and is 'so glad to hear that I am getting so nicely over the effects of shell-shock', and—um—shall she send anything? No, no, my dimpled flapper! I stand in need of nothing but peace and quiet—two commodities, I fear, you cannot give. And here is a favour from my fourth cousin, Lady Anne Paget, the poetess. She is—um—willing to come and read to me several hours each afternoon. God forbid! What's this? Ah! One of the widow's delightful documents. She at least ought to be capable of something original, but no, she merely observes that it has been dreadfully warm and—er—"

But Winterton did not read aloud the rest. A dull flush mounted to his cheek and he pushed aside tray, letters and all, sprang up with an impatient exclamation, and pulled the bell-rope for Boggs.

Fraser was smiling amusedly.

"The ladies seem to be strong for you," he said with an almost envious glance at the handsomely rugged, thick-set, athletic young Englishman.

"Only since I came into the title, my dear boy. Before poor Algy was killed I was but an also-ran. Now I'm the whole works, as you colonials put it."

"What was *he* like?"

Winterton pointed to a framed photograph on the wall.

"There he is. Patrician from the crown of his head down. He had the Norman blood. I am only Saxon."

Fraser rose and looked at the photograph. One would never have taken the two for brothers, was his immedi-

ate mental decision. The elder one was fair of face, tall, slim and elegant in appearance. That there was a certain *vacuous* air about him Fraser failed to note.

"Yes, Algy would have been a fit figure for the House of Lords," Winterton continued as he chose a pair of gray silk socks from several sets that Boggs had placed on a chair. "As for me, I am only a common blighter. (Yes, Boggs, I'm ready for the shaving water.) You laughed at me for lying so late, Fraser, but it's partly the result of the mater's well-meant efforts to make a gentleman of me. She deplores my plowman-like figure, my stockiness, my John-Bullish features: above all, my disposition to be up and doing for myself. And, my word! As you see, she has almost worked a miracle with me already. In a very short while I shall be a nut, and no mistake. I *used* to rise promptly at six."

"After the rotten life in those trenches," said the Canadian thoughtfully. "after all you've been through, old man, you oughtn't to reproach yourself. Great Scott! That was some feat of yours—crawling through that barbed wire and rescuing—"

"Shut up!" Winterton cut in with a sensitive flush, and then to change the topic: "I suppose you came round to see me over that matter of the girl—or it is *another* girl? At twenty-one—"

"Twenty-two," Fraser corrected him. "And it's a pretty serious business for me, Winterton. So please cut out the witticisms."

"Merely a wheeze, my boy. Of course, I understand that she is the only girl in the world for you. We were to waylay her or something, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I guess that's the best plan. You must see her and then contrive to introduce us. You know everybody in London, and even if you don't know *her*, you're certain to know someone who does."

"Is this the first?"

"Positively. And the last. It's dead serious, old man."

"It always is—it always is," murmured Winterton, with a whimsical sigh. "And youth is so confoundedly sure of itself."

There was silence for a few moments. Boggs had left the room and Winterton, having shaved, was almost dressed now.

"I've dogged her like a shadow for nearly two weeks," Fraser went on. "I saw her for the first time crossing the park, and since then I've spent hours there. Every morning at a quarter to eight, and every afternoon about six she comes tripping along. She—she's wonderful, I tell you. She—"

"You can describe her at luncheon. I propose that we set out at once for those business appointments and wind up somewhere for lunch. Then, perhaps, a matinee—ah, here's Boggs. Boggs?"

"Yes, sir?"

"If—I mean *when*—when Lady Ashmead calls, tell her to go to—er—"

"Yes, sir."

"That is to say, tell her I've been called suddenly to the War Office. And tell Lady Paget, if she 'phones, the same. Tell Mrs. Delancey Kerr-Grey that I'm lunching with friends at—oh, anywhere—Bayswater, say."

"Yes, sir."

"And if that little bundle of fluff known as Dorothy Cannington motors down here from Maida Vale, you might say that I'm sleeping, and that the doctor's orders are that I am not to be wakened."

"Right, sir."

"Mrs. Ashton-Trevelyan may possibly 'phone. If she does, just disguise your voice and hoax her to the limit. You've done it before, Boggs."

"Yes, sir, I have that, sir," admitted Boggs unblushingly, with a faint smile of recollection.

"As a matter of fact, Fraser and I will lunch at the Savoy. After that, if I should be wanted for anything

important, I shall be found at the Duke of York's Theatre. Come along, Fraser."

One o'clock found the two friends in a secluded corner of the Savoy grill.

"Talk to me of Canada," suggested Winterton at the conclusion of a lengthy rhapsody of Fraser's on the subject nearest his heart.

"Oh—*Canada*!" exclaimed that young patriot, for once about to scorn his birthland, before the lure of old London.

"Wasn't there a girl there?"

"Several."

"But in particular?"

"Well—yes," he admitted at last. "But she was just the chummy sort—fine pal and all that. Of course, *that* wasn't the real thing, like this," he added, blushing.

Winterton noted casually that Fraser was making a very satisfactory meal for all.

"You lucky Canucks!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"How so?"

"You can marry whom you jolly well please! How would you like to be so convention-tied, so wrapped about with tradition, so swaddled in red tape that your natural desires and affections were atrophied? In short, how would you like to belong to a family that pretended to date its ancestry back to the Conquest, and that socially ostracized you if you dared look at a girl who was a mere Saxon, a commoner?"

Winterton spoke heatedly, with more than a trace of bitterness in his tone.

"How do you mean? What's the difference? Isn't a Saxon as good as a Norman? Gee! At home we're all gentlemen, and if anyone suggested that John was better than Jack he'd be laughed at—or else knocked down."

Winterton laughed shortly.

"England is England, and I love her," he said. "But she's a petty autocrat in some respects."

"I gather that you—that there's

been an affair of the heart, which slipped a cog."

Winterton was silent, only his face betraying him.

"What did you pay any attention to the silly blithering for?" demanded Fraser with characteristic bluntness. "If I liked a girl, no one on earth—would stop me—no one *shall*!"

"She broke it off herself. Overheard in some way that the mater and Sis had thrown a couple of fits when they learned of the—well, it can hardly be called an engagement—but it was verging on it. She merely asked me not to see her any more, and though I called and telephoned and wrote—"

"But didn't she care for you?"

"It wouldn't seem so, would it?"

"And this girl, you say, isn't good enough—"

"I didn't say *that*. She's a lady, every inch of her."

"Met her in society—the usual way, I suppose?"

"No. The fact is, our meeting was most unconventional. I was lucky enough to help her in a slight way crossing in front of a tram. She would undoubtedly have been injured had I not pulled her back in time. However, let us speak of something else now. This is ancient history."

"Wait. Are you sure she's the right one? You were twitting me about my assurance—"

"Man, do I know the sun when I feel it on my face? Do I know the difference between a gloomy wet day and one on which the birds sing and all nature is glad? I've motored with Molly and punted with Polly and golfed with Gwen, but not one of them ever stirred me as one look from *her* eyes could."

Fraser leaned across the table impulsively and gripped the Englishman's hand.

"Brothers in affliction! Let us help each other."

"You can't help me, my boy, but I shall try my best to see you through your difficulty."

"Thanks, old man. Say, you've not eaten much, have you?"

"I wasn't very hungry. It is understood, then, that after the matinee we shall haunt that park of yours until your divinity hoves in sight. You don't appear to know a great deal about her."

"I know her first name—heard one of her girl companions address her. It is Florence."

Fraser dwelt on the name fatuously. Winterton looked intently at the young man.

"Fact number one, then," he observed perfunctorily.

"I also know that she is assistant-manageress at a crèche or some such institution in Neville Street. I moon about there occasionally, and I learned this from the gardener. She is evidently doing this sort of work as her contribution to the war schemes."

"Likely. A number of society girls are learning now what their hands—also their pretty heads—were given to them for."

"It is a day crèche for Belgian children evidently, for I have seen the mothers coming for them at six and after, and the gardener fellow said the children were refugees from the war. He said Miss Florence having been educated for some years on the continent could talk their language. Besides, she loved children."

Apparently most of Fraser's information was lost on his companion, who had overturned his cup of coffee and was now engaged in the twin occupations of cursing gently and endeavouring to mop up the liquid with a couple of serviettes.

"I'm a clumsy ass," he said apologetically. "I'm still as nervous as a schoolmiss. That orchestra swinging into a march just now so suddenly—well, it was like the ring of a doorbell or the dropping of some small article. I could stand the popping of a gun with more stoicism. Queer what effects shell-shock has on the system!"

"The harder the nerves the greater the havoc when once they have—"

"That's it. You may have wondered, perhaps, at the subterfuges I had to resort to to-day, and the summary methods I was obliged to employ in order to head off some of my well-meaning friends, but the fact is, their chatter gets on my nerves, Fraser. Those who don't bore me, worry me, and those who don't worry me drive me almost insane."

"Music hath charms', you know," comforted the other. "And they say the music this afternoon will be excellent."

"Glad to know it!" declared the Englishman fervently. The colour slowly returned to his pale cheeks.

The sun was drawing to the westward and tinting the highest of the chimney-pots with gold when Winterton and his friend crossed the park and emerged near the head of Neville Street. It was a quarter of six.

Fraser spied a seat just within the gates and the pair sat down. Winterton unfolding an evening paper to while away the time. Twenty minutes passed and then Fraser, after a display of much impatience, rose with a quick exclamation.

"She's coming!" he cried. "Look—not a block away!"

Slowly Winterton turned, and his grave eyes rested for a moment on the solitary, graceful figure of a girl that approached in the distance.

"That's her," said the Canadian hurriedly. "Of course, you may not know her. (I was only joshing when I said you knew all London.) But at any rate we can follow her and find out where she lives—"

"Then you haven't followed her home—as yet?"

"No, because at the other end of the park she always hails a hansom. That means she must live at some little distance. Quick. Do you know who she is?"

Winterton was folding up his paper. He now rose, sent a casual glance once more in the girl's direction and nodded affirmatively.

"Her name is Florence Durham," he said.

Fraser could scarcely restrain his delight.

"What luck! Come along, then."

At this moment down the main driveway an old-fashioned brougham came bowling along, and Winterton, with a sharp exclamation of annoyance, saw and recognized its occupant. With hands that clenched themselves involuntarily at his sides he turned quickly and strode forward to meet Miss Durham. Fraser in the ecstatic condition of mind that was his did not notice how the colour had fled from his friend's face.

Miss Durham was a trifle diffident. She had bowed and smiled fleetingly and Fraser had seen that she was not ill-pleased though rather taken aback. He put it down to a dislike of the Englishman, who certainly did not appear at his best with lowered brows and the bear-like manner that he could display occasionally.

The introduction was effected in the briefest possible manner and, bowing formally, Winterton withdrew, leaving the infatuated Canadian and the fair English girl together.

But the brougham had been brought to a standstill almost opposite them and Winterton was being hailed effusively by the altogether charming widow, Mrs. Delancey Kerr-Grey, so he could do no less than accept her invitation to dinner, and, springing into the vehicle by her side he gave himself up to the inevitable.

Days slipped into weeks and Oakham Place was favoured with no more visits from Captain Fraser.

"That fatuous young cub hasn't a moment to spare for old friends," was Winterton's occasional bitter remark to himself.

He wondered with a vindictiveness of which he was ashamed, why the military authorities didn't curtail this London loitering of Canadians. Fraser, he knew, hadn't crossed the Channel yet. He had been fond of the young captain, but was it thus that

the efficiency of the army was to be promoted?

And then one morning in his mail Winterton received his own orders. On the top of the other letters lay the long official document. He was to sail for France the following day.

"Boggs!" he called, springing out of bed.

"Here, sir."

"Fix me up in proposal attire."

"I beg—"

"Hustle! I've got to do it, you know, or the mater will never forgive me. I leave for the Front again on to-morrow evening's boat from Dover. Look sharp."

"Very good, sir."

And when Winterton in his lieutenant's uniform was ready, Boggs affixed a white carnation to the tunic.

"Or should it be a red one—a red rose?" said the valet doubtfully.

"Go get a sunflower," returned Winterton with the caustic humour in which he sometimes indulged.

Boggs took up the breakfast-tray and started for the door. Suddenly he stopped, and turning, held out two or three unopened letters.

"You have forgotten these, sir."

Winterton, standing by the south window, hastily tore open and scanned the remaining letters. The last one of all was in the bold boyish hand of Alan Fraser, and bore the London postmark. It ran:

Dear Winterton:

I think I understand now about Norman blood. Florence has supplied the details you modestly omitted from your brief account of the manner in which you saved her life by placing yourself between her and the fender of the tram. It was wonderful. Ever since that day you have been her god. Man alive, what wouldn't I give to stand in your Saxon shoes!

I understand, too, how you must have been feeling at the Savoy that day. You are in error over a trifling matter: Florence has quite a strong Norman strain on the distaff side, but in her pride she purposely kept this from you. (What is the distaff side, anyway?).

Thank you, old man, for giving me my chance. But it was all to no purpose. She refused me last night. I am leaving to-

day for Boulogne. Perhaps, old friend, we shall meet across the Channel. In the meantime, my advice to you is: "Go in and win!" And my best wishes to you both. Back in my schooldays I learned something that ran like this:

Howe'er it be, it seems to me

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.

Sincerely,

Alan Fraser.

Winterton rang the bell for his valet, and the appearance of that functionary imparted a degree of clarity to his mental vision.

"Boggs, I am going out this morning to ask a lady to marry me."

"So I assumed, sir."

"But you assumed the wrong person, Boggs. How very stupid of you!"

"It shall not happen again, sir."

"Remove this poor white flower, Boggs, and fetch me a rose—a red red rose. It is the symbol of love. Thanks. That's the ticket. Were you ever in love, Boggs—madly, gloriously in love?"

The valet was startled out of his customary calm. He looked as though Winterton had just accused him of being in jail.

He decided that Mr. Bert had been drinking.

"No, sir," he replied and coughed deprecatingly.

"Then you have missed a large part of life, Boggs."

"Lady Ashmead has just called you up on the 'phone, sir. I said you were out. The Misses Randall, of Randall Lodge, also rang up and invited us down for the week-end—"

"I hear a noise, Boggs, but my heart is singing such a mighty symphony that all other sounds are but as an indistinct blur. I am off now. Tell Cantle I shan't be back for either lunch or dinner. When I do return, Boggs, I think you will see the happiest blighter in London. Don't you envy me?"

Boggs fell to whisking a coat.

"Yes, sir," he said obediently, and sighed—for the passing of their bachelorhood.

UNMASKED

BY J. J. BELL



FROM the library window, which opened doorwise on the spacious garden, Charlie Mariner, a fair and decidedly presentable young man in gray flannels, stepped forth, that fine summer evening, with fear and hope—also a proposal of marriage—in his honest heart. Once in a while Cupid does deign to study the mere convenience of his victims. Charles had, at all events, no tiresome journey to the lady of his choice. Her home was in the adjoining garden, though not so long ago the girl had seemed hopelessly beyond Charlie's reach.

Perhaps there was something of grateful remembrance in the backward glance he took presently at the fine stone house which he had so recently and unexpectedly inherited, along with a worthy income, from his maternal grandfather. As a guest of the old man's, he had formed a friendship with Anna, but he had never forgotten that he was only a struggler in an architect's office. More than once of late he had wondered whether the old man guessed his secret. Well, whether or no, the latter had given his nephew a gift not mentioned in his will—the right and liberty to think of a wife.

A few minutes later Charlie, as he had hoped, caught sight of Anna at the far end of her garden. Her only brother, Harry, a somewhat foolish young fellow, was seldom at home in the evening, while her aunt, who had lived with them since the loss of their parents, ten years ago, usually fell

asleep in the drawing-room after dinner. Alas, to Charlie's dismay, Anna was not alone. At her side, apparently engaged in confidential talk, was a person whom Charlie, apart from feelings of jealousy, had long and instinctively mistrusted. This was Richard Harmer, tall, a trifle swarthy, but well featured: a man about whom no one knew anything save that he was exceedingly smart, moved in good society, and was well enough off to have no occupation.

Charlie's spirits rebounded, however, when Anna rose and came down the garden to meet him. But his satisfaction was momentary. The Anna he knew was a handsome, dark-eyed girl with a proud carriage, and this girl's face was wan, her eyes were dull with something like despair, while her attitude suggested humiliation.

"I'm glad you have come," she said rapidly, nervously, giving him her hand. "I need a friend. Something awful has happened. It—it's about Harry," she went on, without allowing him a word. "I want to tell you about it before we join Mr. Harmer. Let's walk up and down here. Mr. Harmer has been more than kind, but—" She paused.

"You know," Charlie said, gently, "you may command me in anything. I came to-night to—" He broke off, realizing that this was no time to think or speak of self. "What is it, Anna? Has Harry met with an accident?"

"Harry has disappeared—gone away."

"Gone away! But where?"

"How I wish I knew! He has left

the country in terror of the law—the police.”

“Oh, impossible!” And yet as he uttered the word Charlie wondered. Harry’s manner had been strange of late: the boyishness had given place to a certain surliness.

“I can’t believe he has done anything wrong himself, but you know he is not a strong-minded boy, and no judge of people, and he tells me so little about his friends in town. . . . I fear he has got mixed up with some vile creatures—at any rate, he is under suspicion and in danger of arrest.”

“Good Heavens! But I fancy he has been no worse than an innocent fool. What is the trouble?”

“It’s too horrible. There has been a succession of jewel robberies lately—perhaps you have read of them—and in some way he has been connected with them. The robberies took place at country houses, in big hotels, on the railway. The last victim was a Regent Street jeweller, who was induced to bring a lot of necklaces to a West-end hotel—no, I can’t speak of it.”

Charlie was more alarmed than he showed. “Still,” he said after a moment, “it may not be so serious after all. It can be shown that Harry was not in any need of—”

“That is the worst of it, Charlie. Harry had been gambling heavily and was terribly in debt.”

He checked an exclamation of dismay. “When did the news reach you?” he suddenly asked.

“Less than an hour ago. Aunt Margaret does not know yet. Mr. Harmer had the thoughtfulness to wait for me in the garden.”

“So he brought the news. I didn’t know he was a friend of Harry’s—a close friend, at any rate.”

“No; but Harry had gone to him in his distress. It was he who helped the poor boy to get away. He brought a piteous note from Harry, which really told me nothing—it simply said he had done wrong, was going away, and prayed me to forgive, also to re-

frain from trying to find him for the present.”

“Then Mr. Harmer knows where he has gone?”

“No; Mr. Harmer helped him to get away—with money, I suppose—but he refused to hear anything about Harry’s destination—so much safer for Harry, he says.”

“Perhaps; but it’s an appalling cruelty to you!” the lover cried. They wandered into a path among shrubbery; the growing dusk deepened the shade. “Anna,” he said, halting and taking her hands, “you know I love you better than all the world, but I’m not going to trouble you with that now. I’m going to find your brother, wherever he is, and bring him back to you. Harry might commit many a folly, but never, I am positive, a crime. He must have suddenly found himself in contact with the ugly thing and become panic-stricken.”

“Oh, Charlie,” she whispered, “thank you for saying that. He’s only a boy, and ought to have a second chance. But how can you hope to find—”

“When did he leave London?”

“This morning.”

“Then I’ll get to work at once. You will let me know if you hear anything, Anna.”

“Yes, yes; but you have no clue—nothing—”

“I’ve got a good deal of determination—and still more love, dear.” He might have taken her in his arms then, but he was not going to win her on a mere promise. He lifted her hands to his lips and released them. “Good-night,” he said softly. “There’s a train for town in half an hour. Try to keep up your heart.”

“But before you go, had you not better have a talk with Mr. Harmer?” she asked, with a new shyness of manner.

“If necessary, I can find him in town in the morning,” he answered, a trifle stiffly. “Good-bye—in case we don’t meet for a while. And don’t mention to anyone at all what I’m doing, Anna. You’ll promise?”

She bowed her head in acquiescence and to hide the tears, and did not see him depart.

On rejoining Harmer she suggested their going indoors. "One moment, Anna," he returned, using her name for the first time. Her secret conversation with Mariner had annoyed him and caused him to alter his plans; after all those months, in Mariner he had suddenly perceived a rival, perhaps a dangerous one. That must be stopped, he told himself. He had not intended to declare himself yet awhile, yet he could not risk losing this handsome girl—and her not unhandsome fortune.

"It is growing dark," she said, but the note of haughty protest in her voice was modified by the recollection that Mr. Harmer had done so much for her unhappy brother.

"Just one moment, Anna," he repeated softly.

Reluctantly she seated herself, and there was a brief silence.

Then she heard his lowered voice saying—

"Anna, will you be my wife?"

For some time she had dreaded this, and yet it came as a shock—an unpleasant shock.

"Don't answer at once," he went on. "You are too greatly disturbed just now—"

She found voice to say: "Mr. Harmer, I thank you, but even my gratitude for all you have done would not—"

"Please forget that. Will you marry me, Anna?"

"I cannot marry you, Mr. Harmer."

There was another silence, longer than the previous one, and the man broke it.

"I must have you for my wife," he said quietly. "Pray don't go; have a little patience. I have something to tell you. I have to take back something I said a little while ago—about your brother."

"Oh, say it!"

"Then it seemed best that you should remain ignorant of Harry's destination," he said slowly, "and it

may still be best. But I feel I ought to tell you now that I know perfectly well where your brother is going—"

"For heaven's sake, tell me!"

He laid a light hand on hers. "Anna, the moment you marry me, I will tell you."

"Ah!" Suddenly, "You beast!" She snatched away her hand.

He smiled. "And unless you promise now to marry me, at an early date, I shall feel it my duty to tell—the police."

Five minutes later she was alone, faint and broken. She had given her promise to marry Harmer in precisely two months' time. "But," she had added, "I will not so much as speak to you till then."

Nevertheless, Harmer had departed triumphant. Having won so much, he could win everything. "Now to turn over a new leaf and become a virtuous member of society!" he said gaily to himself as he stepped from the garden gate. And so Anna's only hope, and it was a wavering one, lay in Charlie Mariner.

* * * *

As Charlie had remarked, he possessed the powers of love and determination, but he had scarce entered upon his task when he was thanking heaven for the third great power—money. His abrupt rise to affluence had not spoiled him. Until now he had continued at his daily work in the architect's office; but now he applied for and obtained a holiday of elastic length. He speedily learned that the business was going to be costly in every way, but his heart was in command and he smiled at toil and expense. He made his headquarters at an hotel off the Strand, and presently had a small army of detectives under orders.

And then came the blow—a little note from Anna. She was engaged to Harmer! Just the bare announcement of the fact, after a few words about her brother Harry. The girl had not dared to say more; only the fear of Charlie's hearing the news

from another source had driven her to write the words.

At first Charlie was stunned; it seemed the end of everything. But he came out of his misery to realize two things: she was as dear to him as ever; his reward must be her happiness, not his own. As for the engagement itself, Charlie felt there was something he did not understand; but he could only conclude that he had been misled in the past by a foolish hope, and that Harmer's goodness to Harry had shown Anna where her affections really lay. Not for a moment did he doubt that Harmer was the girl's choice.

So, when he had pulled himself together, he wrote briefly and calmly, wishing her happiness and telling her that his determination to find Harry was keener than ever, though it was too soon to hope for results.

The record of the work of his detectives during the ensuing few weeks would make a big book, but as a narrative it would assuredly prove wearisome to the reader. The sifting of much chaff for next to no grain; vague clues that led to nothing; false scents involving interminable espionage and dreary journeys—the big book would have been merely so many chapters of futilities.

In the fourth week, however, one of the spies returned with information of undeniable importance, and Charlie felt that he was on the right track at last. Within an hour he was in telephonic communication with a great shipping company; immediately thereafter he wrote to Anna: "I am going abroad as secretly as possible. Do not lose heart.—Your friend, C. M."; and the same night he lay down in a steamer berth.

An hour or two after he had sailed, another spy came to the man left in charge.

"Better advise Mr. Mariner that he is being shadowed."

* * * *

It was the evening before the day appointed for Anna's wedding. All

the arrangements had been made by writing, suave and respectful, on Richard Harmer's part, curt on hers.

The hour was late. In the dark she stood at her bedroom window, which looked across to Charlie's house. In her hand was still a telegram received some hours earlier; she had read it a hundred times. It had been despatched from Liverpool.

"Good news in the morning.—C."

But how far away the morning seemed!

Suddenly a narrow beam of light caught her gaze. It came from a curtained window of the house over yonder—the library window, as she knew it to be.

Why, Charlie must have arrived home! . . . And he carried good news for her. Alas, he would never dream of coming to her at such an hour. . . . Yet might not she go to him! In an instant her mind was made up. This suspense—this hunger with food within reach—was not to be endured. No one would see her—she cared not if a hundred eyes were watching. She would slip out quietly, go round to her neighbor's garden, and tap at the library window. She caught up a dark wrap.

* * * *

Charlie had advised his housekeeper of his home-coming, but bidden her not to wait up for him. On letting himself in he went straight to the library, switched on the lights and proceeded to the big safe in the corner—the safe his grandfather had purchased for the security of valuable manuscripts. In a moment it was open; in another closed again. He heaved a long sigh of relief, as he turned the key and tried the handle. He had all but despaired of bringing home his prize!

In a quiet street of New York, a week ago, he had just escaped being sandbagged; twice during the homeward voyage he had found his belongings in his cabin ransacked; during the recent train journey from Liverpool he had become aware that he was

watched. In London he had taken a room at an hotel and had left the building five minutes later, by a side exit.

Well, he had won safe home at last with all he had hoped to gain—a girl's happiness. But he sighed again as he withdrew the key and made to put the bunch in his pocket.

A breath of cool air touched his neck, and he swung round.

From between the divided window curtains a man took a step forward. He was a tall man in shabby tweed clothes and cap; his face was concealed by a piece of black material with eyeholes. Also, he had a revolver, levelled.

"Hand over them keys, guvnor," he said roughly.

Charlie suppressed a groan, not of fear, but of despair. Beaten after all! His work gone for nothing! And Anna would be broken-hearted!

"May I ask what you want with my keys?" he asked quietly at last.

"Come, no humbug! Ye know well enough. Think we're going to let ye hold on to the confession of a coward that was afraid to die? No, sir!"

"Since you know about the confession," said Charlie, in order to gain time, though to what end he could not have told, "I suppose you admit it's truth."

"What does it matter to you? Anyway, the coward's not going to die after all—though I wish the swine had been killed outright in that Yankee joy-ride of his!—and he has changed his mind about the confession. Hurry up, now! Advance three paces and put the keys on that table."

"Come and take them."

"Ye'll force me to shoot, ye fool."

"Shoot away!"

"By God, I'm serious. Listen! I'll count three. One—two—"

"Three" was at the ruffian's lips when the curtains behind him were torn apart, and a gardener's spade, swung by a woman's arms, fell flat, but forcibly, upon his head.

He gasped and fell, dropping the revolver, to his hands and knees, then lurched sidelong and lay huddled.

"Anna!"

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie! What have I done? But I had to save you."

"Thank God, you came in time. He was going to have the proofs of your brother's innocence. Harry was a dupe and an innocent decoy, and they made him a scape-goat. He can come home when he likes. I know where he is. Don't worry. You haven't killed the beggar." Charlie secured the revolver and bent over the stricken one. "He'll come to presently. shouldn't wonder if he's shamming a bit. He must be one of the gang. I've a list of their names—all, I believe, except the head. My informant balked at giving that."

"Charlie," she began—

All at once the ruffian got to his feet and made a bolt for the window—but Charlie had him by the neck.

"Let's see your face, my man," said Charlie. "Don't struggle, or we'll have to hit you harder. Anna, would you mind pulling off his mask? Use the tongs, dear."

Anna, with an expression of repulsion, used her fingers, and with a sharp movement uncovered the ghastly, writhing features of—

Richard Harmer!



A GERMAN ATROCITY

AT the instance of Mr. Félix Wallon, first sub-officer to the Minister of Belgian Colonies, Le Havre, France, *The Canadian Magazine* presents on the page opposite this a reproduction of a photograph procured by Mr. Wallon during his service at the Front in Central Africa.

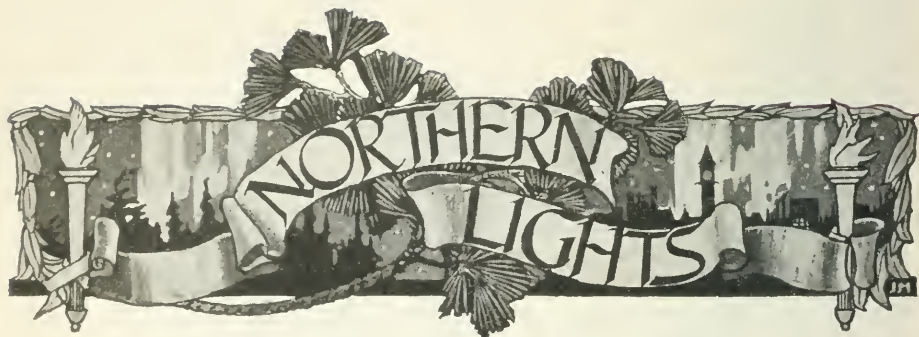
It is known that one of the first things the Germans did in Africa was to array as many blacks as possible on their side, and those that they could not induce to side with them they treated cruelly and in many instances they imposed the death penalty.

The victims of this barbarous policy were not shot—the common course with soldiers—but were hanged wantonly on trees, and the bodies were allowed to hang there, exposed nude to the world, as the photograph demonstrates, while their fellows who had gone over to the German side sat beneath, with cowering looks, holding their weapons high above their heads.





An orgy of Hanging by Germans in Central Africa



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

"MOTHER" STONER

"**T**HOU shalt not scold. Thou shalt not whip. Thou shalt not say 'don't!' Thou shalt not say 'must'. Thou shalt not say 'I can't'. Thou shalt not frighten thy child. Thou shalt not tease. Thou shalt not kill self-respect. Thou shalt not refuse to answer questions. Thou shalt not banish fairies from thy home."

These are the Ten Commandments of Natural Education, whose founder is Doctor Winifred Sackville Stoner, now working valiantly in Montreal in her established schools, and teaching parents that they must educate themselves before they can undertake the education of their children. Mrs. Stoner denies the flattering implication that one who has acquired a sheepskin for proficiency in certain studies, must therefore be educated. She believes, with Professor Dewey, that "education is not preparation life, but life itself".

This interesting woman who prefers the title of "Mother" to the more high-brow designation of "Doctor", has lectured all over the world on the subject one might broadly classify as parenthood. She has expended a million dollars out of private funds in an effort to better the education of the child, and her theories are in the estimation of Miss Parker, supervisor

of Kindergartens, ahead of the Montessori system.

In reading even so brief a statement of Mother Stoner's work and mission, one almost involuntarily succumbs to curiosity as to a specific case upon which her theory has been tried. It is not far to seek. There is no better example of the efficiency of her method than that shown by Winifred, junior, who at the age of fifteen has acquired an international reputation as a linguist and before reaching the age of twelve was the author of four books, one of them written in Latin!

Besides these accomplishments, she is an expert Esperantist and was able to speak and write this language at five years.

Just here, one's curiosity naturally leaps a pace further. What sort of prodigy is this—a shrivelled, bookish, narrow-chested, be-goggled girl whose physical development has been sacrificed that she might become a pedagogue in her early teens? Far, far from it! Winifred junior, is a flat denial of the argument that intensive training begun at an early age hampers physical growth. This girl, a striking product of Natural Education, is a perfect specimen of health and strength, and it gives me extreme satisfaction to remark that her fine mind and fine body know not the flaw of self-conceit. Especially dear to the



Miss Winifred Sackville Stoner

little children of the Blind schools is Mother Stoner. She has been working very hard in their interests and of them she says:

"Their minds are their Kingdom, and I am trying to make these Kingdoms richer, so that they will not be lonely in the darkness."

Of her theory, broadly, she says:

"My religion is that of Love and Service to one another. I believe that all education should be founded on that truth. Natural Education develops the child's mind, body and character consistently, making the most of its hours of childhood, hours of play and of study. I have devoted all my life to children. They inspire me. I think I worship them and I have promised to spend all my life in their interest."

It is difficult to present any definite rules along Mrs. Stoner's theory for the reader's benefit or consideration. But perhaps some idea of the working basis may be gained from the

following: She advises parents to fill the child's mind with beautiful thoughts during the 'memory period'—from the age of five to twelve—at which latter time, reason begins to develop and will feed upon the thoughts previously planted there. She encourages the nurturing instinct by teaching the children to care for the younger ones, and by *garden-ing!* She has with her theories, turned the driest subjects into interesting pastimes rather than irksome tasks. Mathematics, she teaches by means of games, as indeed many of the school-room bug-bears are taught. Especial stress is laid upon the cultivation of imagination—"mortal's greatest gift"—discipline and self-control.

Mother Stoner also believes in encouraging expression rather than repression. To her the dictum that Silence is Golden, carries no weight. She thinks that children ought to talk more.

The faculty of expression is very happily present in her. She talks and



Dr. Winifred Sackville Stoner,
who specializes in the teaching of children.



Brigadier-General James G. Ross,
The chief paymaster of the
Canadian Expeditionary Forces

writes with rare charm and is the author of some very attractive verse and prose essays. She has composed a number of songs along popular lines.

*

THE CHIEF PAYMASTER

THE Chief Paymaster of the Canadian Expeditionary Force is Brigadier-General James G. Ross, one of the foremost business men of Montreal. For this important post General Ross is particularly well fitted, not only by long experience in finance, but by military training as well. He was at one time a captain in the Victoria Rifles of Montreal, and later became an officer in the Fifth Royal Scots, of the same city. When the war broke out he was on the ocean returning from England, where he had gone in command of the Canadian

Bisley team. On his return he at once threw himself into the work of military organization, and after a year's hard work in Canada spent his convalescence from an operation, again on the ocean, on the way to take up his duties as Chief Paymaster for the C.E.F. There, with the exception of the week-ends passed at the country club to which he and Mrs. Ross moved for the summer months, he too frequently worked seven days a week. But it was a work he loved and for which his whole business life had provided special training. His services were soon acknowledged with the honour of the C.M.G. and promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General. Whatever he has won has been the result of hard work, coupled with distinctive native sagacity, a strict adherence to the rules of the game, whether of sport or business, which has always earned for him the confidence of his partners or competitors.

A quiet sense of humour and the tact that comes from a very tender heart and an unusually attractive personality have led to the Chief Paymaster becoming, in his very modest way, a leader among that group of Montreal gentlemen of business who unite social charm with financial acumen, men who represent all that is best in the older order and who soften by their practices something of the ruthlessness of the competitive system.

By training and tradition somewhat conservative, General Ross's opportunities of seeing the self-abnegation of members of the British aristocracy who think the humblest drudgery honourable, if performed in service of their country, has deepened his respect for all that is best in the older order. But the temper of his mind, like that of most sensible Canadians, is substantially democratic.

Brigadier-General Ross always has taken a keen interest in agriculture. He was graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, and he maintains a beautiful home on a farm close to Montreal.

FIRST ON THE WIRE

LET no one deny that surprises are good for us, even surprises which are not pleasant. They have a similar effect upon us as that experienced by "Snow-white", who having swallowed a morsel of poisoned apple, apparently died, but who came back to life when the sorrowing little dwarfs stumbled, jolted her bier, and caused the apple to pop out of her mouth.

Surprises jolt us, frequently, from a comatose state all too prevalent today, into a much-needed activity. Proceeding along our line of argument, therefore, we do not hesitate to assert that Halifax was benefited by its surprise when a large number of its feminine housewives repaired to a certain section of the city, bent upon supplying their homes for the week, and found Mrs. E. M. Murray conducting a stall! Perhaps, after all, there should have been nothing surprising in the fact that a journalist possessing a wide and a facile pen should have been conducting a stall in the Halifax market, for Mrs. Murray has for years made her influence felt in the matter of civic reform. It was she who was instrumental in securing for Halifax pure milk, and those who remember the struggle still sigh with relief that the up-hill campaign is over, leaving in its wake successful results. Economic questions have for many years claimed the larger part of her time, and as a prominent member of the Household League, Mrs. Murray worked with what one might almost describe as a fine desperation, to keep down the cost of living. At her stall she demonstrated that prices on farm produce need not be excessive and that when they are kept within reasonable bounds the price of other foodstuffs will not soar.

Mrs. Murray can lay claim to no mean pretensions as a public speaker, showing a remarkable grasp of the subjects under discussion and reasoning with such clear-sighted rapidity that her conclusions are likely to ap-



Mrs. E. M. Murray

pear to the casual observer more as a result of that feminine attribute known as intuition than the masculine virtue of logic.

When asked why she had not taken law as her life's work, Mrs. Murray admitted modestly that she had devoted considerable time to its study, whereupon those who had been defeated by her in debate felt less injury to their vanity and muttered, "Well, of course! No wonder!"

It is not too much to say that Mrs. Murray is one of the foremost newspaper women in Canada, specializing on editorial matter. Particularly interesting to us at the present is the fact that from her pen leaped the first account of the Halifax disaster, which was flashed across the continent at three o'clock on that grim Friday morning and which appeared in every daily in the Dominion that same day. Like the indomitable farmer in Emerson's hymn, we can imagine her "firing the shot heard round the world".

THE LIBRARY TABLE

IN THE FOURTH YEAR

By H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



COMPARATIVELY few people have read H. N. Brailsford's "The War of Steel and Gold". Few have cared to follow the subterranean and malodorous investigations of such men as Russell and Dickenson down the winding mazes of old and recent European treaties. Few have possessed the desire or sympathy to understand the weight of the problems of Empire which men like Curzon and Milner and even Northcliffe have borne. So it has come about that our English-speaking public of loyal and fine-spirited citizens is at a loss. It is able to study the world war from the standpoint of its personal impact. To this impact it reacts gloriously. Young men of seventeen just passing into the age when they can enlist, speak with shining eyes of the day when they will "change their address", though they know nothing of the obstinate intricacies of world politics. Middle-aged men give up all they have ever called dear for an "idea", though the "idea" when challenged by the simplest and most immediate questions of trade relations and territorial concessions is lost in a haze of impotent inadequacy. Hence it is that so often the liberal Pacifist, with his bleak negations, and the red flag Imperialist, with his blatant militarism, are equally sincere and equally disastrous. The world is in such tragic trouble not so much because it is filled with

knaves and brutes as because people do not know—the world's public has not studied the world's problems.

Now, this book by H. G. Wells is an appeal to the public to do some thinking, some hard thinking, to pay the price, in mental effort, of making the world safe for democracy. Mr. Wells is not setting himself up, as he has seemed to do in some of his books, as the world's schoolmaster. He is rather representing himself as one of the world's pupils with some lessons only half learned which he would like to talk over. In his discussion of a League of Free Nations and what the idea seems to involve, he is clear, suggestive, helpful and humble. The fraction of the world's public that reads this book of his will be made appreciably readier to understand the world's problems. In these days perhaps that is as high a commendation as a book should wish to receive.

*

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WORLD WAR

By BARON VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

EVERY high-school boy knows what a foreign text may suffer in translation. The possibilities of misrepresentation of the author's original thought are infinite. Being aware of this, the wise-headed persons to-day who are interested in foreign affairs and want to get at the truth of things accept all translations warily. A German utterance may be so toned down in translation as to make the German soul appear the most lamblike and

pure of all souls. The same utterance may be so fired up by the shade of meaning given to a single phrase as to make Germany appear the most truculent and brutal nation the world has known.

When one reads this book warily one reads it with much profit. In broad outline it gives a fairly good picture of a great German war brain in action. There are revealed startling similarities with the war brains in all other nations; and some considerable differences. The particular war brain of Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven has a very special devotion to armies and fleets; it takes them for granted in a way disquieting to anyone with Pacifist tendencies and hopes. Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven thinks that the world of men is far from perfect, and that a nation can only erect its will in the world by force. This is a pessimistic and brutal doctrine, and it certainly is not Christian.

Along with its avowed militarism there is in the book much interesting comment of a general observatorial nature. Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven speaks of France and French soldiers in a way that exasperates and amuses and illuminates. He speaks, for instance, "of the devotion and the contempt of death with which whole divisions have hurled themselves forward again and again in dense masses in hopeless attempts to break through". Some Frenchmen would laugh at that. The comment on America might interest America.

*

BUDDY'S BLIGHTY

BY LIEUTENANT JACK TURNER, M.C.
Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THESE is a modest sub-title to this book—"And Other Verses from the Trenches". It would have been wrong to call it poetry, because it is verse, and good verse—something that anybody can understand and enjoy. There are many fine human touches, and the ballads of "Buddy's

Blighty", "Yellow", and "Bill" are much above the average; indeed, each tells a good tale, and that is only one reason why justice cannot be done to them in a brief review. But some idea of the style, which is mostly that of the conventional ballad, may be had from one or two excerpts. "Buddy's Blighty" begins:

Buddy Baldwin, broncho-buster, used to ride the range a heap,
He looked at things in terms of cows, and always held that sheep—
And sheep-men, too—were vermin, that they counted mighty low,
And, compared with cows and cow-men, why, they didn't even show.
(This has no bearing on my tale—I only tell it 'cos

It gives you some idea of the kind of guy Bud was).

Cow-man first, last and all the time—
Bud's Bible was the book
Where breeds and brands were registered,
And Buddy always took
The view that walking is no way of covering the ground,
And riding is the only way to navigate around.

If you want to picture Buddy, bear in mind these little things—

Imagine him as built of wire and highly tempered springs—
With the little, deep-carved wrinkles 'round the corners of his eyes
That are brands of open country and unbounded space and skies—
Six feet high, brown as an Injun—leaner than the law allows,
And his deepest interests poker, brands, range, cayuses and cows.

"Yellow" is one that will be understood by thousands of men who have been at the Front, because—

'Twas in Folkestone that they named him,
in a crowded bar one night,
When a fellow called him something that would make a rabbit fight,
An' he took that red-raw fightin' word,
that no man ought to stand,
Just a grinnin' kind of foolish—and he never raised a hand.

Well, they found me in a mud-hole with a badly damaged dome,
(One inch lower would have sent me to my happy heavenly home),
An' they found old Yellow lyin' sprawled out on the trenches' rim,
Gripping hard a broken rifle, with a dozen holes in him.
Then they tucked me on a stretcher an' they sent me to the rear

For the Red Cross men to play with—but,
they buried Yellow there.

This is just a simple story of a man who
was my friend,

Who was nearly mad with terror, but who
stuck it to the end,

Any man may sport a medal, if he has a
little luck,

But, my hat is off to Yellow, who was sick,
an' scared—an' stuck.

Born and educated in St. John's, Newfoundland, a civil engineer by profession, the author of these verses went to British Columbia in 1911. On the outbreak of the war, he joined the Canadian Engineers at Vancouver and went to France with the Second Canadian Division. Serving first as brigade signal sergeant with the 6th Canadian Infantry Brigade (known as "the Iron Sixth"), he was soon transferred to the 14th Canadian Machine Gun Company. He was in practically all the actions in which the 6th Brigade took part during his two years' service at the Front, and was twice wounded. He received his commission as lieutenant in 1916. For service at the capture of Vimy Ridge in April, 1917, Lieutenant Turner was awarded the Military Cross.

*

TRACKLESS REGIONS

By G. O. WARREN. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

WELL chosen is the title of this delightful book of poems, which is by no means a book of delight. One reads it as if following the author through regions hitherto untraversed, and the delight comes in the revelation of the soul's longing, the soul's emotions and the high appreciation of beauty and human attachment. One would infer that the author has loved and suffered, for there is evidence of the poignant grief of a sensitive nature. We quote the first poem:

SHADOW

All that I am I give. And yet the self
I was

Before you came, is gone.
You never knew that self which looked
into a grave;

How could you know my night who
are my dawn?

This human light is sweet. Yet my love-
dazzled

Eyes turn back to grief again,
Craving the presence of that soul-enfold-
ing shade

Woven of lonely question, human pain.

Love, were you but grief-wise! Could you
but follow

Me to wander in that night
Which though I fear to tread, yet whose
mysterious dusk

Beckons me, woos me from unshadowed
light.

But I must go alone. Though yearning
still to see

Your radiant heavens burn,
Alone I enter darkness. O, my love!
grieve not

If still my face be veiled when I return.

*

LOVER'S GIFT AND CROSSING

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Can-
ada.

ONE must admit that the poems of this Indian knight demand of their admirers something more than the average appreciation. One might say one likes them and yet not be able to explain why. It is something like a preference for certain forms of music: certainly the appeal is very much to the ear. Even though they may be in prose form, there is a rare lyrical quality, and one must admit the beauty of cadence and rhythm. But as to meaning, well, one might just as readily try to explain the voice of the lark or the perfume of the violet. This volume is in two parts. "Lover's Gift" is one part, and "Crossing" the other. From the former we quote:

You allowed your kingly power to vanish,
Shajahan, but your wish was to make
imperishable a tear-drop of love.

Time has no pity for the human heart, he
laughs at its sad struggle to remember.
You allured him with beauty, made him
captive, and crowned the formless death
with fadeless form.

The secret whispered in the hush of night
to the ear of your love is wrought in
the perpetual silence of stone.

Though empires crumble to dust, and cen-
turies are lost in shadows, the marble
still sighs to the stars, "I remember".

"I remember", but life forgets, for she
has her call to the Endless; and she goes
on her voyage unburdened, leaving her
memories to the forlorn forms of beauty.

And from the latter this stanza:

Thy gift of the earliest flower came to me
this morning, and came the faint tuning
of thy light.

I am a bee that has wallowed in the heart
of thy golden dawn,

My wings are radiant with its pollen.

I have found my place in the feast of
songs in thy April, and I am freed of
my fetters like the morning of its mist
in a mere play.

*

THE HIGH ROMANCE .

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS. Toronto: The
Macmillan Company of Canada.

ONE might well infer that this book contains much autobiography, the experiences of a newspaperman who went back and forth throughout the United States striving to advance his material condition and at the same time keeping ever before him a spiritual ideal. He had many remarkable adventures and unusual experiences, and the whole, told in effective style, makes up what might be called quite properly a modern romance.

*

NORTHCLIFFE: BRITAIN'S MAN OF POWER

By W. E. CARSON. Toronto: George
J. McLeod, Limited.

ONE is convinced that there has been in full swing for some time a Northcliffe propaganda, and yet one cannot disclaim the greatness of the man who has become the most marvellous publisher that the world has ever known. The story of his many successes makes fascinating reading, but the author actually tells about one of his big failures. Harmsworth, as he then was merely, had an idea that a paper for women, edited by women, would be a success. This is what he himself said of the venture after he had made it:

"Having for many years fostered a theory that a daily newspaper for women was in urgent request, I started one. This

belief cost me one hundred thousand pounds. I found out that I was beaten, that women did not want a paper of their own. It was simply another instance of failure made by mere man in diagnosing woman's needs. Some people say that a woman never really knows what she wants. It is certain that she knew what he did not want."

The book contains many fascinating episodes and incidents to a great career.

*

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

By McLANBURGH WILSON. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is a sprightliness about these patriotic verses that appeals to many readers, and there is apart from that much merit in their execution. We quote from the one that gives title to the book:

The little flag on Main Street
Is floating all the day,
Its stars are fairly sparkling,
Its stripes are glad and gay.
It stops the passing zephyrs
To tell them as they dance:
"I have a battle brother
Who flies to-day in France!"

*

THE MARTIAL ADVENTURES OF HENRY AND ME

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE is an antidote to the effects of all who emphasize the grimness and horror of the present war. It depicts in the attitude of these two middle-aged "coots" the buoyant spirit and optimism of the average American, and gives one a pleasant impression of the whole-hearted manner in which the people of the United States engaged in the struggle. It has many amusing situations, and is on the whole a very entertaining book.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

DIDN'T KNOW GASTON

A New York clubman tells of a quaint character he met while on a hunting trip in Canada last summer. This man was of French extraction and proud of a friend of his in New York, one Gaston Lespinasse, of whom he talked constantly.

"You live in New York?" he at once asked when the Gothamite appeared.

"I do."

"You know Gaston Lespinasse?"

"No. I don't think I ever heard of him."

The Canadian seemed disappointed as well as nonplussed. Then he began again:

"You live in New York?"

"Yes."

"You do not know Gaston Lespinasse?"

"Never heard of him."

The Canuck grinned incredulously. Then with an air of one convincing another out of his own mouth, he said:

"Gaston is the cook at the hotel."—*Chicago News.*

*

AFTER THE WALTZ

At a dance, after the waltz, the girl's partner, a bespectacled young man, said to her: "Let's go and walk in the garden."

"I don't want to go into the garden," the girl said shyly, "without a chaperon."

"Oh, we don't need a chaperon, I assure you," said the bespectacled young man.

"Then," said the girl, "I don't want to go into the garden."—*London Opinion.*

NO USE FOR HIM

The handsome young minister always stationed himself at the church door after the service in order to greet his parishioners as they filed out.

One Sabbath morning along came a raw Swedish maid, a stranger, so, with his usual cordiality, the minister grasped her hand and said:

"I am very glad to see you here this morning. Will you not tell me your name and address, so that I may call on you soon?"

The maid looked him coldly in the eye and, withdrawing her hand, replied:

"I t'ank you, but I got one steady fella already; he comes twice a week, and I t'ank he no like you to come."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

*

IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL

A painter of the "impressionist" school is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says, "Look here, this is the latest masterpiece of my composition". They look and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

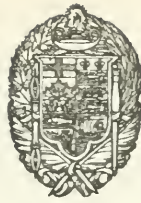
"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive and unpretentious."—*Exchange.*



OVERLOOKING THE BOW RIVER VALLEY
Beyond the Foothills, Alberta.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



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SCIENCE AND THE WAR

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ONE of the many stupendously important by-products of this world-conflict is the quickened interest of the public in scientific research and the material achievements which are its outcome—chiefly, I fear, in the material achievements. On every hand, in every department of militant activity, it has been made evident to the “man in the street” that scientific knowledge, competently applied, is a determining factor in defence and a prerequisite to victory.

In that remote period “before the war” science was to the average man of affairs a subject of languid interest, an interesting hobby for learned gentlemen advanced in years, an indispensable item in the preliminary training of doctors and engineers, of course, but otherwise devoid of vital bearing upon the everyday life of “practical” men. The speculations of astronomy might be very interesting, but after all the stars are exceedingly remote and not likely to

interfere with our businesses or our investments. Wireless telegraphy was thought of us as an isolated achievement, and never connected in the popular imagination with the science of physics. Dyes were taken for granted, never connected with the vision of a quiet and unobtrusive professor of chemistry who devised the method of their synthesis. Electric motive power was a profitable channel for investment, never thought of as the offspring of the brain of a shoemaker’s son labouring for a lifetime in a quiet laboratory in London. The great local surgeon perchance saved us from imminent death, but his success never brought to our minds the memory of the French chemist and the Scottish professor of surgery who rendered asepsis possible.

Upon this uninformed public consciousness the world-war suddenly arose and science dramatically came into its own and determined the march of events. Guns of unexampled range, explosives of unparalleled

power, hygiene of unimagined efficiency, aeroplanes, submarines, poison gases—all these appeared to spring into being or evolve into perfection overnight. Into a static world change was born.

And these vast controlling forces, these rending destructive agents, these strange new implements of speed and death and terror are the products of the hitherto unregarded. The professors, the amiable, harmless scholars of tradition working hand-in-glove with the inventors (a notoriously unpractical crew), have hurled these their ghastly offspring into an unimaginative world, and shattered the precedents of centuries.

Obviously, people who can do this sort of thing must command our respect. We may not like them; we might even prefer to relegate them and their infernal inventions to eternal oblivion, but since they are here and all we hold dear may depend upon their labours, we must learn to accept and even to seek their services with as much good grace as we can summon.

Such is the mental attitude of not a few, and it springs from a very prevalent misunderstanding. Although it is of course perfectly obvious to the trained engineer or doctor that the war merely precipitated a number of inventions which were already on the verge of practical realization, or dragged into prominence hitherto unregarded discoveries decades or even a century old, to those who are unfamiliar with current scientific thought and the history of science (and these alas comprise a substantial majority of even our better educated members of society) this whole flock of inventions and discoveries appeared to spring into being as Athena sprang from the head of Zeus, full-armed without the preliminary gestation of centuries of painfully accumulated knowledge.

The present world-erisis is so stupendous in its magnitude and in the novelty of its manifestations that it may well seem folly to draw an

analogy with an episode of antiquity. Yet in so far as the part played by science is concerned, and in not a few other respects as well, the situation of to-day is remarkably paralleled by one which occurred no less than twenty-one hundred years ago.

It was during the second Punic war when the two great world-powers of their day, Rome and Carthage, were facing each other in a bitter struggle for the world domination of two opposing theories of society. Syraeuse, under the rule of Hiero, had been a loyal ally of Rome and much depended upon her fidelity. The close proximity of Sicily rendered her a vital danger in enemy hands. It came about, however, that Hiero died and was succeeded by his son Hieronymus.

The outcome of the great struggle was at that time by no means certain, and it perhaps occurred to Hieronymus that his father had chosen the wrong or at least the unfortunate side in the conflict. At all events, he was supposed to have been guilty of intriguing with Carthage, and the citizens of Syraeuse, outraged by this attempted treachery, arose in their wrath and very effectively terminated the rule of Hieronymus and the monarchical form of government as well, setting up a republic in its stead.

This energetic action was unfortunately misunderstood in Rome. Doubtless the stability of the new republic was viewed with doubt and the ultimate purpose of the revolution with suspicion. Whatever the reasons may have been, the Roman Senate dispatched a very peremptory ultimatum to Syraeuse, demanding the immediate restoration of the monarchy.

The young republic was very jealous of its new-found liberty, as republics are apt to be, and the response to the ultimatum of Rome was unhesitating defiance.

During the Punic wars Rome had become a sea-power. In many bitter lessons they had learnt the art of the Phoenicians and the Carthaginians

and had with characteristic energy and administrative ability constructed, in the midst of warfare and from the very beginnings, a fleet which had already seriously rivalled and was destined ultimately to overwhelm the fleet of Carthage. The army of Rome had just reduced Hannibal to impotence. A strong detachment of the Roman fleet and an army under the command of Marcellus were dispatched to overwhelm the small and impudent neighbouring republic.

It must have appeared a trivial undertaking. A republic consisting of one small city and a patch of adjacent country, without a fleet and without allies, was a small mouthful for the strong jaws of Rome. But Rome had reckoned without Archimedes.

In the household or "court" of Hiero had dwelt for many years, as tutor to his son, and as trusted adviser and counsellor, the greatest investigator of antiquity. The name and fame of Archimedes were known to every educated man in Europe. A geometriician of the foremost ranks, he was also the founder of the science of mechanics, an astronomer of extraordinary ability and the most important contributor to the science of optics of his age. As a mathematician and a philosopher, as an expounder of profound speculations concerning the structure of the universe, Archimedes was already well known to the Romans, and he was now in the declining years of his life to appear before them in a new role, that of a well-nigh fatal military obstacle.

The Roman fleet duly appeared and anchored before the walls of Syracuse, and thereupon fell, as it were from the skies, stones of unparalleled weight hurled from seemingly impossible distances, which crashed through decks and hulls like so much paper, engulfing ships and soldiers without a moment's warning.

The remnants of the shattered fleet were hurriedly removed beyond the range of these infernal engines and reinforcements were summoned to

begin the siege anew, but from a more respectful distance.

The reinforcements had been collected and stood in formidable array blockading the sea approach to Syracuse, when, of a sudden, flashes of light and burning tongues of fire issued from the walls, igniting the sails of the great fleet, and for a second time the majestic power of Rome stood humiliated before the knowledge and resourcefulness of a trained investigator of nature.

Luckily for Rome the loss of so many ships was not so serious a matter as it might have been in the previous war. Carthage had been hit a shrewd blow and was in no condition to assist the Syracusans. So Rome was able to concentrate her energies upon the task and by sheer weight of numbers and resources to crush the infant republic and to lay the city in ruins—among which Archimedes fell to the sword of a Roman soldier.

And so Rome conquered in a material sense and was in the same moment spiritually defeated, for she most gravely misinterpreted, as we are but too apt to-day to misinterpret, the part played by the investigator in the conflict. To this day in a popular moving-picture, Archimedes, who figures as an eccentric pantaloon apparently far advanced in his second childhood, is represented in the act of evolving, in one flash of inventive eccentricity (one could not apply the word genius to the figure depicted on the screen) the engines which proved so nearly fatal to Roman supremacy. If that were indeed the case then and now, if great inventions came to the favoured few in flashes of inimitable inspiration, then, indeed, the progress of science and invention would be impossible to influence for good or yet for evil, and we could but wait for the revelations to unfold themselves in the brains of the chosen.

So, doubtless, the Romans regarded the matter. The defence of Syracuse was to them an isolated pheno-

menon, Archimedes a unique individual and therefore inimitable. Anything may be possible to a genius, but plain people proceed by the surer paths mapped out for them by precedent. Archimedes's engines now afforded a precedent to be copied, but not so the methods of thought which made those engines not only possible but inevitable.

The truth of the matter was, of course, that Archimedes made no new discoveries with which we are acquainted during the period of the war. The heat and urgency of conflict do not afford a favourable atmosphere for research. What he did was simply to draw upon the stores of knowledge accumulated during a lifetime of laborious investigation and to apply this knowledge in the simplest and most direct fashion to the immediate crisis which confronted him. His catapult was no more than the lever to the description of which he had devoted a treatise written many years before the siege occurred. The laboratory model was simply enlarged and applied to the task of casting stones. The only problems solved during the actual crisis were those of a purely constructional type, the problems, namely, of cutting beams of sufficient length and resiliency for this purpose, of manufacturing tackle of sufficient strength, of devising a trigger mechanism which would be safe and convenient to handle—problems of the type of thousands which are hourly being solved in this our crisis of to-day. But these are not in themselves scientific discoveries, no new principles are evoked, as a rule, in their solution, they are simply adaptations of the known to the situation as it lies before us.

So it was, also, with the burning glasses which ignited the sails of the Roman fleet. These were nothing more than enlarged editions of the lenses and mirrors which he had devised and devoted many years to studying long before the idea of applying them to such a purpose had arisen in his mind. The crisis of war

called forth the application of his knowledge and experience, gathered fragment by fragment during a lifetime of investigation, to the urgent need of the moment. Again, the problems solved, during the crisis itself, must have been purely of the constructional type—problems of the craftsman and not those of the natural philosopher.

The plain lesson of these events, as of the events of our own day, was that the patient investigation of nature pursued under the discipline of the scientific method, without ulterior thought or object of immediate profit or utility, yields us in ever-augmenting measure a storehouse of information overflowing with things useful to man, adaptable to every crisis, helpful in every need. In peace no less than in war, but in war more dramatically than in peace, the scientific investigation of nature yields material rewards of which the value to man is in our day little less than the material value of civilization itself. That it yields spiritual rewards of unmeasurable value will hardly be contested, but it is generally, although mistakenly, believed that these are the privilege of the few and their compensation for a dull and stuffy existence spent in laboratories odoriferous with chemicals. But the material rewards are shared in manifest proportion by all, only the links which connect them to the investigator and his laboratory are generally overlooked.

Had the Romans learnt this lesson and cultivated the sciences as energetically as they cultivated the arts of administration, the history of the world might have been written in very different terms. The clues which were uncovered by the labours of Archimedes and his Greek contemporaries and Alexandrian successors would have led in time to the laws of Kepler and the *principia* of Newton. Those in turn must have led, in about the space of time that separated the discoveries of Newton from those of Newcomen and of Watt, to the develop-

ment of mechanical locomotion, the key to the problem of transportation. Efficient transport would have enabled the Romans to extend their rule over the whole inhabited world. The Teutonic menace to civilization would have been forever curbed and the world of to-day would have been Latin in speech and institutions. As it was, the Romans, being practical men, little inclined to waste time in aimless investigation of the structure of the universe, accepted things as they found them, and for five centuries Roman civilization leaned upon the ever-weakening shoulders of Greek science.

The same lesson and substantially the same alternatives lie before us to-day, and the question that confronts us is whether we are prepared to read that lesson aright, or whether we are going to be content to build Western democracy upon foundations "made in Germany".

The advance of scientific investigation during the period of the war has not been more rapid than it would have been under the normal conditions of peace, and in all probability has been very greatly retarded. Many centres of energetic research have been overrun by armies or congested with sick and wounded and overwhelmed with the problem of their care. Hundreds of investigators have been wrenched from their proper tasks to the performance of duties trivial in themselves, but of vital and immediate urgency in this crisis. Others have already fallen in the defence of principles far more dear to them than knowledge. The advance of science has thus been unquestionably retarded. What has indeed been accelerated, and in very patent measure, has been the application of knowledge, long since garnered and imperfectly utilized, to the service of the nations in arms.

Take, for example, the development of aviation. Most of us are indeed aware that mechanical flight had been achieved before the war, but few are acquainted with the true history

of its origin, or of the trivial part played by war, or the anticipation of war, in the development of its fundamental principles. The problem of mechanical flight appears to have been for the first time competently and scientifically approached by Leonardo da Vinci, who, besides being one of the greatest painters, one of the greatest sculptors, one of the greatest architects and one of the greatest anatomists of his epoch, was one of the greatest engineers which his century produced. It was he who first pointed out the importance of the angle of the wing or plane in determining the direction of motion. Practical application of the theoretical principles which he discovered was of course impossible at that time for lack of mechanical motive-power. The next and final fundamental step in the solution of the problem was taken by Langley, late secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, who was the first to discover the dependence of the buoyancy of the air upon the *speed* with which the planes move through it. The fundamental laws having been elucidated, and adequate motive-power rendered available by the development of the automobile industry, the aeroplane was not merely a logical but a necessary outcome. As a matter of fact, the first aeroplane was built by Langley in 1903 and successfully flown by Curtiss in 1914. Meanwhile Blériot and the Wright brothers had built and flown aeroplanes constructed in accordance with the fundamental principles laid down by Langley.

The modern battle plane differs in a thousand details from Langley's aeroplane, but it is still after all but an elaborate adaptation of the fundamental type which was evolved by laboratory investigation and not in response to any immediate need. The successive problems which have arisen in the construction of the modern planes have been very largely, although, of course, not entirely, problems of craftsmanship rather than problems of science.

So, again, it has been with the development of explosives. Recently we have heard much of "T. N. T." and its power has been tragically revealed by the desolation of Halifax. But "T. N. T." was not discovered during the war or because of the war or for any warlike purpose. Trinitrotoluol has long been known and its explosive properties have been known for a like period, and they were discovered in the course of the natural development of the science of organic chemistry. Why, then, do we hear of it only now? Well, just as in Archimedes's day, the present crisis forced us to the immediate utilization of previously accumulated knowledge. A new explosive, of great power and inexpensive to manufacture, was needed. We consulted our hand-books and monographs in which the discoveries of decades are enumerated. In such encyclopaedic works as Beilstein's "Handbuch der Organischen Chemie" which, significantly enough, although written in Russia was published in Germany, we may find hundreds or even thousands of explosive substances enumerated. Amongst those which combined the qualifications of cheapness and power Trinitrotoluol was conspicuous and hence "T. N. T." came into being.

The development of military hygiene has constituted one of the most remarkable triumphs of applied science in the war. Yet here again for the most part we are gathering interest upon past intellectual investments rather than making new investments.

One of the many tragic surprises of the early weeks of war was the sudden appearance of an apparently new disease. "Gas-gangrene was one of the terrors of the doctors at this time. It was a new and totally unexpected complication of the wounds and at first we did not know what to do in the face of this pressing danger."* A man would receive an apparently trivial flesh-wound of the arm or leg,

one which in the normal course of events should have healed without difficulty or subsequent inconvenience to the patient. Instead, the whole limb would very quickly become gangrenous and die, with a peculiar type of gangrene which develops gas which one can feel crackling like tissue paper when the fingers are pressed upon the skin. "The general condition of the patients required great care, for they were all very, very ill."

Thousands died from this strange disease alone in the first months of the war. To-day this type of wound infection is no longer a vitally important complication, for we now have it under control. Even this advance in medical technique, however, was not accomplished within the battle-zone and owes but little to the war.

In a dressing-station, a clearing-hospital, or even in a base-hospital but little creative scientific investigation can be done. While hundreds of shattered or tortured men are pouring in upon the doctors and nurses, while the very simplest comforts and methods of relief are the crying need and lives hang upon the speed with which they are provided, it is impossible to stay one's hand in order to inaugurate the leisurely investigation which is a necessary prerequisite to the identification of a new bacillus or the invention of new means to combat it. The "surgeons in khaki" did not even attempt it. Instead, precise descriptions of the cases and what was far more important, cultures of the organisms found in the gangrenous tissues were sent to quiet centers of research far from the thunder of guns and the cries of tortured men, to Paris, London, New York, Boston and Baltimore.

The cultures were received, the symptoms in men and animals noted and the characteristics of the infecting organism reviewed in a dozen laboratories. Then the investigators in these laboratories turned to their libraries, to the reference-books, the

* A. A. Martin, "A Surgeon in Khaki". (London, 1916).

journals and indices in which the facts of medical science are systematically compiled. Then it became evident that this organism and this disease which the surgeons at the front had regarded with horror as a new plague, had been discovered and described many years ago and long before the war, exactly as it is described to-day, by Dr. Welch, Professor of Pathology in Johns Hopkins University.

Gas-gangrene was thus not a product of the war; it merely was rendered abundant by the circumstances of the war. Prior to the war it was a very uncommon type of infection, only rarely observed and still more rarely described in scientific terms. But it is due to an organism, a bacillus, which normally inhabits the intestines of horses and cattle; trench-warfare in fields cultivated and manured for centuries rendered their inoculation into wounds inevitable and very frequent; hence the sudden outburst of cases of a disease formerly regarded as so rare that a single instance constituted a medical curiosity and serious attempts to combat it seemed unnecessary in comparison with the urgent need of learning to combat more prevalent infections.

But now the need had arisen urgently indeed, and the problem of combating the disease was promptly undertaken. But even here no new principles were invoked, only principles with which the epoch-making researches of Pasteur and of Behring have made us long familiar. It was indeed a singular stroke of fortune that these principles sufficed to solve this unexpected problem, for if new principles had had to be evolved gas-gangrene might still have been claiming its toll of thousands. All that proved necessary to be done, however, was to prepare an antitoxin for this bacillus in exactly the same way as diphtheria antitoxin has been prepared ever since Behring showed us the way. The result was fully as successful as the great achievement of Behring, and one more of the blind

malignant forces of nature was brought under the control of man.

One more instance must suffice to illustrate my thesis. We have known for centuries that certain gases are poisonous when inhaled. We have known that chlorine is an irritating and corrosive gas ever since the Swedish chemist Scheele discovered it in 1774, and we have known of hundreds of others even more corrosive or more deadly. But what we did not know and could not anticipate was that any race of human beings existed who could have sunk so low in humanity and sense of honour as to deliberately initiate the employment of such a treacherous and torturing weapon of warfare.

Gas poisoning in warfare may be of two kinds, incidental and purposeful. Incidental gas-poisoning has doubtless been an occasional occurrence in warfare ever since the first employment of combustibles and explosives. With the introduction of picric acid derivatives as explosives, incidental gas-poisoning became more common; it was frequently encountered, for example, in the Boer war. Then, again, the fumes from the breech of a gun fired in a confined space, as for example in a naval turret, may often give rise to incidental gas-poisoning of the gunners. But in all these cases the poisoning is an unforeseen and undesired incident which is not at all essential to the main purpose, that of exploding a shell or propelling a projectile. It is quite otherwise with gas-poisoning as practised by our opponents and which constitutes a characteristic contribution to the savagery of warfare by which Germany of to-day will be recognized and judged in the histories which will be written in the centuries to come.

The gases first employed by the German army were chlorine and bromine. Since then a variety of gases have been employed by the Germans, and also, after long and honourable hesitation, by the Allies. But I doubt very much whether any new (formerly unknown) gas has been employed,

or, if such a gas has been employed, whether any hitherto unknown principles were invoked in accomplishing its synthesis.

The list might be extended almost indefinitely and to cover almost every modern development of warfare, but the illustrations I have chosen will suffice to show that the majority of the most striking surprises of this war were not at all surprising to the scientific public, who were fully aware of their potentiality in the accumulated and unapplied scientific knowledge with which preceding decades of research unconnected with war had endowed us.

By the destructive power of applied science in the present conflict we may measure its constructive power under happier conditions if only a like demand upon its services is maintained, and this rests with the public and not with the scientific investigator. The investigator cannot apply his researches if the public do not understand their potentialities well enough to wish them to be applied. Nor can the investigator continue indefinitely to supply new services from a limited stock of knowledge. We must not expend our capital without taking care to lay by a sinking-fund for future expenditures. In other words, although the useful application of science stands in urgent need of intelligent stimulation, research which aims at acquirement of new knowledge, not at present of evident utility, stands in equal need of encouragement and stimulation, and this need requires the greater emphasis because it is not so obvious to the scientifically uneducated public.

At the present time research, at least in the allied nations and America, is largely a haphazard performance. We rely upon the independent initiative of men who are prepared to wage a life-long struggle with obstacles, discouragements and indifference, men who, notwithstanding totally inadequate means, conflicting duties and financial hardships, will nevertheless persist in the endeavour

to penetrate fresh unexplored regions of nature. The measure of success which has attended their efforts in the past has been astonishing when we take into consideration the small means which have been placed at their disposal. To such men we owe the steam engine, electrical motive-power, the telegraph and telephone, analytical chemistry, nearly all the modern methods of manufacturing metals, the manufacture of dyes, the synthetic manufacture of numerous irreplaceable drugs, the discovery of bacteria and its consequence, aseptic surgery, vaccination, antitoxins, anaesthetics, the production and intelligent utilization of fertilizers, the majority of the methods of modern intensive agriculture, systemic methods of plant and animal breeding, only to mention a chance selection from a multitude of discoveries which are now essential to civilization as we know and value it. The majority of these men are unknown by name save to their spiritual heirs, the scientific investigators of our own day, and they, like their predecessors, are for the most part unknown and unregarded by contemporary society. Most of them have been and are teachers in our universities or higher schools. They are paid and poorly paid for the performance of their teaching duties, and their investigations are conducted in their "spare time", if they have any, and with such facilities as they can filch from the supplies which are purchased for the use of their pupils. In only a very few institutions, such as the Royal Institution in London, or the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research on this continent, is investigation an avowed and primary object for which means are specially and specifically provided, and while one or two of these institutions expend annual sums which are large in themselves, yet the total avowed expenditure upon research in this or any of the allied nations is absurdly small in proportion to the potential and actual

value of the products of research.

Are we going to continue to pursue this haphazard course, trusting to luck and the infallible "genius" to guide us to Eldorado blindfold and against our will?

A policy of "grants", microscopically small and distributed capriciously for the purpose of assisting in the solution of specific problems, will never meet the needs of this situation, because in the first place, the grounds upon which these grants are awarded are always results already achieved, i.e. the grant necessarily fails in its most important purpose of stimulating discovery because it is only obtainable, as a rule, after the discovery has been made; and, in the second place, the person to whom the grant is awarded remains, as a rule, a teacher overburdened with a multitude of other duties, handicapped by a teaching laboratory which he forever struggles in vain to adapt to the service of investigation, or else he is a recent graduate who aspires to but has not yet received a teaching position, and who is therefore of necessity an unskillful amateur in the business of investigation.

We need, on the contrary, a multiplicity of research laboratories closely affiliated with corresponding university departments and sharing with the universities the services of a proportion of their personnel, but also possessing a staff of men specifically appointed to do research, supplied with means to perform it, and salaries sufficient to justify them in regarding investigation as a life-work and a career. There is no doubt that this would involve in the long run the expenditure of almost as much money upon research as we at present spend upon higher education, but the very briefest consideration of the relationship and services of these two branches of intellectual activity should serve to convince any unprejudiced individual that this programme, far from being Utopian, is in fact necessary, and the logical consequence of the function of

research. The large sums which we now spend on higher education are expended for the purpose of acquainting new generations with the results of past research. If we only admit, and this is the crux of the whole matter, that immeasurably more remains still to be found out in nature than our ancestors have been able to ascertain, surely it is not unreasonable to hope that at least as much may be spent in acquiring new knowledge as in distributing knowledge which has already been acquired.

But, as I have said, the difficulty resides in our failure to realize the fact that infinitely more knowledge lies ahead of us than behind us. To anyone possessing a tolerable measure of general scientific training this truth is so self-evident that it requires no demonstration. To the vast majority of our contemporary "men of affairs" it appears, on the contrary, a fantastic exaggeration. The programme which I have indicated can never be realized to any important extent until this scepticism and its cause, the prevalent ignorance of the history of science and the relationship of scientific discovery to the development of civilization, have been removed.

The solution of our problem therefore consists in the popularization of science. Not of scientific specialties or scientific "curiosities", of "marvelous" inventions which promptly drop out of sight and are never heard of again, or the freakish absurdities which pass for science in the "scientific" columns of our popular newspapers and magazines. We require, on the contrary, the purposeful and intelligent development of a popular appreciation of the function of science as the creative factor in civilization. We have hitherto sought to disseminate scientific knowledge of quite the wrong sort and in quite the wrong way. To the average business man, lawyer or politician it matters little what the result is, for example, of mixing nitric and hydrochloric

acids. But it is essentially and vitally important to him and to all of us that he should realise the historical significance of science, the part it has played in moulding the world as he sees it to-day, and the part it may come to play in creating new and undreamt-of civilizations, and we have surely the right to demand, when we review the vast potentialities of the subject for good or for evil, that the public men of the future shall have at least that measure of acquaintance with contemporary scientific literature which we would expect any educated man to possess of contemporary artistic literature.

A conscious and purposeful effort to disseminate the scientific point of view and a consciousness of the historical function of science has been made and has been attended by a considerable measure of success during the past generation by our adversaries. Of course it may be urged that if science makes us like the Germans, then for Heaven's sake let us have no more science. But to this we may reply in the first place that the misuse of fire does not render fire a wholly malignant evil to be eschewed, and in the second place that "needs must when the devil drives". We are placed under the necessity of becoming scientific or else ultimately succumbing to the domination of the only modern nation among whose people the scientific viewpoint is at all widely distributed. There can be no doubt as to which alternative we will prefer and we may as well adopt it wholeheartedly.

The Germans have characteristically cultivated the materialistic aspects of science to the almost total exclusion of its idealistic and spiritual values. But it is the character of the recipient mind which renders science materialistic, not the sincere endeavour to fathom the ultimate mysteries of the Universe and of our place within it which is the ultimate goal of Science, as it is of religion

itself. The prophetic words of Pasteur, so accurately define for us the true issue of to-day, that it is difficult to realize they were uttered thirty years ago:

"Two contrary laws seem to be wrestling with each other at the present time; the one a law of blood and death, ever devising new means of destruction and forcing nations to be constantly ready for the battlefield—the other a law of peace, work and health, ever developing new means of delivering man from the scourges which beset him.

"The one seeks violent conquests, the other the relief of humanity. The latter places one human life above any victory; while the former would sacrifice hundreds and thousands of lives to the ambition of one. . . . Which of these two laws will ultimately prevail God alone knows. But we may assert that French science will have tried, by obeying the law of humanity, to extend the frontiers of life."

Not only French science, but the science of all the allied democracies is to-day pitted against the science of autoeracy. If this war awakens us to a realization, not merely of the passing utility of science in this immediate crisis, but of its organic function in society, of its fundamental significance to us all, in war, in peace, in health and in disease, materially and spiritually, of its enduring importance as the pre-eminently creative factor in civilization, then indeed we may entertain the hope that this war may in very truth be the last. For that order of society which attains the greatest harmony of its social consciousness with scientific thought must inevitably attain the domination of the world.

And thus out of the almost intolerable evils of our day, good may yet be the issue; and those who come after us may speak of our tragedies as the birth-pangs of a new democracy, conscious of its power, creating its own destiny purposefully, intelligently, systematically; looking forward with confidence and reverence over the vast perspective of unfathomed truth which lies ever before us, divining and fashioning new worlds, "extending the frontiers of life".

HOME

BY BANNISTER MERWIN



AFRAIL little figure came fluttering into the post-office—a figure of a woman in rusty black. Under her green bonnet gray hair, with its yellow tinge, was scarcely distinguishable from the outlines of her seamed face. Her nose looked pinched; her mouth was a vague line; her eyes wandered aimlessly, resting no more than an instant on any one point. One could not say that those light-blue eyes were expressionless: but the meaning in them came and went with flickering uncertainty, like the light of a candle that is almost gone.

The new minister, looking up over his glasses from the letter he was reading, found himself wondering whether the November wind had blown her in from the street in spite of herself: for, once over the sill, she had hesitated. He intercepted a swift, troubled glance, that seemed to say:

"I know who you are—or I ought to; but my poor mind is too busy to think it out just now."

Then she darted forward to the letter-slit, and tremulously mailed the letter which she had clutched so closely to her breast. As it rustled into the box on the other side of the partition, she laughed softly to herself, and hurried out into the wind, to be blown, as the minister put it to himself, Heaven knew where else—to the butcher's or grocer's, perhaps, or—home. And what kind of a home?

The postmaster, from his little window of "general delivery", broke in on the minister's thoughts. Being cer-

tain that every human being is curious about every other human being, the postmaster saw a pleasurable opportunity to anticipate a question.

"That's the widow Varnum," he said. "You'll see her at church every Sunday—rain or shine."

"The widow Varnum?" repeated the minister.

"She's been like that for twenty years, to *my* knowledge," the postmaster went on, settling himself on his elbows. "Just a little—you know." He tapped his temple with an inky forefinger. "Not enough to harm, of course. She's right enough to do dressmaking, and earn her living."

"Pathetic!" said the minister.

"Ye-es, I suppose it is. But you get used to it after a while. And then, as I say, she's harmless."

"The pathos is hers, not ours," remarked the minister incisively.

"Oh, well!" The postmaster nodded his recognition of the view-point of the specialist in human suffering. "It all came of losing her son," he continued. "Twenty-five years ago, or more, he was killed in an accident somewhere out West. She don't realize he's dead. Every few days she writes a letter to him and brings it here. Sometimes they're addressed to Chicago, and sometimes to Denver, and sometimes to New York. She never stamps them. Years ago I used to give them back to her, but now I just tear them up. She's better off for not knowing," he added, as a concession to the ministerial mind.

"Yes," the clergyman slowly admitted.

"Now, this one"—the postmaster dived down behind the partition and came up with the letter—"you see, it isn't stamped. It's addressed to—hello! Well, I'll be —" He looked at the minister with the startled eyes of a discoverer. "Say, she's addressed this to the New York *Evening Star*. Well, what do you think of that?"

"I think you'd better send it," said the minister.

"I believe I would, if it had a stamp," replied the postmaster doubtfully. He hefted the letter, and raised his eyebrows in fresh surprise. "Two stamps!" His fingers pinched at the envelope. "Why, there's money! Well!"

The minister took some stamps from his card-case, and handed them to the postmaster.

"I don't know as it's exactly legal," remarked the postmaster, "but anyway"—he moistened the stamps with his well-developed tongue—"but anyway, here goes!"

II.

Briggs was tired. One cannot be managing editor of a metropolitan newspaper without occasional fatigue, and Briggs was managing editor of *The Evening Star*.

He expected to be tired, as a matter of course, every afternoon about the time the first edition came off the press; for *The Evening Star* had clung with dignified persistence to its early traditions, and never put out its first edition till three o'clock. But for the last week or two he had felt tired in a different way, and all the time. He had gone to bed tired; he had waked up tired. There had been a strange, dull aching at the back of his neck. He had discovered that in odd moments he was developing the habit of lapsing into thoughts of things he had always wanted to do and had never had time for—things like trout fishing, and reading Balzac, and—yes, even marrying.

He tried the effect of denying that he was tired. It did not work. Then he began to knit his brows. He dared

not ask for a vacation. Would not that be an admission that he needed one? Would it not be another way of saying:

"I've had my warning, Mr. Proprietor. I'm not going to be fit for many more years of this work, but a little rest now will mean lasting just a little longer later on!"

And good men were waiting for his job.

So Briggs tried miserably to hide from himself the truth about himself. And this afternoon he fought with his work so viciously that he was not surprised to overhear the Cub whisper to Bill Mayo:

"Say, what went wrong with the old man's lunch?"

The city editor came in to discuss the handling of the truckmen's strike.

"You're looking a little seedy, Briggs," he suggested cheerfully.

"Seedy nothing!" retorted Briggs. "The only things that give me gray hairs are the mistakes of that dub crew of yours. Why don't you get a seasoned man or two?"

He realized that the retort lacked his usual snap, and he read malevolence in the city editor's answering grin.

An interruption whipped him back to his routine. The first copy of the first edition was flapped wetly on to his desk by the grimy foreman. Briggs took it up mechanically, shook it open and held it critically at arm's length to study the general effect of the headings.

"All right, Marsh," he said; and the foreman went.

Briggs began to scan the paper more particularly. Too much space to this drowning—too little to this society wedding. Yes, and when *would* that new copy-reader learn not to pass a phrase like "in our midst"?

He opened out the paper and skimmed the inner pages—drama, sports, editorial, advertisements. His eye lingered for a moment on the personal column. One item suddenly seemed to stand out from all the rest. It burned into his heart:

"My child, come home. Come home for Thanksgiving.—Mother."

Briggs slowly raised his eyes from the paper. The office wall became for him the background of a picture in far perspective. How well he knew that white-haired figure seated in that comfortable armchair! And the room, how familiar it was, even to the Rogers group on the mantel!

Distant Illinois; and yet it was here. And he had not been there for ten years—had not seen that kindly, loving face for ten years! He had been too busy! Too busy!

He folded the paper briskly. He got up from his chair, and marched straight to the office of the chief.

"I am going to leave you, Mr. Farley," he said. "I'm going home—for Thanksgiving."

"And where is home?" Privately the chief was a man, after all, though in public he never seemed able to forget that he had once been United States Minister to a foreign country. "And where is home?" he repeated.

"A thousand miles from here," said Briggs. "And I'm going. Clendenning can take my work."

"Don't worry," said the chief. "You're entitled to a rest. Come back in a week or two, if you're ready—but whatever you do, come back!" He studied the younger man's face with smiling comprehension. "I can't spare you long, Briggs. I'm getting old."

"I'm going to-night," said Briggs, hardly taking in what the chief's words implied. "Home, Mr. Farley! Just to think of it!"

The ache was gone from the back of his neck. He was smiling as he set his desk to rights. He slapped Bill Mayo on the back. He gave the city editor a special cigar, and he commiserated the flustered Clendenning. When at last he disappeared, the force was still dazed. The Cub, as an after-thought, wondered why the managing editor carried with him the smudged first copy of the first edition.

Briggs, as it happened, had a sentiment for that smudged paper. He

meant to keep it. Nevertheless, he forgot it, and left it on the Subway train.

III.

When Delaney went aboard the Subway local at Grand Central, his first act was to pick up the paper that was lying on the empty seat.

"Somebody must have rubbed this across the bar," he remarked to himself, noting the smudges on the first page.

He opened to the financial column, and read it with the yawning indifference of one who knows more about Wall Street than do the reporters. At Fiftieth Street he got off, taking the paper with him. He made his way to a non-committal side street in which stood a non-committal apartment-house, built before the days of steel and concrete. He pressed the third button from the end, over the row of inset letter-boxes in the entry, and presently the door clicked open for him. He slowly climbed the creaking stairs, regaled *en route* by the ascending odours of the janitor's dinner.

The door at which he ultimately knocked bore the information that Miss Clare lived within. It was opened an inch, and a high voice said:

"Is that you, Harry?"

"Surest ever," replied Delaney.

"Well, stay there till you hear my door shut," said the voice. "Then come in, and wait for me in the sitting-room. Lucille is doing my hair."

"Any old thing," agreed Delaney. "Where'll it be this evening?"

"Rector's?"

"Right oh!"

Slipped feet pattered away, and a door was shut. Delaney entered discreetly, went into the sitting-room, and bestowed himself among the bright green plush upholstery. He cast a blasé eye toward the photographs on the wall—photographs of Miss Birdie Clare as *Sylphine* in "The High Rollers," of Miss Birdie Clare as *Cupid* in "The Arrows of Love," of—but why enumerate or describe?

A score of Miss Birdie Clares smiled their set smile at the nochalant Delaney.

He lighted a cigarette and unfolded the newspaper. Perhaps he was a little bored. He was taking Miss Clare to dinner because it was quite the thing to take Miss Clare, or some other Miss Birdie or Miss Fifi Somebody, to dinner. It was part of the routine of a dozen years of his history. Meantime he read the paper.

Miss Clare appeared at last. Her hair was a masterpiece of well-arranged disarrangement—thanks to Lucille. For the rest, she was tailor-made, with emphasis on the slender waist. Her eyes were tantalizingly cool and saucy; her mouth a bit hard.

Delaney eyed her with a degree of satisfaction. Of course, it was her business to look that way, but he felt obliged to admit to himself that she did it very well. It occurred to him that he might kiss her; and then it occurred to him that, if he kissed her, he would disturb a relationship that was already satisfactory—a relationship which was free from entanglement. Wherefore he grinned at her casually, and, observing that she still had something to do to her hat, dipped again into the paper.

"Here's a queer one," he remarked presently. "What do you think of this?"

He pointed to an item in the personal column. Miss Clare paused in the operation of adjusting a veil. She stepped to the side of his chair and glanced down at the fine print, bending till the plume on her hat brushed Delaney's cheek. She read. Slowly she straightened up and in silence moved across the room to the window.

"How's the che-ild going to know?" inquired Delaney. "Mother ought to have signed her name—what?"

Miss Clare did not answer at once. She was looking out into the darkness; but at last she spoke measurably.

"Harry, haven't you any home?"

"Sure thing!" he answered. "New York, U. S. A."

"New York? Does he live there?" "I'm the fellow that was born here," he added. "Why?"

She was silent. He looked at her curiously.

"If you've got anything on your mind, little one," he said, "you might as well unload it."

"I?" She turned and showed him a preoccupied face. "I've just remembered something. Harry. I can't go out with you, after all."

Delaney grinned.

"Who is it, Birdie?"

"Nobody. Don't ask questions. Be a good fellow and run along."

He got up.

"What are you trying to hand me?" he inquired.

"Nothing that's likely to worry you," she answered with a hint of weariness.

"Oh, well!" He surrendered easily and took up his hat. "I'll phone you in a few days, Birdie. Hope you have a good Thanksgiving."

As soon as the door had closed behind him, Miss Clare summoned her maid.

"Lucille," she commanded, "take my purse and go and get tickets and a stateroom for Portland, on the midnight."

Delaney, strolling down the street, began to be angry.

"The nerve of her!" he muttered. "Throwing me down like that—me!"

He flung the folded newspaper from him. It sailed off in an eccentric curve and dropped lightly into the tonneau of a big, shiny motor-car that stood by the curb.

IV.

As she went out to the motor-car with her husband, Mrs. Edgerton's taut nerves were tingling with this latest annoyance. Why did he inflict his wishes on her with such irritating placidity? Why was he always proposing the impossible?

Her sharp chin was held disdainfully high as she stepped into the car and seated herself as far away as she could on the farther side. She was

careful not to look at him. It seemed to her that she would scream if she had to recognize the good-natured patience which his face was most certainly expressing at the moment. If only she could hold herself together till they got to the Carson-Smiths'!

Meanwhile Edgerton settled down in the seat. He understood well enough that he had blundered; but his mind admitted no defeat. It was merely, he said to himself, that he had brought the question forward at an unfavourable moment. Later there would be a better opportunity.

He picked up the folded newspaper beside him. He did not remember putting it there. Without even troubling to unfold it, he glanced indifferently at the column exposed on the broadest fold, seeking to decipher a few words by the casual light of the passing street lamps.

Suddenly he lowered the hand that held the paper, and stared thoughtfully before him. With heavy deliberation, he took a pencil from his overcoat pocket and laboriously ringed the item he had read. He turned on the wide seat and spoke to his wife. The car had stopped at a Fifth Avenue crossing, blocked by a flow of transverse traffic.

"Phyllis," he said, "read this."

She moved slightly. Then, conscious that he had thrust the paper almost under her nose, she took it and read. As she read, she tried to harden herself against the tenderness that crept into her heart.

"That's universal, Phyllis," said Edgerton in a low voice. "'My child, come home'—the cry of the mother. Here we are, in this big, homeless city; but, thank God, we've got a place to go to for Thanksgiving! Of course, it will interfere with engagements to spend the rest of the week at Toronto. Of course, it will bore you; my family always bores you. But, Phyllis, it will do you good to be bored a little—to blunt the edge of all this nervous excitement of the great American pleasure-hunt. And my mother wants us, Phyllis. Isn't

that at least worthy of something?"

Mrs. Edgerton unconsciously placed her hand on the edge of the tonneau. The folded paper slipped from her relaxing fingers and fell to the street. She bent her head. "You needn't say more," she whispered. "We will go!"

The car moved forward.

V.

Missouri Bill picked up the newspaper that was threatened with obliteration by hoofs and wheels. In the Third Avenue hotel to which he was bound—a hostelry in which, for ten cents, he would get as good a bed as he desired—he would be glad of reading-matter. Also, a newspaper, after perusal, might come in handy to eke out the scanty bedding.

Missouri Bill was puffy—and forty. His eyes were watery; red bristles adorned his face. His means of livelihood were so simple as to require no paraphernalia other than a fairly glib tongue and a husky earnestness of voice.

At the Hyperion Hotel, that evening, Bill sat as near as he could to the flaming gas-jet in the "office," and read his paper like a philosopher. He had early observed that a certain item in the personal column was encircled by pencil-marks, but he forebore from comment, because it was not his custom to offer comment unless he had a properly responsive audience. Thus had he learned from experience.

Young Charley drifted into the Hyperion about ten-thirty. Here, to Missouri Bill's eyes, was youth—youth still unhardened, still impressionable. For Young Charley was still in his twenties. What though his face was evil, his eye undependable? Was he not young?

"Come 'cre, Young Charley," said Bill, as soon as the newcomer had successfully proved to the clerk his right to remain.

Young Charley ambled over to the vacant chair beside Missouri Bill.

"Kid, where you goin' for Thanksgiving?" inquired Missouri Bill.

Young Charley yawned indifferently.

"Salivation Army," he replied.

Bill shifted his quid, and regarded the young man solemnly.

"Kid," he said at last, "where did you blow from anyways?"

"Scheneectady."

"Long ago?"

"Four years."

"Folks live up there?"

"Guess so. Did, the last I knew."

Young Charley yawned again. "The old man's in the works. I was, once."

"Kid"—Missouri Bill slowly held out the newspaper and pointed to the marked item—"here's somethin' that might 'ave been wrote to you. Listen to this, now: 'My child, come home. Come home for Thanksgivin'." He read with impressive deliberation. "It's signed 'Mother,' " he added.

Young Charley shifted uneasily.

"Cut it out!" he muttered.

"Why don't you take the bet?" persisted Missouri Bill.

"Take it yourself," retorted Charley.

"Naw, kid, that's different," said Bill. "I couldn't act the part. I been livin' on husks too long. But *you* now—you've only been out four years. Beat it back there; give your old mother a sight of you. Enjoy the fatted turkey an' the cranb'ry sauce. Smoke a pipe with the old man. Tell 'em you got a job with J. P. Morgan, an' don't get time to run up often, but you're glad to see 'em when you can. It's a grand con, kid! It won't hurt you any, an' it may do your mother good. What say?"

Young Charley squirmed.

"What's the use?" he demanded.

"How do I know?" Missouri Bill wisely disclaimed all definite knowledge. "I got a hunch, that's all. You beat it on up there to-morrer. Hurray for the grand time! Talk big and make 'em happy. An' then, kid, cut out from 'em as soon as the dinner's over! Make your getaway while there's still somethin' left to the fatted turkey beside the bones. You know that prodigal son stuff, don't you, kid? I heard a gink talking it to a bunch o' boes one night in Union Square. It's all to the good, that spiel; but it leaves out somethin'. Take it from me, kid, if that prodigal boy was a wise one, he beat it next mornin' in a sidedoor Pullman. He wouldn't 'a' had no business to stay there an' let the old folks come to know how different he was. It wouldn't 'a' been fair."

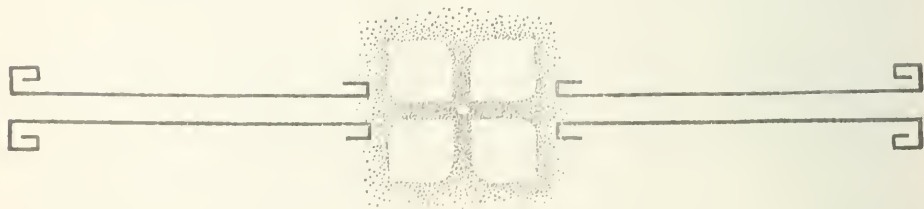
"I guess you're talking all to the good," said Young Charley soberly.

VI.

A wisp of a woman with yellowed gray hair stood at the window of a cottage in a Connecticut village. In the room a snowy table was laid. From the pot on the back of the stove came the smell of good things simmering; but the woman stared with vague wistfulness out into the street.

The new minister, passing, saw her at the window.

"Poor widow Varnum!" he said, softly. "What a pity there's no one to eat Thanksgiving dinner with her!" And as he remembered the first time he saw her, that day in the post-office, he added: "I wonder what happened to that letter she sent?"





THE COTTAGE

From the painting by Berthe Des Clayes.

THE DOUKHOBOURS: A COMMUNITY RACE IN CANADA

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



F all the Allied nations watching with vital interest the doings of Russia, Canada is the only one having a living acquaintance with the Slav, the only one with the opportunity to study him as he is in his daily life.

In the Russian Doukhobour colonies of Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and British Columbia the Canadian North-West is dealing with the character and community life of a curious religious sect, and at the same time with one of the most titanic forces at work in the world to-day—the force of the working man; dealing, too, with Russians who have left Russia but who still hold, not so much to Russia and things Russian, as to the habits of life, to the trend of thought to which only Russia could have given birth—thought at once material and mystical, childlike and philosophical. A people who themselves illustrating the material and spiritual power arising out of a co-ordination of interests for any purpose whatever are apparently utterly unconscious of the force they have generated.

Canada in the Russian Doukhobour is dealing, too, with a people who although Russian in a sense, have yet come out from Russia, left her behind, as it were, both in actual life and in

a spiritual sense! In her politics they never took a hand. Yet being born Russian they have not as yet been willing to renounce this nationality for another. So while still calling themselves Russians, the old Russia, to whom they really belong in childhood recollections and youthful experiences, many of the latter of an unpleasant and even cruel nature, is no longer in existence, has *founded* as a ship of state, and left these children drifting in the wild seas.

Of the new Russia they know nothing. To whom then shall these people, whom Fate has seen fit to set down in Canada belong, if not to the Canada that offered them asylum and shelter when the old autocratic Russia had determined on their extermination? Here is Canada's opportunity. In fact she is already mothering these strange children of hers; mothered them, as it happened, years ago in giving them her earth-bosom to rest upon, and eventually she must win them to herself.

The Russian Doukhobours have tremendously high ideals of life. They have simplified complex human existence to one standard, that of the "perfect man"—and claim that if each one bases his own life in very truth on the life of Christ, so that his heart and intent are pure, it does



A Doukhobour group, showing cucumbers

away with the need of the usual safeguards of society.

Thus, for instance, in a community free from thieves, burglars, fighters, cheaters and the like common-law breakers as well as one in which property and money is owned in common, so that no *one* person can take advantage of another, there is no need for police, law courts, magistrates, lawyers, jails, etc. For the same reason they claim not to require the services of a church or minister, nor will they register births, deaths or marriages.

On first coming to Canada they would have nothing to do with schools, basing their objections definitely on

the instruction given in arithmetic, which they claim is only required by persons trying to outdo others in business. Since those days, however, they have changed their view-point in regard to schools and in some instances have erected their own buildings and hired their own teachers, arranging the curriculum to meet their own particular requirements. Although the day when "brotherly love" shall be so great that armies, wars, jails, police, locks, banks, poor-houses, churches, ministers and the like will be unnecessary, is what we are all supposed to have in mind—to be hoping and working for, yet it is



Getting ready for a spin

a positive shock when one happens on a people definitely shaping their daily lives in every detail to this end, definitely believing that Utopia is practicable.

A day or two spent in one of their communities reveals the Doukhobour life to be, above everything else, based on sound common-sense. All the Doukhobours are farmers; farming being with them the natural expression of themselves rather than an acquirement. Every generation of Doukhobours as far back as the sect dates, which is more than two hundred years, has been a generation of farmers. They know wheat from having

lived on the wheat Provinces of Russia before coming here. A peasant race in whom love of the earth is as natural as breathing!

Although knowing more about wheat than any man in the west, it would be impossible for the Doukhobour to confine his operations solely to wheat.

The Doukhobours are all vegetarians, never tasting meat or fish, so their farms are so planted that their tables are all supplied in both variety and quantity sufficient to make the change and amount required to feed such a number of people. The present food-security spells no danger to



Doukhobour woman husking beans

the Doukhobour who has always *fed* himself. He is not eating any of the world's little supply of meat or its fish either, but on the other hand if he is not actually fighting overseas he is a "commissioned officer" in the Canadian Food-Army at home, and Doukhobour wheat in considerable quantity finds its way to Allied armies in the field. The "Doughman" is the mascot of the Doukhobour, has been from their beginning, and at the moment this doughman is behind the man-power behind the guns in France.

In this age when the whole world has been shorn of all but fundamen-

tals, Canada in the Doukhobour presents to the world the most basic principle of living economy and thrift to be found perhaps in all America. Curious, old-world children of chaotic war-soaked Europe, the Europe that bordering on Asia develops religions and mysticism and philosophy. These "spirit-wrestlers" have caught a wonderfully clear concept of the life that really counts. Coming from the region of the earth which, within a comparatively limited circle has produced the Christian, Buddhist and Mohammedan religions, the clearness and insight of these people and the courage of taking the life of Christ



Doukhobour woman beating mustard seed

as the model of life and adhering to it whatever the result for themselves is proof enough of their courage and also of their ability. Illiterate as far as education gleaned from schools, books and newspapers goes, they think and reason as clearly and to the point on matters of daily living and religion as any of our specialists along those given lines.

The Doukhobour woman could give points to us on the economic cooking and use and preservation of foods. Everything that she eats she has taken a hand in growing. She has but to glance at a vegetable to know its age. Perhaps even the soil it grew

in and whether it will keep to most advantage covered or uncovered, cooked or raw.

The Doukhobour woman is skilled in making fine linen cloth, Eastern embroidery and "drawn" work. But those same big, strong, graceful hands that make the shuttle fly back and forth on the loom, the needle in and out working to her own design on fine cambric, can also plough and dig and weed and prepare the land and sow the flax-seed, reap and soak and pound the grown flax in the shade of the great "Arch" and pin the floss to thread on the primitive Russian wheel that has been in vogue ever



A Doukhobour woman in British Columbia

since Catharine's time and which she either brought with her on the long voyage from Kief to Canada or made with her own hands here out of a seasoned British Columbia log she herself cut down in clearing the western wilderness to farm lands.

I know of no woman who has so well in hand the gift of self-expression or who has more that is really worth while in her life to express than this same peasant woman who, standing or sitting out-of-doors, in the field, or at home in the great yard, or within doors in the great living-room or in the wonderfully clean little bed-

room among her spotless appointments and her pots of flowers, in every movement so unconsciously betrays the attributes of the born lady.

Yet, personally, this Doukhobour woman has none of the accessories of dress which the average woman deems necessary if she is to feel and act at ease. Even the gifts of nature which are generally conceded as crowning gifts of beauty have been taken away from her. She graciously welcomes you with closely cropped head and bare feet; over her head a simple kerechief. If she is at work in the field when you appear she talks about



Dinner-time

her beans or flax or potatoes or the crops of fruits and calls attention to the late season or the size of the apples, the prospective picking of peaches. She is a product of nature, she takes it for granted you love the things of the earth as every true woman should. In her talk she meets you on big universal subjects out of the nature-book which she knows by heart and if you have allowed yourself to stray away even in thought from "the simple life" here is the moment when you feel ashamed and when some of our conventionalities show up in their true light. It took

the thunder and lightning of Mars to convince the world that farming—plain everyday farming is the finest business the world affords, that the man or woman who doesn't produce something of a food-nature from the earth is a parasite. Hence the moment you meet the Doukhobour woman—strapping, athletic, alert and graceful—you find yourself looking at the strong face and hands and you say to yourself, "Here is a life that counts, here is a woman who can *do* something, not one who plays at it, inquiring of the fashion books what she shall wear when going a-hoeing."



A Doukhobour woman spinning flax

It is no little feat to make out a thousand meals a year without the aid of meat and fish yet the Doukhobour housewife succeeds so well that for strength and endurance it is well known in the West that the Doukhobour working on railroad construction or in land-clearing gangs outworks all others of whatever nationality.

The Doukhobour will not eat meat because he deems all life sacred. It is for this reason he conscientiously objects to war. Believing that the spirit of Christ dwells in all men how could he take life? His beliefs in this respect are bona fide, having

nothing whatever to do with the present war. He was "a conscientious objector" back in Russia under the Romanovs two centuries ago. And all through the years prior to coming to Canada endured persecutions, imprisonment, loss of property, banishment to Siberia, working in the chain-gang and mine rather than do military service.

Peter Veregin, leader and adviser of this interesting people, was a convict to Siberia, serving his time there, when through the intercession of the Czarina and the assistance of Count Tolstoi, Aylmer Maude, the Quakers of Philadelphia, the Canadian Gov-



The dropped stitch

ernment and the Canadian Pacific Railway, these people, of whom he was the acknowledged leader, set forth on their long journey to these shores. After serving his sentence he joined the Doukhobours here and proceeded at once to take hold with that mastery of men and affairs which has not only made the Doukhobour community one of the best-paying and most progressive institutions in Western Canada but has made him famous all over the country in those inner circles of men-who-know as well as among men gather-

ing by the camp-fire as one of the cleverest and most progressive organizers in the country.

The Doukhobours came to Canada with very little means to command, in fact, not enough to buy horses for the ploughing, so that the women set themselves to the plough in those first lean years and saved the day. Early settlers, neighbours, who perhaps might have taken a page out of the Doukhobours' book to advantage, spread erroneous statements concerning these simple honest folk who were not ashamed of work—scorned them



A Community of Doukhobours

for "harnessing women to ploughs and the like", but these folk did not know the Russian peasant, did not know that these same poor folk had set out to beat the wilderness and to carve for themselves a home in Canada, the free, and meant to succeed whatever the work. Their indomitable courage has made them what they are to-day, a thriving people controlling millions of dollars' worth of property; and, what is important for Canada, they already have developed large wheat and fruit-growing areas and given a very "army of farmers" to the section where every farmer counts.

The Doukhobour settlement at Brilliant, B.C., is one of the most interesting of their settlements to visit. Situated on the Columbia River it runs through the "Valley of Consolation", stretching for several miles to the Uplands on both sides of the river. This is a fruit-growing region. A mile or two up the river are the independent colonies of Glade and Thrums. Of a morning the lifting mist reveals an endless acreage of apple and peach trees bending under ripening fruit if your visit happens to be in the Indian summer days of the late fall. You are welcome at any of the twin houses under

whose huge gateway your wondering feet may lead.

Such sights as these meet the eye! The flax wheel revolving in a mist as the kerchiefed spinner works. The dust flying as the flax-pounders beat out the flax-seed on the tarpaulin spread in the deep shade of the great Russian circle to be seen nowhere else outside of Russia but here in Canada! The children with gathered skirts in arm, treading out the plaster—the Russian plaster made of manure and sifted earth, with which the inside of the houses are plastered before being whitewashed so spotless and fresh. All around the houses are flowers that, besides beautifying serve a practical purpose in yielding honey to the bees of the apiary. In a special kitchen-garden cucumbers—aplenty kept fresh and succulent by a system of irrigation by means of the giant pump down by the river—the pride of Peter Veregin's heart and said to be the largest of its kind in Canada. Strawberry beds and a thousand other small fruits supply the great centrally-located jam-factory down by the river opposite the railroad station, the jam factory that enabled the Doukhobours to make their gift of several hundred pounds of their delicious jam to the boys in "khaki" not so long ago.

If you have the time to spend a night or two with these hospitable people you may do so free of charge in "the Church"—a name they give to their town hall.

The Church is also the school—a fine, big building with a neat and clean suite of living-rooms above. Old Alick Cherinoff and wife, caretakers, will in the absence of the school-teacher from New York act as hostess, cook for you and say "Grace" at meal-time over the delicious cauliflower baked with potato sliced in olive oil, the sliced tomato, the vegetable soup, the great cups of Russian tea, with jam in it, and the *artuitsi*, without which no meal at this season

of year is complete, and the great slices of Russian bread that the enormous loaf affords.

In the centre of the valley beside the public highway, trailing away to the east, one happens on an old-world "threshing-floor". Perhaps the only one of its kind this side the Atlantic, where the farmers bring their wheat and assemble from all directions with their horses to lend a hand with the threshing. This threshing-floor with the horses, driven by boys standing on drags, treading in spirited circles over the wheat, when seen through a haze of flying dust, looks more like a scene from old Testament lands than anything Canadian!

After the tired horses are driven off, the tawny chaff is taken in hand by men armed with home-made wooden forks with which they toss the straw in air where the wind blows off the chaff and the wheat falls to earth in a heap.

Words are altogether inadequate to describe this wheat-threshing scene. It needs the painter's brush to bring out the tawny colours and the figures of the moujeks with the light striking on the hand-made wooden forks, the long prongs flashing in air like the sabres of an advancing troop. After a time the air becomes so thick with straw-dust the outlines of the working figures lose their sharpness and the sun itself is almost toned off into the yellow haze.

When the wheat is all nicely cleaned it is stored in bins in a store-room in "The Church"—and is thence taken to mill. Everybody having a share in the flour as in everything else produced on the great farm.

It is difficult to realize that these people will receive no pay, as we understand it, for all this hard work; but on the other hand neither do they have to pay out money for wages or food or house rent or clothes or furniture as we have to do. And having no necessity for "force" to uphold the law, they have no "taxes".

There is a central "office" keeping tab of each man and woman's share and the amount of "rations" drawn. All food over and above the amount required to feed their own people is put on the market and sold, so that we are sharing in the profits of the labour of these community-dwellers indirectly. The money received for their crops is taken care of by the central office and credit given to each member. So that if a Doukhobour desires for any reason whatever to leave the community and become an "independent" he is at liberty to call at the "office" and collect his share, and settle wherever fancy leads—east or west.

There are a number of these independents at Glade and Thrums and elsewhere in the West, and judging by the appearance of their small farms they seem to be doing very well on the soil. But of course in renouncing the "community life" most of these independents have also given up other tenets of the faith. Some, for instance, are no longer vegetarians but are meat and fish eaters. They no longer deem it a sin to take life for food and they own firearms. Peter Veregin, speaking of the independents a short time ago said, "These men have fallen away from the faith, eat meat, carry firearms and they should be conscripted".

But the Doukhobours who have become unfaithful to their religion are so few as to be practically negligible. "Once a Doukhobour always a Doukhobour," seems to fit "The Clan", a condition of affairs which proves that the great majority are very happy in their life together. The women and children have happy, beaming faces, which is a pretty good index that "all is right with their world".

Their "community life" is really a great asset to the entire country in this time of food scarcity. The work

which together they have accomplished could not have been done by individuals in so short a time because of the proposition of labour. The Doukhobour farms play into each others' hands. When the wheat on the prairie farm of Saskatchewan is ready to reap, the men come from British Columbia to lend a hand with it. Children of the Doukhobours are early taught to work or perhaps what is better, allowed to join their parents or older playmates in whatever work happens to be going on. In this way work becomes a pastime to the little hands.

All Doukhobours are of very gentle natures. Their courtesy to each other being based on the belief that as the spirit of Jesus dwells in all, even the child, the very youngest among them is entitled to a courteous hearing at all times, the child being trained by its parents not to take advantage.

For the same reason in conversation they never interrupt each other but listen patiently to what each one has to say, a practice which, to say the least, gives them very nearly faultless manners, and, of course, great force of character. It is customary for the Doukhobours, over the evening meal, recalling Russian scenes and friends, to burst into song—hymns in the Russian tongue—hymns that soon fill the big living-room or "Church", that every twin-house boasts, and swelling, float through the valley on the evening air like some sweet and plaintive litany that is at the same time a chant of victory—the victory of the Russian peasants who, coming to this country with nothing except pure hearts and an infinitive knowledge of wheat have "made good" in the wilderness and in so doing have themselves in turn become an "asset" to Canada, their foster-mother in this her time of need.



Dahabeah Days

BY HELEN M. EDGAR

VII. THE IMPOSING ANTIQUITIES AT DENDERA AND THE FAMOUS
TEMPLES AT ABYDOS

MARCH 15th.—Wind and sand having ceased from troubling, the *Dodo* opened her eyes once more, and after a few preliminary stretches sidled into the middle of the river and began to move northward in her usual unhurried way. We half drifted and half rowed till the wind took an interest in us and blew us against a lovely palm-fringed bank where, perforce, we had to rest the whole day.

C. scented flints, and we discovered we were near the spot where wonderful tomb excavations had been made by De Morgan and Flinders Petrie. It was some distance in the desert, but the C's were eager, and so were we. The rest of the party took charge of the *Dodo* while we packed up a hasty lunch and taking two of our men (who, by the by, carry long spears with them when they venture inland) started out on a skirmish for donkeys. After great delay and much agitation we managed to secure some beasts. My animal was equipped with a bridle and a pair of ears

of such prodigious size that they rather interfered with the view. The saddle was girthless and stirrups not being in fashion, I had to keep my balance as best I could. P. used his donkey as an assistance for walking, or by curling his long legs up he turned it into a seat for riding. C.'s donkey was so toy-like that he preferred to lead it gently by hand most of the way.

We started our procession desertwards across one of the great dikes that divide this fertile country from end to end. We met herd upon herd of camels laden with such huge bundles of durra that we were nearly brushed off our wobbly saddles as they passed us on the narrow way.

Besides our donkey boys, about fifteen native "gentlemen" accompanied us out of pure and undisguised curiosity. We reached the desert in an hour and proceeded to pick up flints and potsherds like buttercups at home. The tombs were vast and bottomless holes in the ground. When, after lunching, Mrs. C. and I rested on the edge of one, while the flint hunters were at work

and our audience of fifteen squatted in a semi-circle in front of us, I felt that the combined spears of Achmet and Mohammed would not be sufficient defence if our worshippers got bored with the performance and decided to give us premature burial in a twelfth dynasty tomb.

We rode home towards sunset, a time when Egypt glows with so much colour that its beauty makes one speechless. Harvesting had begun. Flocks with Arab herdsmen gleaned the fruitful remains, and low-pitched tents, or rather wind-guards of sugar-cane, were scattered about, their

owners looking much as we imagine Abraham did of old surrounded by his family and flocks and herds. Camels lay before the entrance of one dwelling, and buffalo calves and long-fleeced sheep and longer-eared goats cropped leisurely their evening meal. My donkey, excited by so much animal life, kept up a braying acquaintance with all his friends till we reached the *Dodo* and dinner.

March 16th.—To-day we made some progress before the wind landed us, this time, on a sandy waste whose only virtue lay in the fact that it was near Guft, where Abderachman, our



A sugar-cane wind-break.



Colonnade of Hathor's Temple, at Dendera



The Memnonium of Seti I., at Abydos.

cook, might possibly find his father. As the father was an Ababdeh and generally wintered in the desert, it seemed an off chance, but Abderachman was hopeful and departed on his search with the mate as companion. They had just left when the wind allowed us to move on. As we passed the village of Guft, a figure waved to us from shore and proved to be the wandering parent whom our cook was scouring the desert for. In the queer way of this country news had reached the old man of the *Dodo's* presence. Our felucca was sent to fetch the visitor on board, and he came gladly, thinking his son would appear any moment. As a matter of fact, he did not appear till next morning, when we were at Dendera. The fond parent sat unperturbed for twenty-four hours, while he drifted farther and farther from his home. He was fed and warmed and given a cigar that nearly made him ill during the interval.

March 17th.—We celebrated P's

birthday at Dendera with a glorious ride through poppy land and barley fields, till we reached the lovely temple with its Hathor columns rising against the blue and mauve and pink of the early morning sky. We have seen such glories in the way of temples that it is hard to make comparison. In their different ways they all seem best. It is an ever-increasing marvel that colour should last so long, the great masses of stone holding with pristine freshness the paintings brushed in with so much grace 2,000 years and more ago. We explored the crypts, a creepy, crawly performance I do not want to duplicate. C. went down first and left a fat leg protruding so long that we called after him to ask if he had forgotten it. When we followed we realised his difficulties. A twisty hole at the top of crumbling steps, which had to be descended with a lighted candle in one hand, was not an easy problem. But when we had solved it, we found we were inside a jewel box, for



Sculptures of the Walls in the Memnonium of Seti I., at Abydos.

such seemed to us the tiny rooms with their exquisite carvings on unsullied walls. We could not tarry long, for the atmosphere was stifling, and I for one was very glad to reach the upper air. C. explored farther, but even his enthusiasm waned when the gaffir told him there might be cobras in one of the corridors.

We returned from the bliss and beauty of Dendera to find a mutiny brewing on board the *Dodo*. This happened periodically, so we were not alarmed. Our sailors were exactly like naughty children who exasperate one to a spanking finish and having induced a climax become as good as gold. On this occasion our crew had not the slightest grievance, and after C. had stood with watch in hand insisting that in fifteen minutes they and their bundles should leave the *Dodo*, at the fourteenth minute they surrendered and set to work as happy as you please, singing their rowing song as we started off down stream.

To-night our anchorage was mid-stream. The half moon and all the stars were reflected so clearly in the still water that it was hard to know which was heaven above or earth beneath.

March 20th.—We had no further *Dodo* adventures till we reached Nag Hamadi on this fateful day when we were to say good-bye to our cosy cabins and companionship on board the *Dodo*. Abydos was still to be seen, so we decided to let the *Dodo* proceed while we took train to Beleana and donkey-rode from there to Abydos, trusting that the *Dodo* would do the decent thing and meet us at Beleana on our return and give us our last dinner party on board before we took the train for Cairo. The *Dodo* behaved like a perfect lady and kept her appointment with feminine punctuality, which means, I judge, about twenty minutes late.

It is a long ride from Beleana to Abydos, but a very lovely one. We



Coptic Church at Abydos.

reached Seti 1st's great temple about 11 A.M., and after a preliminary exploration of its marvels we sought the cool shade of one of its seven colonnades and lunched luxuriously. The two gaffirs served our coffee on a very modern silver salver that looked quite out of keeping with its surroundings.

We looked long and lovingly on this our last Egyptian temple, the painting of which one could swear had been done but yesterday. Beautiful was the drawing and grouping and not without a certain solemnity, too. The themes repeat themselves over and over again, and yet one

never wearies of them, but greets each time afresh the figures of the gods who pour the stream of life, happiness and strength over the reigning king.

Ignoring the fierce mid-day sun, C. started off to visit some excavating friends in the neighbourhood, but Mrs. C. and ourselves decided to continue our worship of the temple till he returned.

In the cool of the day we explored another temple built by Rameses II. It was in a very ruinous state though some of the carvings and colourings were equal in beauty to anything we had seen. A very dirty Coptic church



Some of the party at the Temple of Dendera

put a full stop to our sight-seeing. Our eight-mile ride back to Beleana was full of diverse interests. Owners of "antika" that had been invisible on our morning journey rose with mushroomlike rapidity as we returned. From time to time C. was completely surrounded, while he exchanged piastres for some trinket of delicate and curious workmanship. A white goose, not, I am glad to say, an antiquity, was his first purchase. It must have been an immense bird, or else C.'s donkey was extremely small, for as it lay across the saddle its yellow feet almost touched the road on one side while its limp white neck and wobbly head dangled at the same length on the other.

The limestone cliffs were wonderful in colour as they absorbed all the prismatic sunset shades. We reached the Beleana river-front in time to see the *Dodo* some distance up stream doing her best to keep her appointment. We felt quite homesick when, sidling in her characteristic fashion, she reached the shore, and we saw Suffragi stand in the light of his pantry, feather brush in hand, ready to dust us off before we came on board.

Our dinner. I remember, was a great success. Abderachman's skill in making lentil soup was unsurpassed. The chicken that followed we tried not to identify, for the speckled hen and little white cock had become

almost household pets. A plum pudding was our dignified sweet. As we sipped our Turkish coffee in the luxurious half-hour that followed, we heard great shuffling of feet outside the dining-room door (for privacy's sake we always dined below when in port), and Abderachman and Mohammed entered, supporting the apparently fainting form of Abdullah, our smart "laundry maid". His gallant turban was all askew and his "Horus" lock in which he took so much pride lay limp and curlless on his cheek. We were all properly horrified at the spectacle, but a merry twinkle in the dark eye of Abderachman gave us hope that this scene was not as tragic as it might appear. After a dramatic pause Abdullah feebly raised his head and in the faintest of voices recited an appalling domestic tragedy. He spared us no details of the brutal murder of his only and beloved wife and week-old daughter at the hands of his brother whom he had trusted to be her protector. Had we not remembered that it was only a few short weeks before that leave had been granted him to visit his wife and new-born son, we might have believed his story, so anguished was his state, such real tears coursed down his cheeks.

The procession retired in the same order, and then Abderachman was summoned to give his version of the "play". It seems Abdullah had met an acquaintance in the bazaar who had offered him a slightly higher wage than his contract with us allowed, therefore he must make an appeal to us for leave of absence and full pay. This C. could not grant, for our crew was now reduced to a minimum, and there were yet many miles to go before the *Dodo* reached her final anchorage. The judgment having been pronounced, it was conveyed by Abderachman to the suppliant, who received it with a groan, flinging himself on deck and writhing in agony. I was glad to hear later that complete recovery occurred at the end of half an hour;

and domestic sorrow, having served no useful end, was laid quietly aside.

It was practically over Abdullah's prostrate body that we had to step as we left the *Dodo* on our way to the railway station. We were quite a solemn procession, for most of the crew accompanied us, not, I fear, so much in sorrow as in the hope that P's generosity would burgeon forth in a second dole of bakshish. Suffragi alone was missing. His joy at becoming the owner of P's khaki outfit, five sizes too large for him, paralyzed both speech and action for some time.

Our farewells were short, for our train was just leaving. A wave of the hand and a promise to write, inadequately conveyed all our regrets for breaking the chain of happy days and experiences together.

March 22nd.—We were a very dusty and tired couple when we reached Cairo early this morning. The *Dodo's* uncertain methods had made it impossible to engage a compartment in advance, so we were considered to be lucky in finding an empty second-class one. The hard wooden ledges on which we tried to sleep had a Procrustean quality that racked every bone in our bodies.

Late in the afternoon we were sufficiently repaired in mind and body to visit the mosque of el Azhar, the great Mohammedan University where the Faith gathers its students from every quarter of the world. We slipped our feet into large felt shoes before we ventured into the enormous courtyard with its 140 pillars, each a centre of a group of students who swayed their heads while reciting in a monotonous tone verses and chapters of the Koran. The students numbered between six and seven thousand. The volume of sound was considerable, although not more than two thousand were gathered in this hall of learning. Our examination of this vast building was difficult, for my felt shoes kept slipping off, and not being allowed to desecrate the pavement with a French heel I had to make frequent stork-like pauses

till I was reshod. That evening I began to think that Osiris and Isis must have not only granted us life and happiness but also endowed us with colossal strength, for in spite of aching bones we planned an early start for Sakkara.

March 23rd.—At eight o'clock this morning we were at the station in time to catch the train that deposited us three-quarters of an hour later at Bedrashen. Donkeys were numerous and tourists few, so we were able to select five sturdy little beasts for our long day's expedition.

Memphis looms so large in history that it was difficult for us to realize as we rode through the fields and villages of Bedrashen that we were passing over the site of that vanished city.

"Melted into air, into thin air".

P. murmured Prospero's lines as we went our way along a bridle-path that had once been a teeming city street, whose tortuous route took half a day to traverse. We trod the dust of ages. Cairo with greedy fingers has taken stone by stone the "gorgeous palaces" for her own use. Only the two colossal statues of Rameses II. remain as lonely sentinels to guard his vanished temple gate. The first of these great statues lies in the open on slightly rising ground. To see his face we had to climb up and view it from the plateau of his huge chest. Remembering another head of this same Pharaoh, which is one of the great treasures in the British Museum, we could recognize the nobleness of the features with the subtle curve of the lips that give to Rameses II. an expression of almost Mona Lisa elusiveness. Following this line of thought we recalled his prostrate colossus in the Ramasseum at Thebes, with some sympathy for the enemy who in sheer exasperation hacked away a smile that measured three feet and a half in solid granite. The second colossus is sheltered in a mud brick building which we did not enter, as we had lingered longer than

we had intended over its counterpart.

Palm groves dotted our journey towards the Necropolis of Sakkara. A lovely sycamore near a spring of pure sweet water gave us refreshing shade before we mounted to the higher level. We passed by the Step Pyramid on our way to Mariette's House, where we lunched and engaged a guide to lead us through the subterranean passages of the Serapeum. The tombs of the Apis Bull are quite near the house of their discoverer, who describes in a most graphic way his wonderment and awe when he first penetrated into these vast vaults. We lit our candles in the entrance chamber and journeyed down a wide corridor whose rocky floor was spread several inches deep with a sandy carpet. A huge sarcophagus half-way on its journey to the tomb blocked the passage, a silent monument to the end of a worship it was intended to commemorate. Mariette, the French explorer, describes his entrance in 1851 to a tomb chamber where he could still see the finger prints on the limestone of the Egyptian who had placed the last stone in the wall built to conceal the doorway. Here the bull as carefully embalmed as a human mummy had lain undisturbed for 3,700 years. A heap of sand held the imprint of bare feet as proof of the unbroken stillness through all these centuries.

The heat and closeness were oppressive, and we were glad to see daylight after many labyrinthian turns. The sky was looking a trifle ominous, but we felt the Mastaba of Ti must not be left unvisited.

Ti, sailing through the marshes in a boat of papyrus, seemed such a poetical and legendary figure that we were anxious to have our impressions of the royal architect and manager of the Pyramid of Kings duly confirmed. Ti, with true courtliness, met us in the vestibule of his fifth-dynasty dwelling. Though he carried a staff in one hand and a club in the other, he did not grudge us welcome. In all the rooms his effigy greeted us.

We saw him as a great administrator watching the sowing and reaping of crops, the herding of his cattle, the building of ships, the receiving of offerings. In moments of relaxation he is depicted issuing from a doorway in frequent changes of costume. His wife Nefer-hotpes generally accompanies him. There is one charming relief in which she is sitting at his feet, while an endless procession of antelopes, stags, gazelles, and other sacrificial animals, all duly labelled, pass before them. All these reliefs are exquisite in form and colour, but the crowning one of all is a large panel where Ti is seen sailing in his slender boat through the reeds and rushes of the Nile. The tall stems of the water plants end in a frieze of lotus, with birds of lovely plumage fluttering among the blossoms. Strange little beasts creep up the stems and cause them to bend in graceful curves. Against this lovely background sails Ti in his fairy boat, a tall, upright figure clad in a wide apron and wearing a wig of large dimensions, watching slaves kill a hippopotamus. The water is so transparent that one can see fishes of many hues taking a lively interest in the capture of the huge beast. We said a most reluctant good-bye to Ti, marvelling as we did so at the beauty of colour and design that had been created 2,000 years before Christ.

Ti had entertained us so successfully that we had become oblivious of the weather. When we reached the upper world we found a sand storm in possession of it. However, we had to face the music, though we did not like the tune that accompanied us throughout our three-hour ride to Mena House. Our donkey boys sheltered themselves behind us and from time to time we called a halt, turning our little animals about to give them breathing space. In one of these pauses we saw the bleached bones of a camel, which looked like the whitened ribs of a long-stranded ship. Our journey seemed endless, and when at length we reached the Sphinx, our

heads were bowed, not so much in reverence as with fatigue. Battered and dishevelled as I was, I tried to look him in the face, but countless swirls of driving sand enveloped us. Out of the depths of the storm I thought I heard a distant voice murmuring, "See how I stand these trifling puffs of wind".

With ever-thoughtful kindness Mrs. H. had motored out from Cairo to meet us, and so it was owing to her that our remains were safely delivered at our hotel in time for dinner.

March 24th.—We left Cairo this morning. On our way to the station we passed the Khedive driving in state to meet Mr. Roosevelt. His Highness was a fat, complacent-looking Turk, and we thought his horses showed much better blood and breeding. The Port of Alexandria was in its usual turmoil. Without C.'s guiding hand we felt forlorn, till a dragoon, clad in yellow and brown striped satin, took us as his special charge and only left us when we were safely deposited on board the *Perseo*.

It is on the deck of this steamer that these last few pages are being written. Once more Messina lies before us. The water of the bay seems to be an even deeper blue than when we last were here. The ruined arches of the Renaissance Colonnade look very toy-like after our mighty Egyptian columns, and one feels that with an outstretched hand one could adjust the pieces of this earthquake puzzle. The golden sands of Egypt have slipped through our fingers, but the memory of the golden hours and spacious days is not so swift to pass. The gods have given us a pigment with which to fix forever in our minds the beauty and colour of that ancient world.

L' ENVOI.

Three weeks later we heard of the safe arrival of the *Dodo* in Cairo, after many vicissitudes. The rapidly-falling river and the quick ascent of the thermometer caused sporadic outbreaks of *irritabilitas Africanus* on the part of the passengers and crew. At one point stone-hookers, with a

fleet-footedness not in keeping with their trade, stepped in front of the *Dodo* in such numbers that it was only after a three-day blockade that she was able to push her way through a channel that twenty-four hours later was closed for the season to all vessels of her size. As our bond

was given that the *Dodo* would be handed over by C. in person to Ali Bey in Cairo, we could picture the anguish on board when it seemed likely that the *Dodo* (at a fixed monthly rental) would be obliged to wait till the Nile was once more in flood.



The End—Suffragi and his feather duster

SEA SAND

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

BETWEEN the rhythmical unfathomed sea
and the rich warm fecundity of land
There lies the sand—
The shifting sand of beach and dune—
Pure, strange sea dust, so alien to green earth,
With its brown furrows that the ploughman makes
Ready for sowers—and for miracle.
Here on the sand,
I lie and watch the coarse sea-grass that creeps
Like an adventurer along the dunes,
With wild pea-vines that bravely cling and spread
Tenacious tendrils in this sterile soil—
A barren mockery of useful bloom.

I let a little handful of the sand
Drift slowly through my fingers, and I see
Its myriad tiny atoms—shells and stones
That long ago the great waves tossed and ground
To starry powder on the rocky ledge.

At sunset, out on the wet, shining sand
Left by the dropping tide, rare colours fall,
And linger there as if they loved the sand.
Who dreams at noontide that its level ways
Can hold such colour: rose and turquoise green,
Purple and gold, and even a crimson glow,
Just for a moment, till the splendour dies.

Then the moon, silvery and alone, shines down
Upon the sand—pure strange sea dust of Time.

A GLIMPSE OF OUR NORTHLAND

BY LEROY THORNE BOWES



FOR years the trade of Western Canada was conducted along the great lake and river highways. Now iron roads have supplanted the river, lake and portage, and the iron horse has taken the place of the canoe and the caravan. Civilized settlements have demanded that more rapid means of travel be instituted, until now the palatial trains loaded with passengers complete the journey in six days, and the freight trains laden with grain from the West rush across the Continent and soon are returning, bearing the products imported into Atlantic ports and manufactured in the Eastern Provinces. The Dominion of Canada being essentially a pastoral country, has called for transportation facilities which will serve as an outlet to its vast resources and abundant production in supplying the world at large. The transcontinental railways have proved inadequate, and it is for that reason that the West has thought of and almost completed a new highway to the outer world through the great northern inland sea, Hudson Bay and the Straits. Critics have condemned such a route, but the last Government estimates for work on the Nelson terminals alone amount to three million dollars. Does this not imply that the Government of Canada has confidence in the success of this new route? At least the expenditure of such a vast sum, and of such vast amounts as have

been expended in the past, justifies a consideration of the new land of wealth.

The planting of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Transcontinental Railway in the Far North has had most excellent results. A useful and attractive route has been furnished and settlers have begun to carve prosperous communities from the wilderness—generally thought to be a barren waste, but which in reality is very valuable and interesting. Here are millions of acres of the finest farming lands. Although part of the region is swampy, and there are also very rocky sections, the proportion of both is small when compared with the whole area. The soil is for the most part of a brownish clay loam, and this clay belt extends even to Moose Factory, at the southern extremity of James Bay. Farming upon a small scale has been tried at Moose Factory, Albany, Rupert's House and other posts. Most gratifying results have been obtained. Between the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence River and James Bay, there is a large tract of land fertile enough to be adapted for agricultural pursuits, and having resources of the very nature to support an enormous population. The resources of the Canadian Northland are varied. Their value is inestimable.

The fur trade has always occupied a prominent place in the history of Canada. Directly or indirectly in the earlier days this business furnished



A View of Moose Factory

occupation to nearly all the inhabitants. Much of the exploration of the country was done by the adventurous and hardy pioneer traders. The population of the wilderness tract to the north of the Transcontinental Railway is composed mostly of fur traders, and, just as in former days, their livelihood depends upon their success in trapping and shooting the valuable fur-bearing animals which haunt this wilderness of wildernesses. At the present time this valuable trade is practically monopolized by the wonderful and ancient Hudson's Bay Company and their more recently established rival, the world-renowned firm of Revillon Frères. Annually millions of dollars' worth of raw furs are sent out of the country, and later at London, Paris, and New York are made into the beautiful pieces which are worn as articles of usefulness or luxury. Although the Dominion Government has purchased much of the lands and special privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company, more strin-

gent laws affecting conservation and trade conditions would result in an enormous gain to the Dominion treasury.

In the waters that have been used as the roads for transporting the valuable furs to the outer world and scattering the supplies of the various posts of the trading companies, there are valuable fisheries. In 1914, the Canadian Government carried on fishery investigations in Hudson and James Bays and tributary waters. The expeditions were in charge of Messrs. C. D. Melville, A. R. M. Lower and Nap. A. Comeau. In a summary of his season's work, Mr. C. D. Melville, F.R.G.S.C., says:

"The question of railroads is of paramount importance. Without them the fisheries are worthless unless the ice conditions of northern James Bay and southern Hudson Bay are such that a fish-carrying vessel can make continuous journeys in summer between Fort George and Port Nelson.

"Second. Provided that the conditions mentioned above are satisfactory, it would

be necessary to investigate very carefully the cost of running such a boat and its general feasibility.

"Third. With the first two questions favourably settled, there can be little doubt the whitefish fishery will prove one of the greatest in Canada, and with its development, the other fisheries will become of immense value."

The Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway has made extensive surveys between the terminals at Cochrane and Moose Factory, while another road has been planned from Montreal to Rupert's Bay. When the construction of these roads is undertaken a great number of men will be required, and undoubtedly traders, engineers and workmen will cause towns to spring up in the new country. These railways, with the united

service of seaworthy fishing tugs, will constantly supply enormous quantities of fish to the great West and be added to the plentiful yield that annually comes from our great inland lakes.

Not only is the North country capable of producing rich and fertile farms, but there is a mineral wealth lavishly endowed. There are also large amounts of forest land suitable for pulpwood, fire-wood and building purposes. Besides the Northland, like the West in its early days, offers the advantages of many navigable waterways. On these may be found water-powers which, when bridled, will yield inestimable service to man.

In the Hudson Bay territory there are mineral lands for prospectors



The "Limited" in the Northland



An Indian Family at Rupert's House

which have only been touched. In proof of this we can cite an instance which occurred in 1914. An expedition equipped by Mackenzie & Mann, in charge of R. J. Flarity, F.R.G.S., was fortunate, or, rather, unfortunate, enough to have their auxiliary schooner driven ashore in a fog. They were aware that they were not far from Great Whale Post of the Hudson's Bay Company and were near a number of small islands marked on existing charts and plans as The Belchers. When the fog lifted, they were amazed to find an island before them which later proved to be fully one hundred miles in length. This island, which is not more than nine hundred miles directly north of Toronto, had really been lost, and rediscovered by Mr. Flarity. A lake teeming with fish required a two-day journey by canoe to pass from end to end. On his return to civilization the explorer was laughed at and his discovery of "The Lost Island" was discredited in much the same way as the discovery of "The Lost World". as related by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. But later, when his claims were verified, like the fictional rediscovered world, "The Lost Island" was found

to have very valuable mineral deposits, which resulted in the return of the expedition to that region. It is rumoured that large copper deposits were found. This is only one instance. Gold and coal have also been discovered, the richest yields of the latter being at Clark's Island.

The Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is a Government project. Operating between North Bay and Cochrane, it is a connecting link between the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways and the Transcontinental, operated by the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Government Railways. Besides, it serves a country which is rightly called one of God's greatest storehouses. Silver, gold, and other precious metals are found at the various mining towns along this railway. Of these, the most notable are the mines at Cochrane and Poreupine, the former producing hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of silver.

Arriving at Cochrane, the terminus of the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario, you may take the Transcontinental either East or West. At various points it is crossed by mighty rivers which the height of land—the



An Indian Family at Moose Factory

Great Divide — sheds into the great inland sea. The rivers flowing into the bays are navigable only for canoes owing to the falls, shallows and rapids.

Beyond this land of interminable and valuable forest areas, agricultural tracts and minerals fields, we have the region bordering about James and Hudson Bays. At the present time this remote region can be reached only by canoes in the open season. In the strenuous winter time, when the Frost King has congealed the swiftly flowing rivers, the canoe is left on the river bank and the small boats and steamers are hauled up high and dry to protect them from the ice. The dog-team has to perform the duties rendered in civilization by the horse or motive power.

The following is an account of a canoe trip to the North by way of the Ground Hog River, fifty miles west of Cochrane:

It was an early June morning when we bid good-bye to the Ground Hog, with its short but tiring portages, and entered on the broad waters of the Mattagami. We were now on the wilderness highway to Hudson Bay.

Two days of drenching rains and then heavy snowstorms had made the journey very unpleasant, but now the sun was shining, the leaden sky had been replaced by great heaps of woolly clouds whose lower surface seemed nearly horizontal, while the upper one became an exuberant variety of rounded forms with a background of blue. Interminable forests — the haunt of the fox, the wolf and other valuable fur-bearing animals — lined the river bank. Sky, clouds and forests were all mirrored in the cold, clear, crystal-like waters which flowed so compellingly through the wilderness.

At first these inland rivers were only one hundred feet or so wide, but as the high land was left behind they broadened into streams nearly half a mile or more in breadth. The descent from "The Ridge" to the sea level through the rocky and densely wooded country had resulted in a series of rapids and water-falls whose dashing, foam-bedecked waters added to the picturesqueness of this incomparable river trip. On the quieter stretches of river one had been impressed by the silence of the solitude and the stern



Rupert's House, James Bay

severity of the forest wild, but now the rushing water-falls bring us dreams of the time when civilization shall push its way through these wilds and man shall harness the untold power to create the richest of industries.

Reminiscently we recall how we had been sailing down smoothly aided by the current. Then white wavelets would appear and the Ojibway guides, ever on the alert, would rise to their feet for an instant, survey the turbulent waters, decide upon a channel, and then guide us through these beautiful but treacherous boulder rapids where an error in judgment meant an upset. Then again there were stretches of river, lake-like expansions so broad that the north wind, sweeping snow in our faces, had whipped the waters into countless choppy waves. The Indians had always proved successful in mastering each wave, which was a problem in itself, and skilfully taking advantage of every eddy, escaping boulders which appeared in the stream and threatened our frail canoes. Then there were other places where a swift or dangerous fall made necessary a portage through hardwood trails paved in leaves and moss and ob-

structed by countless windfalls, streams and bogholes. These trails were cool though, and as we staggered along under our packs, innumerable shadows, outlined against the greenness, entranced and mystified us. Occasionally through breaks in the foliage, we would catch a gleam of the madly-rushing rapid as it pursued its way through the rock-obstructed course. When the sun sank behind the western line of tree-tops and bathed the forest on the opposite bank in resplendent colours, we would pitch our tents on the river bank. There, after a hearty meal of bannock, bacon and jam, we would sink wearily on our brush bed, fragrant with the freshness of fir boughs and pine needles. And the musical flow of the river would lull us to sleep—sleep such as comes to the man who lives in the wilds.

But five or six days have passed. There before us the Moose River widens into an island-dotted expansion. On the mainland, Revillon Frères' trading-post, with the little houses of the company's servants or the wigwams of the hunters are seen.

On an island we found the historic Moose Factory, one of the oldest trad-



Smoky Falls, Mattagami River

ing-posts of the celebrated Hudson's Bay Company. The stockade is gone and the place has resumed a quiet village-like appearance, but the historic associations are still there. The white house of the Factor, the long storehouse and the other buildings have a spectral grasp on the centuries of the past. The shades of evening were falling. The tide of Moose River came rippling in from James Bay. The thirst-maddened dogs tugged at their chains and howled plaintively their many wrongs to the rising moon. The wolves answered their call, the foxes barked in the distance, moccasin-footed squaws passed by on the trail and idle Indians smoked contentedly down by their wigwams on the river side.

From Moose Factory it is one hundred miles across the bay to Rupert's House; sixty miles from there to East Maine, one hundred and ten miles farther to Fort George, and a distance of one hundred and thirty miles from there to Great Whale River Post. From Moose Factory to Fort George in a straight line it is one hundred and fifty miles. On the west coast it is one hundred and fifty miles to Fort Albany, and from Moose Factory to

Charlton Island and the Strutton group, the base depots of the Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Frères, respectively, the distances are sixty and seventy-five miles. Most of the forts or posts above are reached by the small steamers or sailing craft, while from the depots at Charlton or Strutton, the large supply steamers call periodically at Nelson, Churchill and Chesterfield Inlet.

In conclusion, it may be said that the North Country is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The forests supply game of all kinds, the rivers, lakes and bays, fish of the highest order, and mineral wealth supplies a profitable field for the prospector, the pulp and timber lands wealth for the lumberman and occupation for a great number of men. These in their turn will supply a ready market for the farmer who has cultivated the rich and fertile acres of valuable farm lands, and all of them will furnish a valuable trade and maintain the successful operation of the railroads which tap them.

Blessed with natural wealth scattered over its vast extent, with room for hundreds of thousands of sturdy settlers, possessing such advantages



On the Wilderness Highway to James Bay

as rich and varied resources, a temperate climate—severe in winter, but with long hours of sunlight in the summer to ripen the crops—with unexcelled geographic position, the Canadian Northland is truly a land of wealth and promise. But it is a pioneer's land and calls for the best blood. In the words of the poet Scr-

vice, the North has a law and she makes it ever plain:

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me
your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom, them will
I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them
will I glut with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures—
I trample them under my feet.



Great Whale River Trading-post, Hudson's Bay Company



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

From the Painting by J. Kerr Lawson

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

VI.—BLAKE AND THOMPSON IN PARLIAMENT



F those who gave distinction to the House of Commons thirty years ago how few survive. It is long since Sir John Macdonald whispered, as he passed out of the Chamber for the last time, "It is late, Bowell, good-night". Even Bowell, upon whom the years fell so gently, has joined the leader he followed with such trust and ardour. Honourable Edward Blake and Sir Charles Tupper, often described by Sir Richard Cartwright, with a snap of the jaws, as "Master Blake" and "Master Tupper", have vanished. More often, however, Sir Richard called the robust Nova Scotian "Mine ancient friend Sir Charles Tupper, Bart". And "Bart" came out with a bark. We think of Blake with a sense of loss, of Tupper with a sense of possession. Cartwright loved neither, and Blake had at least as much love for Tupper as he had for Cartwright. But this is not the time for that story.

Behind the Conservative leader was Sir John Thompson, who in a single session, and indeed in a single speech, established an ascendancy in the Commons which he held until his death. He had, too, a moral as well as an intellectual ascendancy. As much as any other man of his time he strove to give dignity and decency to the public life of Canada. I like to think that as editor of *The Globe* I protest-

ed over and over again against the common insinuation that he was more loyal to his church than to his country, and that his faith was a disqualification for public service. I said in *The Globe*, when he became Prime Minister, "With the fact that Sir John Thompson is a Roman Catholic we have nothing to do. It would be a poor tribute to the liberality and intelligence of the Canadian people if it were laid down that a Roman Catholic may not equally with a Protestant aspire to the highest office within their gift. Any attempt to arouse sectarian prejudice over his appointment will not make for the dignity of Canadian politics or the welfare of the country".

It is strange that one so gifted and naturally so generous as Reverend Doctor Douglas, of Montreal, should not only have nurtured this suspicion but boldly proclaimed his distrust. He described Thompson as "a clerical creation" and "a lay Jesuit in the Government". On his brow there was "the brand of pervert". "He was enthroned in order to manipulate with Jesuit art the affairs of this country". There was nothing in the political career of Sir John Thompson to suggest that his patriotism was tainted by his religious connection. But it is true that a Roman Catholic in the English-speaking countries rarely becomes the leader of a political party. When was a Catholic Prime Minister

of England? No Catholic has held the office of President of the United States. By contrast Canada is singularly and resolutely tolerant. Is the fact that Canada is more Catholic than Great Britain or the United States the true explanation? Sir Henri Joly was Premier of Quebec, but if he was Protestant he was also French. Honourable John Sandfield Macdonald was Premier of United Canada and Premier of Ontario, and probably his Catholicism was no greater disqualification in the English-speaking Province than was the Protestantism of Joly in the French Province. It is doubtful if Honourable C. F. Fraser, notwithstanding his ability and integrity, could have become Premier of Ontario. No doubt men of meagre capacity sometimes attain office because they are Roman Catholics, but as certainly Catholics reach the first places less easily because of the church to which they belong. Probably the explanation lies in the aspiration of the Papacy to temporal power, the old conflicts between civil and ecclesiastical authority, and the assumption of elements in the church to supremacy in civil affairs.

No man ever attained high office more absolutely and unequivocally by sheer force of character and ability than did Sir John Thompson. It is doubtful if he ever spoke a single word or took a conscious step to secure the leadership of the Conservative party. There is reason to think that he would have become leader of the party upon the death of Sir John Macdonald if the judgment of his colleagues had prevailed. But, not convinced that the feeling of the Parliamentary caucus was the common feeling of Conservatives in the constituencies, he strongly advised against any doubtful experiment. Sir John Abbott therefore was appointed, with full knowledge that he would be comparatively inactive and uninfluential and that Thompson as leader of the House of Commons would be the mouthpiece of the party and

the actual dictator of strategy and policy. From the first, however, it was manifest that Sir John Thompson was the logical and inevitable leader. During the few months that he was Premier Sir John Abbott never addressed a public meeting or exercised the actual function of leadership. This was not because he was unequal to the position. For he could be wise in council and bold in action, and had qualities which inspired regard and confidence. But he knew that he had not long to live and was looking beyond the jangle of political conflict into the long silence. There was no seer to foretell that his successor would so quickly follow upon the journey which each of us takes alone and knoweth not the hour of his going.

It is to the honour of the Conservative party, in which the Orange element is so powerful, that there was general acquiescence in the elevation of Sir John Thompson. But there was not complete acquiescence. Mr. D'Alton McCarthy believed that he should have succeeded Sir John Macdonald. He so expressed himself in language which Thompson could not misunderstand. He held that neither by the length nor by the nature of his services, nor by natural identification with the masses of the Conservative party was Thompson entitled to the leadership. Even if the title were clearer, there were forces in the party which would not submit. Inevitably, whatever the prospect of the moment, these influences would express themselves and disaster would follow. He did not object to Thompson as a Minister, but as leader he was objectionable in the party interest and in the public interest. Nor was Mr. McCarthy's attitude presumptuous or unreasonable. For many years he was among the active and trusted advisers of Sir John Macdonald. In debates which involved legal and constitutional issues, in the bitter contests over provincial rights as represented by the Liberal Government of Ontario, and in many stern party bat-

ties in the Committee on Privileges and Elections, McCarthy was chief counsel for the Conservative party and the Federal authority. No one was more active in founding *The Empire* when Sir John Macdonald and the Conservatives of Ontario required an organ. Moreover, McCarthy was a Protestant and the natural spokesman for formidable forces among the Conservatives of Ontario and the other English Provinces. He could not fail to be conscious that he was reduced to an inferior position in the party and in Parliament by Sir John Thompson's phenomenal ascension to influence and natural assumption of many of the functions which he had discharged. Whether or not he resented the reduction to lower rank in the Conservative army, and like many other great men was carried by personal feeling into new courses, it is certain that he became estranged from Sir John Macdonald and made mischief for the Government. Leading the agitation for disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Act of Quebec, supporting the abolition of separate schools by the Liberal Government of Manitoba, and challenging the legal status of the French language in the Western Territories, he excited intense feeling in the country and precipitated stormy and bitter debates in Parliament. Whether or not he was actuated in any degree by personal feeling, there is no doubt that he was faithful to his convictions in opposing extension of dual language and racial and religious privileges. It is understood that when the motion for disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Act came before Parliament Mr. McCarthy was so incautious as to declare that he had pledged of support from every Conservative member from Ontario. The statement was carried to Sir John Macdonald, who made a personal appeal to every Conservative upon whom Mr. McCarthy relied, with the result that only seven ministerialists voted for disallowance. This interference by the Prime Minister,

natural as it was and necessary as it was to the credit and dignity of the Government, McCarthy never could overlook, although it is believed his displeasure did not extend to Sir Charles Tupper.

During my first years in the Press Gallery Sir John Thompson was the most powerful debater in the Conservative Parliamentary party, as Honourable Edward Blake was the most impressive and convincing speaker among the Liberals. Sir John Macdonald had greater authority than either, but his ascendancy was the growth of years; the long result of a rare personality and a great prestige. Neither in Blake nor in Thompson was there any impelling spontaneity or magnetism. Blake was often heavy and sometimes monotonous. Thompson was always cold, sober, self-contained and distant. In his pilgrimages throughout the country Thompson was described by irreverent blasphemers as "the ice-wagon"; Blake could be very lonely and remote. Once I saw the Liberal leader mooning in solemn abstraction over the exchanges in the reading-room when a colleague on the Liberal front benches, who had returned from dinner with "a quart of wine visibly concealed about his person", if I may borrow language which Mr. Alfred Boulton applied to a clubmate, lurched against him, brought his hand down with tremendous force upon the bowed shoulders, and gurgled, "Come—come 'long, you—you—old hulk, and have some fun". The hulk put his hand affectionately across the back of his unsteady associate and shook with laughter. One could not know from the frosty exterior how intimate and companionable Blake could be in rare moments of self-revelation. But so often he was among the glaciers. So often he seemed to be like Goldsmith's Traveler, "remote, unfriended, melancholy". I recall a meeting which Mr. Blake addressed at Kincardine in 1882 during a bye-election for the Legislature. In early manhood he had appeared in South Bruce as

a candidate for the Commons. It may be that he was softened and inspired by memories of that triumphant contest. He had set the riding aflame by his moving, sonorous oratory, the energy of his deliverance, the revelation of his eager intellectual virility. For a generation the Liberals of Bruce recalled that contest with such enthusiasm and reverence as Scottish Liberals remember Gladstone and Midlothian. As he grew older Mr. Blake became too anxious about the letter of the message and sacrificed spontaneity in dependence upon manuscript. But at Kincardine in 1882 he delivered an address remarkable for its humour, its flavour of neighbourliness, its simple human quality, and moment by moment one could feel respect deepening into confidence and softening into affection. I heard Mr. Blake many, many times in Parliament and on the platform, and often perhaps he displayed greater power, but never as it has seemed to me was he so close to his kind and so disencumbered of his greatness. For whatever one may think of certain aspects of Mr. Blake's character and career, he was as great a man as ever was born in Canada if the mind is the test and the standard. At his side stands Sir John Thompson. The test here also is sheer intellectual power, capacity to reason, instinct to understand.

It is the common notion that Sir John Thompson was unemotional, unaffected by praise, impervious to attack. But I am told by those who sat at his side in Parliament that he boiled within under adverse criticism and muttered protests and imprecations that would have required rigid censorship in any religious publication. In a memorable attack upon Sir Richard Cartwright he amazed Parliament by the fervour and violence of his denunciation. He declared that Cartwright would rather abuse his country and defame it than eat his breakfast. He thanked God that nature broke the mould in which he was made when she cast him. He put all

his passion and contempt into the savage sentence. "As a member of the bar I have sometimes spurned the fee of a blatant scoundrel who denounced everybody else in the world, and was himself the most truculent savage of them all". Upon that speech could have been pronounced the verdict of the Nevada jury, "If it please the court we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of striking with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze, an' he done it". It may be that in that speech only was the man fully expressed. He had schooled himself to restraint and discipline, but there was a volcano within whose forces he alone understood. It is said that in council he was companionable, unrestrained, tolerant of the asperities of associates, happy in their foibles and eccentricities. But in Parliament and on the platform he was austere, if not cold, and even when he was gracious there was more of dignity than of cordiality. Many shrewd but biting judgments ascribed to Thompson were current in the lobbies of Parliament. Unfortunately those I remember strike so hard at men still living that they cannot be repeated. He never was more happy than at a dinner of the Toronto Board of Trade when he discovered "the lean and hungry Cassius" in Honourable George E. Foster. Of great girth himself and with colleagues of equal girth he said, "Their youth and their robustness excited the imagination of a Toronto poet, who indited some verses to me and put into my mouth words which were put into Caesar's when he said, 'Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights', and I could make you to-night a little boast about the girth and weight of my colleagues if it were not that my friend Cassius here—the Finance Minister—breaks the record and utterly destroys the average".

Sir John Thompson, with grave reluctance, entered the Macdonald Government as Minister of Justice in

1885, when Quebec was inflamed over the fate of Riel and excited writers in Ontario were "smashing Confederation into its original fragments". Smashing Confederation is the common pastime of Canadian patriots when the party is in danger or the Constitution interferes with the designs of minorities or the prejudices of majorities. But the ship of State sails on and the waters are assuaged.

The new Minister first spoke in Parliament in direct reply to Honourable Edward Blake on a resolution declaring that Riel should not have been executed. So far as I can remember there was no general impression in the country that Thompson was of exceptional character or capacity. He had been Premier of Nova Scotia and a member of the Supreme Court of his Province, but at best he had only a Provincial reputation in law or in politics. When he sat down after his first speech in the House of Commons it was realized that a great figure had emerged from a curious obscurity. Parliament is seldom deceived. There are first speeches that dazzle with metaphor and rhetoric, but these reach the ear only. For once or twice such performances may attract, but they have no enduring quality. Soon the benches empty and the sounding phrases become the jest of the smoking-room. The House of Commons distrusts eloquence. It is seldom that a great platform orator catches its atmosphere. A long training in Provincial politics constitutes a positive disqualification for the Federal Parliament. But from the first Sir John Thompson had the manner of Parliament. From the first he commanded its interest and confidence. He was simple, lucid, persuasive and convincing. He seemed to be interested only in the logical structure of his argument. He was not so anxious to achieve a personal triumph as that he should be understood and that the cause for which he pleaded should suffer nothing by imperfect statement or intemperate advocacy. In

short, he gave an impression of simplicity, sincerity and integrity, and in Parliament these are the qualities that prevail. If he did not overcome Mr. Blake in his first speech in the Commons even the Opposition admitted that the reply was adequate, that a man had appeared of vital power and resolute character, and that a great task had been done with high skill, wise discretion and profound judgment. Nor do I think that Sir John Thompson ever was humiliated or discredited in Parliament by any incident, attack or situation. Throughout the impression of austere integrity persisted. He came into Parliament in a difficult time, and found work to do that was not pleasant. But whether one recalls the expulsion of Rykert, the long, heated, acrimonious inquiry into the McGreevy charges, the international negotiations in which he was engaged, the measures of policy and legislation for which he was responsible, his integrity stands and his patriotism is not impugned. He did not come to his country giftless nor fail "to show fruit of his days".

There was a divided and somewhat sullen party behind the Liberal leader. Many of the French members who had stood with Sir John Macdonald from Confederation had been driven into revolt by the fierce current of feeling which swept over the Province when Riel was hanged in defiance of its angry and tumultuous protest. There are few more ugly incidents in Canadian history than the erection of the Regina scaffold into a political platform. There is no doubt that the half-breeds had grievances, that the Government had warning, and that by sympathetic decent consideration for the rights of the helpless and anxious settlers the revolt could have been averted. But Riel was at the foot of the gallows years before. In the Red River he had sanctioned murder and had received a full portion of mercy. In precipitating a second rebellion he was foolhardy, insolent and defiant.

The man, perhaps, was on the verge of madness, but if so the calculating politicians did not discover that he was insane until he was executed. I think of a Liberal journal which declared before the death sentence was carried into effect that we had come to "a pretty pass" in Canada when a base, foul, red-handed murderer could escape the consequences of his crimes because a cowardly Government dare not order his execution. After he was hanged, this journal was just as certain that we had come to "a pretty pass" when a bold and chivalrous champion of his oppressed compatriots could be put to death by the Government whose neglect and ineptitude had provoked the revolt. The "curve" which Mr. Smiley took so gallantly at the request of Sir John Macdonald was nothing compared with that which was taken by Liberal politicians and Liberal newspapers when Riel was executed.

During the ferment of agitation in Quebec against the execution and the clamorous demand in Ontario for Riel's death Honourable Edward Blake was in the Old Country. Thus he was free to approve or condemn, however deeply many of his associates might be committed against his decision. Contending that Riel was insane and the Government responsible for the rebellion, Mr. Blake joined hands with the excited agitators of Quebec, and so far as he could prevail rallied the Liberal party against the execution. One may not impugn his sincerity, but the circumstances were singular and suspicion inevitable. It is hard to believe that Riel would have become a martyr and a patriot if he had been reprieved. It is certain the execution would have seemed to be less heinous if Quebec had been quiescent. We often get strange results when actions are measured by political exigencies. Once in the House of Commons long after the fires of this fierce controversy had smouldered into ashes, Dr. Weldon, of Albert, recalled this chapter of Mr. Blake's career in grave, cold, stern

sentences of rebuke, if not of contempt. As Dr. Weldon spoke the Chamber became very quiet. Mr. Blake seemed to shrink as though a whip were laid across his shoulders. One felt as sometimes in a court-room when a great trial has ended and the Bench pronounces judgment with reluctance, but with inflexible justice. From the Liberal benches there was no protest. The Ministerialists were responsive, but there was restraint in their cheering. The common knowledge that Mr. Blake and the scholarly member for Albert had tastes in common, and that the Liberal leader thought highly of Dr. Weldon gave a curious emphasis and a startling unexpectedness to the attack. It may be that Dr. Weldon was unjust. Possibly this impressive Parliamentary incident has coloured my thinking about Mr. Blake's relation to the issues which arose out of the Northwest Rebellion and Riel's execution. But surely the Liberal party would have had its feet on firmer earth and the historian would find Mr. Blake's career less embarrassing if he had been content to leave the question of Riel's sanity to the alienists, and simply held Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues responsible for the neglect and misgovernment which, with or without Riel's malign activity, produced the rebellion, or if convinced that Riel was insane had spoken before his life was taken.

It is true that Mr. Blake was in Europe, but one may speak to Canada even from Europe. It is impossible to believe that he was ignorant of the vital facts of Riel's career, and the evidence produced at the trial at Regina, or had not definite opinions about his mental condition before he was executed. I remember how confident Liberals were that Sir John Macdonald would not dare to hang Riel and defy Quebec, and how deep was the dismay when the sentence was carried into effect. They had believed that the Conservative leader would succumb to the agitation in Quebec and that to

such final and irrefutable evidence of "French domination" the English Provinces would not submit. But when Riel was hanged and feeling in the English Provinces appeased they foresaw certain defeat in the constituencies unless Quebec could be consolidated against the Government. It was not easy to detach Quebec from Sir John Macdonald, nor easy to adjust the Liberal party to an alliance with the mutinous elements in the French Province. A political party, like an individual, develops character, firmly rooted in its traditions, convictions and sentiments. Under George Brown the Liberal party warred against Quebec. When Mr. Blake secured office in Ontario he excited Orange feeling against Sir John Macdonald over his merciful dealing with Riel after the Red River insurrection, and secured a substantial measure of Orange support in the constituencies. In the general election of 1882, in which Mr. Blake first appeared as leader of the Liberal party, there was much fervent denunciation of the "tricky Bleus", and upon many platforms the campaign vocalists sang "The traitor's hand is on thy throat, Ontario, Ontario". Now, however, circumstances seemed to require an alliance with the Bleu and the traitor. Indeed, from this time there is a clear and continuous design in Mr. Blake's course as leader of the Liberal party. He sought to detach Irish Catholics from Sir John Macdonald by aggressive advocacy of Home Rule for Ireland. In alliance with Honourable Wilfrid Laurier as leader for Quebec, he strove to secure the confidence of the French Province. He attacked the Orange Association and gave zealous support to the measures of the Mowat Government, which were so distasteful to the extreme Protestant elements. He failed because Sir John Macdonald had the enduring confidence of Irish Catholics, because Cartier was a living force in Quebec with the generation which remembered the firm and happy partnership between Cartier and the Conservative

leader, because Langevin was the faithful champion of the Hierarchy, because Laurier was distrusted by the church whose faith he professed, because Chapleau could reach the soul of the French people as even Laurier could not, because Macdonald's whole career was fashioned in sincere and courageous racial and religious tolerance, and because in the Liberal party which George Brown created there were traditions and susceptibilities inimical to any effective alliance with the Roman Catholic Church and the Province of Quebec. Until Laurier appeared no Federal leader of the Liberal party was able to achieve what Mowat accomplished in Ontario. Mowat succeeded because he had in such peculiar degree the confidence of Presbyterian Liberals.

If Mr. Blake could have effected the alliances which were his deliberate objects he would have prevailed in the country, but the facts of history, the constitution of the Liberal party, and the personality of Sir John Macdonald had created conditions and established influences too great to be overcome. Moreover, when Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Charlton, Mr. Mulock, Mr. Davies, Mr. Paterson, Mr. Scriver and other influential Liberals in Parliament could not be persuaded to condemn the Government for sending Riel to the scaffold it became difficult to consolidate the Liberal forces in the country. A party divided in Parliament is a party divided outside Parliament and disabled for cohesion and aggression in battle. Hence because of division and disunion over the execution at Regina and the firm adhesion of Protectionists to the Government, Mr. Blake failed in 1887 as he had failed in 1882, and fretful, discouraged and dispirited, he imposed his resignation upon a broken and disheartened party. It was the habit of Mr. Blake to resign. If we could penetrate the secrets of Liberal caucuses between 1880 and 1887 we would discover an Opposition upon its knees in passionate

pleading against the sudden decision of the leader to relinquish the command. Nor would a single incident complete the story. But the doors of caucus are so guarded that only whispers reach beyond the threshold.

It was said of a British statesman that he had not even "a feeding acquaintance with his party". This was true of Mr. Blake, and yet no one ever had more devoted adherents than he in the House of Commons. He could be petulant, inconsiderate and ungracious. He could impose laborious drudgery upon associates and absorb the material which they had accumulated through "long days of labour and nights devoid of ease" without any word of praise or gratitude. He could pass out of the Chamber without turning towards a colleague who had just spoken with power and effect in a great debate. It is said that Mr. David Thompson, who held Haldimand for the Liberal party through three or four Parliaments, upon reaching Ottawa after a serious illness was warmly greeted by Sir John Macdonald, while from Mr. Blake he had neither a handclasp nor a word of sympathy or welcome. On the day in 1890 that fire destroyed a portion of the University buildings at Toronto Mr. Blake made the first speech in Parliament that he had delivered since his resignation of the Liberal leadership. If only from the fact that he had broken a long silence the incident was of high interest and significance. But when *The Globe* reached Ottawa next day there was no report of Mr. Blake's speech nor any account of the proceedings of Parliament. So much space was devoted to the fire that the Parliamentary report had to be held over and all other matter highly condensed. Meeting Mr. Blake in the lobby, I ventured to express regret that the report of his speech had not appeared. He intimated with cold acidity that he had not discovered the fact and was at a loss to know why I should think he would be interested. There are times when language gath-

ers within one which, owing to the proximity of the family, the presence of the stenographer or other untoward circumstances, has to be suppressed. This is serious because I have the notion that profanity which has to be muzzled is more injurious to the system than that which has free and robust utterance. I am still uncertain whether I should be proud or ashamed of the restraint which I exercised on that occasion. When I met Mr. Blake again a few days later he took me to the library and in a long conversation was confidential, gracious and almost affectionate in his references to my despatches from the Gallery and my interpretation of his own position in Parliament and potential influence upon public affairs in the freer relation which he could maintain towards parties and questions in which the exigencies and interests of parties were subordinate to national considerations.

I have been told that Mr. Blake once met a friend from Toronto in Dublin. The Canadian was effusive in his greeting, for he was lonely, and a familiar face was a gleam of sunshine. Mr. Blake responded in a few frigid sentences and passed on his way in solemn abstraction. The friend stood for a moment in dumb surprise, then stepped after Mr. Blake, and peremptorily demanded an explanation. He said in effect: "You know me well. We have been friends. I was glad to see your face. I wanted to talk with you, for you come from home, and for weeks I have been among strangers. Why do you pass me without a word as though I was unworthy of your regard or recognition?" And Mr. Blake said, with a touch of emotion: "I am sorry. I am as glad to see you as you can be to see me. I would have understood in a moment how strange my conduct must appear. If I cannot explain, I think you can understand." The friend understood, and he and Mr. Blake spent companionable hours together in Dublin. If one may say so without blatant egotism, I had more

confidential relations with Mr. Blake than need be disclosed. The acquaintance began when I was in the Press Gallery and he was leader of the Liberal party. There was a closer intimacy after I became editor of *The Globe* and he was settling his future relation to the party, chafing over the adoption of "unrestricted reciprocity" with the United States as the fiscal programme, and nursing his soul in bitterness over Sir Richard Cartwright's assumption of leadership in Ontario. During his first years in the Imperial Parliament I had many letters from Mr. Blake discussing very frankly the characteristics of British statesmen, the political conditions in Great Britain and the course of events in Canada. Over and over again he expressed the desire that we could talk together, and the hope that we would have an early meeting in Canada or in England. In 1897, while this correspondence was proceeding, I visited London and met him on the street. He shook hands, made a perfunctory inquiry as to my movements, and strode away. During four or five weeks in London I neither saw nor heard from Mr. Blake again. I cannot think that I had even a momentary sense of annoyance. I believed that I had come to understand the man, and was convinced that he intended no discourtesy nor was conscious of any neglect. But there was a curious conflict between his letters and his actual conduct.

In contrast I think of the experience of a young Canadian from St. Mary's who was in London and saw across the street a man of unusual stature, with heavy shoulders and head leaning forward under a slouch hat. He thought the figure and movement were familiar, and crossing over found, as he had suspected, that the man who had attracted his attention was Honourable Edward Blake. He had the courage to introduce himself, although he had never met Mr. Blake, and save that he was a Canadian had no claim upon his famous compatriot's consideration. Instantly Mr.

Blake's face shone with pleasure and his hand went out in hearty greeting. He walked with the young Canadian, took him to dinner, got him a seat in the gallery of Parliament, and treated him with such consideration and attention as he would have expected only from a close friend or a member of his own family. There is a story in Sir George Ross's volume of *Reminiscences* which I heard him tell more often perhaps than he knew. "I suggested to Mr. Blake," he writes, "that it might be profitable, from a party point of view, if we brought before the House some question of general public interest to show that we had some power of initiative as well. After a review of several suitable topics it was agreed that I should give notice to reopen the question of reciprocity with the United States in the form of a motion asking for correspondence between the Governments of Canada and the United States bearing upon the subject. As the question was a comprehensive one and might involve an expression of the policy of the Liberal party, it was agreed that I should submit an outline of my speech for Mr. Blake's approval, which I did. In the course of a couple of weeks my motion was reached, and I rose to deliver myself of a speech which I had carefully prepared and which I felt confident would be a reasonably creditable presentation of my case. I spoke for about three-quarters of an hour, and was listened to with fair attention by both sides of the House. The Honourable Mr. White replied to my arguments, and with one or two short speeches the debate closed. Though not particularly impressed with my effort to instruct the House, I ventured to say to Mr. Blake a few hours afterwards: 'Well, I have done my best for reciprocity. How did you like my speech?' 'My dear boy,' he said, 'I did not hear a word of it. I slept the whole time you were speaking'. Whether to take his repose as a mark of perfect confidence in my ability to do justice to the subject or as showing a lack of interest in any-

thing I might say was my dilemma. It was, however, the last speech about which I asked his opinion, either before or after delivery." In telling me this story as illustrating Mr. Blake's neglect of his followers, Sir George Ross added that once as he was leaving the Chamber after a speech by Mr. McQuade, of South Victoria, who was by no means among the best speakers of Parliament, he saw Sir John Macdonald with his arm about Mr. McQuade's shoulders and heard him whisper, "McQuade, you spoke like an angel, I am proud of you". In his book Sir George adds, "Whether Sir John felt sincerely proud or not I do not like to say, but I am sure McQuade did."

I have related these incidents because they explain a great man and perhaps illuminate aspects of his career. I cannot agree that he had not high qualifications for leadership or that he was without adequate courage for political conflict. In his nature there was a strain of despondency. He sank easily into gloom and depression. Responsive to passing impulses, he made decisions inconsistent with his real character and true ambition, surrendering positions which he could not recover, but which in honest communion with himself he knew he should have seized or held. Still, notwithstanding his moodiness and remoteness he had the affection of many of his followers and a loyal obedience and confidence which was not affected by successive defeats. Honourable Alexander Mackenzie resigned the office of leader under compulsion; Mr. Blake imposed his resignation upon a pleading, protesting and despairing party. There is no doubt that he was vexed by the desertion of many Parliamentary associates upon the motion to condemn Riel's execution and was grievously wounded by the contumacy of Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright. He was incensed, too, over utterances by Cartwright in open conflict with his own attitude towards the tariff. It is clear that Mr. Blake

sought to disarm the Protectionists and persuade the country that there would be no revolutionary disturbance of the industrial system under a Liberal Government. In his address to the electors of West Durham in 1882 he said:

"I have fully recognized the fact that we are obliged to raise yearly a great sum, made greater by the obligations imposed upon us by this Government, and we must continue to provide this yearly sum mainly by import duties, laid to a large extent on goods similar to those which can be manufactured here, and it results as a necessary incident of our settled fiscal system that there must be a large and, as I believe in the view of moderate Protectionists, an ample advantage to the home manufacturer. Our adversaries wish to present to you an issue as between the present tariff and absolute free trade. That is not the true issue. Free trade is, as I have repeatedly explained, for us impossible, and the issue is whether the present tariff is perfect or defective and unjust." He said again at Malvern in 1887: "No man, I care not how convinced an advocate of absolute free trade for Canada he may be, has yet suggested a practical plan whereby our great revenue needs can be met otherwise than by the continued imposition of very high duties on goods similar to those we make or can make within our own bounds or on the raw material. I invite the most ardent free trader in public life to present a plausible solution of this problem, and I contend that he is bound to do so before he talks of free trade as practicable in Canada. I have not believed it soluble in my day, and any chance of its solubility, if any chance there were, has been destroyed by the vast increase of our yearly charge, and by the other conditions which have been created. The thing is removed from the domain of practical politics."

But, as in 1882, *The Globe* would emphasize the tariff as the chief issue between the parties, so in 1887 Sir

Richard Cartwright was taunted into violent denunciation of the Protectionists, and as prospective Minister of Finance in a Liberal Administration he was perhaps naturally treated by Conservative speakers and writers and by the industrial interests as the authoritative interpreter of Liberal fiscal policy. It is understood that Mr. Blake's statement at Malvern had been submitted to a Liberal conference and approved even by Cartwright, and undoubtedly there was feeling that Cartwright had not observed the compact. But Sir Richard's tongue was an unruly member. Abuse of manufacturers with him was an instinct, a duty, a recreation, and a profession. It is suspected that he was deliberately incited to provide the campaign literature which Conservatives required to offset Mr.

Blake's attempt at Malvern to remove the tariff from "the domain of practical politics". The course of *The Globe* in 1882 was among the reasons for the removal of Mr. J. Gordon Brown from the editorship. The course of Sir Richard Cartwright in 1887 aggravated an incompatibility between Mr. Blake and Sir Richard into an enduring estrangement and perhaps explains incidents and events in the later history of the Liberal party as yet uninterpreted and misunderstood. When Mr. Blake resigned the leadership of the party did he not entertain a vagrant notion that he would be recalled and restored to the dignity and authority in the councils of the country which his ambition coveted despite fitful impulses of revolt and wayward denial of his dominant attributes?

"When Laurier became Leader" is the subject of Sir John Willison's Reminiscences for November.

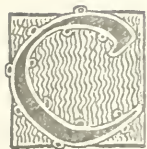
THE PATH OF GOLD

"**I**T is ordained that we shall not reach the blessed era of peace save along a path of gold cemented with human blood."

—Lloyd George.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS



COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF and Special Correspondents write daily dispatches, and military experts and expert commentators

hash and rehash, digest, expand and belabour these dispatches daily—all that the homefolk may believe that they, having read their newspapers at breakfast, possess as up-to-date and intimate a knowledge of the war as the gentleman who spent the night and morning of the day before in deadly conflict with the Boche.

Adjutants, staff-captains and general staff-officers, grades two and three, write war diaries for posterity.

Operation orders and reports, summaries of intelligence and operations, and innumerable other varieties of orders and reports are written for action and information.

It seems to me that everyone at home who can buy a newspaper and read it must be conversant with the most recent activities of our troops and that every officer who has access to the daily outpourings of orders, summaries and reports at the Front must possess a grasp of the military situation extending into next week.

All this being so (and for other reasons as well), I make no attempt to translate any military situation. I make no attempt at timeliness. Timeliness is already well served, both at home and in the field, and the armchair tacticians and strategists are supplied with sufficient information from which to evolve their own dispositions of all armies and decide the fates of nations.

As to me, I write of three weeks ago, or three years ago, or even longer ago. I write from a knowledge that is of the heart rather than of the head.

The unit of the army with which I am most familiar is the Canadian Corps. The Canadians have grown in battle from one to four divisions. In these divisions I have seen and known all the great qualities of sacrifice and courage and loyalty which are common to all men of British blood who fight or have fought in our expeditionary forces. I do not attempt to write history; but I confess to a hope that I may help a few of my readers to realize the history that others are making. It would be a great thing to flash one true picture into the eyes of those who, viewing London daily, and daily concerned with the difficulties of obtaining more food and drink than they require, have become blind to the significance of soldiers in light blue hospital suits and young officers on crutches.

The uniform and its traditions, the equipment and its evident purposes, fellowship, and all disciplinary measures and restrictions—the whole martial machinery by which men are mustered and officered, fed and led—serve to encourage and inspire the soldierly qualities of the individual.

The chances are that the average civilian of two or three years ago was a brave man; but also the chances are that in those days, as a member of a firm and peaceful householder, he would walk a long way to avoid physical conflict with a brawler or a burglar. And what of him now, no

longer an average civilian but an average British soldier, no longer dull by the usages of a firm but inspired by the traditions of a regiment? He faces death greatly as our soldiers have always done—as if he had been born and bred to the harsh and glorious profession of arms.

Few men are devoid of physical courage; but in times of peace few are called upon to show their fighting metal. A prize-fighter may make a good soldier, but the mild young man in the corner book-shop may make a better. Great things and right conditions are required to call martial impulse from the depths of the quiet heart. These great things have been with us now for more than three years. The junior clerk who yesterday trembled before the displeasure of his paunchy employer to-day dies gloriously for England on the field of battle. The youth who passed neckties and other articles of "gent's haberdashery" across the counter of a Toronto "store" three years ago has long since become a master in the science of passing hand-grenades into the midst of German patrols and wiring parties. The speculator in British Columbia lands who once trembled for the fate of his speculations now, without a tremor, speculates on the day's chances between life and death. The one-time lumberman of Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, who of old allowed anxiety for their "cuts" and "drives" to haunt their greedy days and nights, now contemplate to-morrow's raid into the Boche trenches without anxiety.

The heart of man is a thing to wonder at and applaud. Heated in the right fire it will pump courage as long as it will pump blood. The right fire was kindled for us more than three years ago. It burns on every front of battle where the soldiers of civilization stand against the mad disciples of frightfulness. It holds the hearts of men to the steady glow of sacrifice and fortitude and lifts them, again and again, to the white heat of valour.

In the old days England had knights and men-at-arms, bowmen and pikemen, to fight her battles and their own. Those were men who lived a rough-and-ready life even in times of peace. They were professional fighters even when not professional soldiers. As soldiers, they were as inferior to the British soldiers of to-day as their weapons were inferior to ours. The foundation of such discipline as they possessed was builded largely of fear and a little of personal loyalty to some captain, or knight, or lord. But even so, they could fight and win battles. When they campaigned abroad, they could fight victoriously against reasonable odds, and to a costly and heroic finish against overwhelming odds. They were our ancestors. They were the rough and tough beginnings of our army of to-day.

Later came musketeers and fusiliers and carbineers, and history only knows what other romantically-named, hard-swearing, ill-found and eumbrously-armed units to keep England safe and win her glory and dominion. These, like the knights and bowmen, were soldiers by their own choice or by the pressure of personal circumstances. I take it that very few of the "other ranks" of those days, and not many of the junior officers, were inspired to the risk of life and limb by any dream of empire. They were romantic, or desperate, adventurers to a man. With the exceptions of a few noblemen and gentlemen who soldiered from obligation to martial family traditions, they were persons who could not claim or see any prospects of success in more lucrative or comfortable walks of life. But they knew something more of discipline and something more of the science of warfare, than the knights and bowmen and men-at-arms. They were the great-great-grandfathers of our army of to-day.

Later came the army—our Army—as we knew it and continue to know it in this war—the "Old" Army—the "Contemptibles"—the Invincibles.

We, in our millions, are of it. In our thousands and tens of thousands we joined it, in our millions we absorbed it—and in the absorption it possessed us, so that in the rush of new battalions and new divisions the army was not lost, but was multiplied an hundred times.

In the field, the Army of to-day is the Army that fought under Wolfe at Quebec; Wellington and Moore led us: Murdered by politicians and profiteers and bungled by our generals, yet we astonished the world with our feats of arms in the Crimea; Roberts led us in India and South Africa. We fought at Ypres in 1914—and we are fighting still. So it is with us in the field, face to face with the enemy, where we are neither old nor new. There the newest battalion is as old as the fighting traditions of its parent regiment. We are of the British Army, whether we come from Somerset or Ontario. By blood, by loyalty, by the skill of our hands and the pride of our hearts, we are as old as the fighting traditions of our race. Thus it is with us in the field and everywhere in the Army itself. Old and New and Home and Overseas, we are the British Army, but the outsider does not know. He may see in the heroes of the first Battle of Ypres the same stuff as the heroes who fought for England under Wellington, but in the men from Canada who barred the road to Calais at the second Battle of Ypres in the spring of 1915, fighting for England and our Empire, for Right and Civilization, he sees something new and strange. It is his idea that the whole Army—Wellington's men and French's men

—were born to military death and glory. He forgets that even Wellington was a schoolboy before he was a lieutenant; that the men of the old fighting machine volunteered, of their own free will, to bear arms, and that the majority of them were full-grown civilians before they took to soldiering; and that the crash and anguish and weary toil of battle were as new things to our men of the Guards and the old line regiments who confronted the Germans in 1914 as they were to our men of the 1st Canadian Division who first withstood the enemy and held their ground against the first gas attack in the early months of the next year.

The theory of tactics and of bayonet-fighting, and skill in marksmanship, may be acquired in days of peace; but though one has worn the King's uniform for twenty years and never missed a parade, his first initiation to the life of a soldier, as we know it now, is when he first faces death or injury at the hands of the enemy.

Of late (I speak only of the days before conscription, though I hope that even conscripted men may feel the uplift of the old and new traditions), the British Army has made soldiers of civilians more swiftly and in greater quantities than ever before. But it is the same great material—the average Briton; and the result is as it has ever been—the British soldier. The breed is right. It is the same right breed now, in Haig's day, as it was in Wellington's day. Generations in far outposts of the Empire have not quenched, or even dimmed, the fire of the blood of that breed.

In the November number there will be a stirring article by Captain Roberts, entitled "Battles Against Odds".



IS CANADA REALLY AT WAR?

BY M. O. HAMMOND



THE query which heads this article may seem an impertinence to the thousands of good citizens who have lost husband or son in the world conflagration now raging. To them it need not be addressed. In a personal sense the war has come all too close to great numbers of sorrowing relatives. They know its pangs, they bear their burdens quietly and without complaint. They only hope for the day when the struggle will end with victory.

In another sense it may well be debated if Canada is at war in the fullest meaning of the term. That is the economic aspect. As everyone remembers, when the war began Canada was seized by panic. Business fell off, confidence waned, and the outlook was exceedingly dark. This scare was short-lived and was followed by a general urge to conduct "Business as usual". There was a psychological feature of this which brought confidence quickly, and the slogan became an article of national faith. People who laid away their motor cars brought them out again. The war was not yet going well, in any continuous way, but everyone realized there must be good backing at home or it would be still worse. So the doctrine of "carrying on" at home became a religion as vital to Canadian life as sending reinforcements abroad.

It was not long before production and business took on undreamed proportions. Millions of men in other countries were called from the field and factory to the trenches. The

home folk were unable to provide all that was needed for war, and Canada's broad acres heard the call for food, her factories were summoned to supply the shells that were to destroy the enemy's power. So to the slogan "Business as usual" was added, "Produce, produce, produce." It did not require a very wise nor even a very patriotic man to see the importance of the call. The food was needed in overwhelming quantities, the munitions were required mountains high. Early battles were lost by the Allies from lack of shells, the new order was to make that forever impossible while the war lasted. Farmers were asked to cultivate every available square foot of soil, that the brave holders of the first line of defence might have our very best and never be hungry. Manufacturers and farmers alike converted their plants to war uses, and the call was met. Manufacturers reaped large prices and munitions makers high wages; farmers produced unheard of quantities which were sold at almost fabulous prices.

Thus we have a set of conditions that are so unusual and so misunderstood that the country might well pause and look about. Prosperity following panic has drugged the people into a false sense of security. It seems as if we would sail forever on afternoon seas with a favouring breeze. Early panic has gone and early pinching is less a necessity. Wages have been scaled up generously for most workers, and tens of thousands of men and women have received pay envelopes for the first time. In munitions alone, it is esti-

mated, there are 250,000 highly-paid workers in Canada. Farmers' incomes are so large that the golden age of the Russian War, with its three-dollar wheat, fades away in comparison.

Under the stimulus of war industry life goes on with an unseemly joy and abandon. True, there are sorrowing homes, and there are hearths where salaried men fail to meet the demands that are inevitable. To the motto, "Business as usual" is added in effect, "Pleasure as usual". Merchants thrive, railway trains are crowded, theatres draw full houses and exploit costly attractions, motor cars dash on all sides in journeys of joy-seeking, luxurious clothing and furnishings are bought by people perhaps now first able to possess them.

Always, of course, making allowance for the minority already economical and cautious, the appeal must be made to Canadians to save for the day of uncertainty ahead. The war prosperity is unstable and elusive. The moment peace comes there is bound to come months of peril and insecurity. The army of munitions workers will lose their occupation, though many will require and seek other employment. The Canadian

army will lay aside the sword for civil occupations. The market for farm produce will get a shock and a restriction, and prices may fall materially. Business, despite its intelligent preparation, may undergo a short period of panic, and there will be unemployment.

All this suggests a condition which calls for one undoubted precaution. There is a responsibility on each citizen to prepare for the day of trial. The pleasure-seekers, the luxury-lovers of to-day should remember their own duty. Many are spending all they earn despite their high wages and former penury. They are not prepared for the "rainy day" and their own neglect imperils the whole country. Canada can be no richer than the collective wealth of her citizens. The citizen without resources will be a miserable person on his own account. The very approach of a victorious end to the war should bring its own accusation. Canada is about the last of the warring nations to curtail her pleasures. It is not yet too late, and an earnest practice of personal thrift from now on will better prepare the country for its burdens and will enable each citizen to face the future with assurance and without fear of financial ruin.





CANNON FODDER

From a drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE SPIRITUAL BOND

BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

IT was midsummer before I went out to Torexo Park. Henry hadn't kept me posted on the gossip of the place, but at the very first dinner we gave I began to discover for myself how things were.

I had asked Janet Aldine and her husband and her violin, because although she adores Forrest in a slavish, Oriental fashion, she is master of the instrument. The two Townsend boys I invited to amuse Minnie Martin, who had come with me from New York; and as a matter of duty, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brittan, new people who had only been at the Park that summer.

This was the first time the Brittans had been our guests, and I was a little startled when Henry offered Mrs. Brittan his arm before dinner, to see her surge up at him with the question:

"Do you deep-breathe?"

Something vague and misty seemed to get into the atmosphere, and Henry looked as though he didn't know what to answer although he is secretly proud that his chest expansion is six and a half inches.

Mrs. Brittan was altogether a gratifying object to a hostess's eye. She wore one of those picture gowns which get along without fitting and have a tendency to slide off at the shoulders. It was a mass of orange and gold, and her bronze hair was twisted fillet-wise about her head,

with a daffodil—Heaven knows where she got it at that time of year!—above one ear. I'd been told that she designed her own clothes, that they had a sort of spiritual significance and spoke the language of colour.

I could see that Henry appreciated her—it's a great asset for a hostess to be possessed of a husband who can pay an acceptable compliment—but his efforts didn't seem to reap their usual reward; for as the dinner went on, Mrs. Brittan devoted herself more and more to Forrest Aldine, who sat on the other side of her. Henry bore it well, and busied himself rescuing Janet from the youngest Townsend, an earnest, God-fearing soul, too much interested in ethical education. It was only when we were about to leave the table that his secret irritation found vent. During the momentary pause before we pushed back our chairs, he said:

"Do you believe in intensive farming?"

This out of a clear sky to a woman who had been saying how she longed for the refining uplift of suffering! She turned to Henry, looking as though she didn't know farming from a canal on Mars.

"Yes?"

Mr. Brittan broke in from the other end of the table:

"Oh, my wife believes in everything."

And she gave him a gratified smile as in return for a compliment.

As we all rose I noticed that Mrs.

Brittan's hand rested on the chair back against Forrest Aldine's, and that he threw her gold tissue scarf over her shoulders as a lover would. Janet Aldine and Albert Brittan saw it, too.

While we women were drinking our coffee Mrs. Brittan took the floor. I had given her the chance by admiring her gorgeous draperies—a bit more suitable for the stage, perhaps, than private life, but none the less lovely for that, and throwing the rest of us in our boned and fitted pinks and blues almost completely into the shade.

"Every costume does mean something, isn't it so?" she said. "We carry with us always an aura of light—a sort of something that reaches out and out, ever feeling and hunting for that other aura which, united with it, makes the whole world brigher and better. It's what was meant by letting our light shine. Of course it's our duty to find the one who with us makes the perfect light!"

There was a silence. None of us were up on auras, and Mrs. Brittan went on:

"Now this dress of mine that you were good enough to like is a symbol, as you may say. It just breathes spring, and joy, and sunshine"—and she flashed up on her toes like a leaping flane.

"H'm!" said Minnie Martin. In spite of her eyelashes, Minnie is dangerous. "And what's the complimentary aura of spring? Autumn?"

"Ah—you've seen it!"

"And together they make——"

"The summer of perfection and bliss!" sighed Mrs. Brittan, clasping her hands and swaying a little as the breeze from the dark window behind her fluttered her primrose draperies.

"Seems to me they'd be just as apt to produce winter and a frost," said Minnie, in a voice as crisp and sharp at the edges as the tick of a kitchen clock.

"Ah, no, dear, they couldn't do that," sighed Mrs. Brittan.

"And can you tell what other people's auras are? What's Mr. Brittan's? Is he Autumn?" asked the persistent Minnie.

"Ah, no, Albert isn't Autumn—he doesn't know just what he is."

Minnie looked demure enough, but she went on:

"Suppose one hasn't got a complement—or can't find him?"

"Ah, dear, he's always somewhere, and it's for you to search, and search and never give up till you find him!"

"Like your Autumn?" questioned Janet Aldine in a voice so smooth as to be a continuation of the other woman's thought; and Mrs. Brittan sighed out a "yes" as the doors opened, and Forrest Aldine came in ahead of the other men to take his place at her side.

Albert Brittan, who followed with Henry, broke off his laugh as he saw Forrest leaning on the arm of his wife's chair, and then took it up again. He was a big, red-headed Celt with a well-developed, ubiquitous sense of fun which led him down by-paths of narrative where he should not have strayed, a man who counted on getting out of a tight place by a compliment or a laugh, who said more than he felt, and felt more than he thought, fitting type of Autumn, the joyous companion of an hour.

Dear Janet pivoted suddenly on her heel as the men came in. I suppose no woman is ever quite conceited enough to be perfectly at ease when she sees her husband in the company of a handsomer woman; and certainly Mrs. Brittan was handsomer than Janet, who had gone off in her looks like a frost-bitten rose.

I've been a hostess too many years to allow obvious twos-ing, so I steered the earnest young Townsend over to Mrs. Brittan with a firm hand, and swung Forrest Aldine around to study my connection of old lace and Minnie Martin. I judged it wouldn't do Minnie any harm to devote a few of her eyelashes to counteracting the aura of that spring symphony.

This pleasing development of force was just arranged when Henry beckoned me across to the piano. Janet was going to play, and it was a question whether the youngest Townsend or I should accompany her. I sat quickly down to the piano. Should I allow any disarrangement of my chess board? Should I detach the youngest Townsend and let loose a freakish spring upon a defenseless household?

Janet was no amateur with her violin. It had been the center of her life till she married eight years ago, and Forrest had seemed to admire the musician quite as much as he loved the woman.

I remember the despair of Sassan-io, the impresario, when their engagement was announced. "But see, it is the great musician you were to be. And now!"

Janet had protested indignantly that marriage should make no difference in her music, but the little Italian had shaken his head.

"But no—I am old—I have seen! The beauty you may keep, and the *panache*, yes—but the music, it is to go!"

He used to visit Janet sometimes at the Park, but I think he never referred to the lost career when the coming of the boy and girl and the exigencies of home-making had submerged the musician, and Janet, with a woman's insistence on self-sacrifice, had forced herself to believe that a sonata was as naught beside a salad. In the process she had become vastly more feminine, and had fed Forrest on devotion till he had acquired an abnormal taste for it—a perilous condition for a man so greedy of experience that he would find Ambrosia cloying and the six days of creation monotonous.

To-night, as I watched Forrest over the top of the piano, I saw that he wasn't listening to the music. Though Janet was playing a lotuslike succession of nocturnes that sounded the way Mrs. Brittan was trying to look,

his eyes travelled away from his wife, past Minnie Martin, who was posed like a modest wild rose for the distraction of the eldest Townsend—not so earnest by half as his brother—and fastened on Mrs. Brittan, who drooped like a languorous golden glory against the carved chair back.

The picture of those two distracted me for the rest of the evening, and when our guests had gone, and I went to Minnie's room to say "Good night," I found her almost too excited to get the hairpins out of her hair.

"Autumn's been telling me about it," she said, as she laid six little blonde curls over the top of a perfume bottle, where they wouldn't muss.

I settled myself against the foot-board.

It seemed that the affair had been going on since spring, and, according to Forrest Aldine, it had begun with a mysterious drawing together of their thoughts, and grown and grown until their very souls had become one.

"He says it's purely a spiritual bond, that there's nothing earthly in it, just a great, beautiful inspiration which has come into their lives," and Minnie, being far from inexperienced, snapped the comb through her hair.

"How about Janet?" I inquired.

"He didn't say much, but I gathered that he thinks *she* thinks it's all right. You see, it's a purely spiritual relation," and Minnie grinned at me cynically.

When I told Henry about it he was for dressing again then and there and going over for a few plain words with Forrest Aldine, Henry's idea being that plain speech is a cure for all nonsense. It was some time before I got him calmed into reason, and then we laid a plan to see that that soul bond of theirs was kept on the spiritual plane if it took a gatling gun.

"No scandal in Torexo Park for mine," said Henry: "I've put too much money into the place."

As Forrest had talked it over with Minnie, I didn't doubt that if I gave him a chance he would talk it over with me. And I was right; he poured out his soul in a rushing torrent of words at the first opportunity.

"It's a beautiful idea—beautiful and simple the way you put it—about the spiritual bond." I told him, "and I hope it will be understood by everybody—I *hope* so! It's such a pity when vulgar people who haven't the depth to grasp a high thing like this get a chance to whet their tongues. Dear, dear just think how they talked about the Mallows last year. This mustn't slip into a scandal."

"A scandal? How could it? How could this soul unity between Hortense and me drop to a physical level? It simply couldn't."

"Of course not, Forrest, of course not; and we mustn't let anybody think that it could! If we do, all the good of your example will be lost. This spiritual bond is too big a thing to let fail of its high purpose through any oversight. And all the little things that go with ordinary affection are so unnecessary with you, the spirit doesn't need them. The way I see it, you're just the same as disembodied souls and all you've got to do is to prove it."

Forrest seemed grateful for my understanding, but appeared not to see his way, exactly; so I went on.

"It's a new gospel you're preaching" (and I never winced as I said it, though I knew it was as old as the world, the flesh, and the devil), "and you want to use a language to be understood by those who need it most—the evil-minded. You're apostles of a new creed, Forrest, and it's part of your office to teach the world."

He was beginning to grasp it, I thought, when Mrs. Brittan turned into the path where we were walking. She was all in shades of violet with a veil floating from her head like a summer cloud, and she seemed to drift toward us in the sunlight that struck

level through the trees. I saw Forrest gasp at the beauty of her as she held up her slender hands to him. That was my chance, and I stepped in front of him and grasped her clinging fingers in a good, thorough, well-developed hand shake.

I stayed with them all that afternoon—it had to be done; and never was a more elevated order of conversation than that to which I kept them. Strating from the lady's mauve gown I led her deftly on to auras, and there I saw to it that we stuck—two hours of auras is about all the average human can stand! We walked around through the rhododendrons. The path is pretty rough, and Mrs. Brittan swayed up against Forrest in pretended stumbling fatigue. But I knew better. She was certainly forty pounds more sylphlike than I, and I wasn't puffing—much. So I talked emphatically about the spiritual basis of the communion of noble souls till I saw Forrest's fingers loosen from the arm by which he had caught her. She looked up at him a shade reproachfully and "deep-breathed"; but he seemed to be studying the ethical import of the sunset.

Then that purple naiad began to get back at me.

"Ah, let us go back by 'Over the Mountain,'" she said.

Now, that's the steepest path in the Park, and ought to be taken at a slow crawl; but could I draw back, knowing she had numbered all my pounds? Up that slippery way we shot like a rocket—the purple nymph well in the lead, I second, and Forrest in the rear, kept there by my intercepting bulk. When I stopped, gasping and scarlet, on the other side of the hill, the mauve aura planted her javelin with as much dexterity and precision as if it had been an embroidery needle. Drifting up beside me as I panted against a tree, she poised herself lightly.

"Ah, I wish you'd let me plan a gown for you. I could make you beautiful!"

This to me, conscious of my beaded brow and stringing hair!

"Ah, Forrest," she continued, "just think of her in something the colour of a Persian lilac—the highest soul colour—falling from her shoulders in long, straight lines."

I could see that Forrest did think of it and that it was no pleasing thought. But I laughed—did the sylph think me her rival? I must indeed be keeping things on the spiritual plane.

Henry worked up an interest in the spiritual bond as though it were a new kind of soap and he were its advertising agent. Business ability of a high order he brought to bear on the situation, and went about telling everybody how anxious Forrest and Mrs. Brittan were to explain their new revelation; how they felt reticent about obtruding their idea on other people, but how grateful they were to all who asked them to expound it.

Whenever Mrs. Brittan and Forrest were together there was Henry also, two hundred pounds of stolid courtesy, eager, to hear about the spiritual bond. And they had to talk to him, too, for if they didn't he was sure to start a monologue on intensive farming—a thing abhorrent to their instincts as being distinctly of the earth.

Minnie Martin helped a good deal by perpetually convoying parties up to those two—how she kept track of them without a scout system I don't know—when they were busy developing that spiritual bond in the seclusion it seemed to require, and introducing them in her pretty way.

"I've been telling Mrs. Ellis and her sister about this wonderful idea of yours, and they're so anxious to hear. They were afraid of intruding, but I told them how your very greatest joy was in bringing others into your thought." And then Minnie would make play with her eyelashes and fade away into the rhododendron path, where the eldest Townsend was waiting for her.

Once Henry and I came upon the twin auras suddenly in the dusk, where the soft grass had muffled our footsteps. Forrest had dropped his head upon Mrs. Brittan's knee, and they certainly were a lovely vision from Arcadia. We backed carefully into the bushes and then came on again.

"Yes," said Henry in a loud voice full of cheerful conviction, "it's wonderful how much Forrest Aldine and Mrs. Brittan have done for us all! Teachers, that's what they are—spiritual teachers—never letting their affection slip down to the merely human level. They've done more——"

And we emerged from behind the bushes to see Forrest standing stiffly some six feet away from Mrs. Brittan, who was crimping the edge of her chiffon scarf with destructive fingers. I couldn't help being a bit sorry for them and feeling like a spy.

But then I remembered Janet. She was thin as a rail, and with a colour born of nothing nearer nature than the cochineal bug. She sent dress-makers orders to town in what looked like an effort to rival the aura's physical perfections. She kept house with the fierce energy of religious conviction and got to emphasizing the duties of a wife and mother, as being of a realm which Mrs. Brittan could not usurp.

Never had the Aldine children spent so arduous a summer. Janet rode and swam and played tennis with them till they were as hard and brown as nuts. More and more worn and thin she grew, though tanned enough, for the sun is no respecter of heartbreak.

Forrest told me that he had talked to his wife of his feeling for Mrs. Brittan, and he seemed to support himself—so far as he needed support—with his belief in her acquiescence. It seemed part of the message of those two that their soul tie needn't interfere with the ordinary matrimonial relations.

Outwardly, Albert Brittan was

more calm than Janet. One might have expected him to take to drink, or another woman, or to shoot Forrest—never quietly to agree. But so far as I could see there was only an extra pointing of his wit. Not a party was given in Torexo Park that summer but that he was the life of it. Only, I came upon him once lying on his face in the fern up by "Over the Mountain," and another time Henry saw him tearing away from the rhododendron path after Forrest and the aura had passed that way. His compliments were rather more extravagant, his songs more sentimental than ever, and his gaiety disarmed question. From neither of the "aggrieved parties" would it ever have been known that anything was amiss. Only Henry and I were driven on by the coming forth of Janet's bones and the dread of scandal.

Everybody probably thinks we're a set of cranks with this 'spiritual bond' fad, but anyway, the newspapers haven't got hold of it, and as long as we've the best polo team on the Atlantic coast they won't think us crazy enough to make property depreciate," said Henry.

By August Janet seemed a little less feverish. The boy and girl romped more with the other children and less with her, and she developed the nap habit. Above all, she began to practice again and the little music room which Forrest had planned for her was filled with the sound of her violin. From morning till far into the night she played, and it seemed to me that the very instrument must ache with fatigue. It wasn't just music used as anodyne for a hurt heart, but music from the standard of professional technique—a hopeful sign, which ought to have meant that the spiritual bond between Forrest and Mrs. Brittan was loosening. But careful observations couldn't show any symptoms of that.

By the time she played for us at the Townsends' in September, Janet had put on flesh and left off rouge, and

she seemed to be recovering her beauty. How she played! Sassannio, who was down over Sunday, watched her intently from under his tossed white hair.

"So!" he said. "It is the musician come back."

But Janet herself was not conscious of him, nor of us, nor of the fact that her husband and Mrs. Brittan were spending the evening on the verandah cultivating that spiritual affection which, like other spiritual manifestations, seemed most convincing in the dark. She was rushing down the last stretch to her finale, and the earnest young Townsend, who played her accompaniment, was labouring hard to keep up, when the two auras appeared at the door.

Forrest was brought up rather short by the impact of the hurrying music. He stopped and straightened as though it were a blast of cold air, and I saw him look at Janet as she lifted her bow from the strings as though he had not seen her for a long time. Beside him Mrs. Brittan was dipping and undulating like a sea-green mermaid, but Janet never noticed.

"I've played on this G string until there isn't any feeling left in it," she was telling us. "Strange, isn't it, that after you've put a certain strain on a string it won't respond any more? Sometimes I've a fellow-feeling for them. I'll have to put in another before I play again."

Sassannio came across to us while she was talking.

"Good," he said, taking her hand. "You shall play at the first concert. So?"

"I thought I'd put it on the programme all through my tour," answered Janet.

Henry and I made such an obvious effort not to look at each other that we might as well have had the comfort of doing it openly. Janet had put in a new G string and was trying to get in tune.

"There, now it's right," she said.

When the old relation between the strings is lost and you have to start out on a new basis, it's hard, at first, to get any music."

Henry couldn't speak, but he patted Janet's hand in a pleasant, if tactless, fashion and went away coughing. And just across the room that naiad continued to deep-breathe and dip, and Forrest Aldine to prate about his soul!

The Park had been filled full of this aura talk, it had grown tired of pale-pink love affairs, and had begun to run over in scandal. I'd done all that the wife of the richest man in the place could to stem it: but still the tongues were sharpening themselves, and it was with unmixed thanksgiving that I received Albert Brittan's announcement that he must get back to Philadelphia next week. Then I grew cold with fear. Would the bond keep Mrs. Brittan in Torexo Park, or take Forrest Aldine away? It is our pleasant custom to see each other off, and everyone was at the little railroad station to say "Good-by" to the Brittans, but the train had sounded in the distance before they came hurrying around the curve. Forrest Aldine was with them, his fingers picking absently at his mouth, and Albert Brittan's full red lips were set in a thin line.

Mrs. Brittan dropped her head as she came up till the gray veil she wore hid all but her mouth. Round and soft and limp it looked, cut off from the support of her other features. It quivered and seemed to try hard to set itself, but couldn't. She stood snapping the catch of her glove—her husband on one side of her and Forrest Aldine on the other, the rest of us a silent audience—as the train roared in.

As I saw the three standing together, it seemed to me that Forrest and Mrs. Brittan had blinded themselves with auras and symbols until now, when there was sudden need to outline and define their bond. The dissolution of two households could

hardly be put on the spiritual basis; would the bond hold or break? The choice was forced on Mrs. Brittan with indecent publicity under the eyes of the people of the Park. They were not the unjudging eyes they had seemed all summer, and Mrs. Brittan's soft lower lip quivered again, while Forrest continued to pick at his mouth with uncertain fingers.

"Come, Hortense," he called from the car step, and though his voice was matter-of-fact, his face was white. But still he represented respectability and the established—all the powerful undertow of public opinion toward the conventions—and what was the spiritual bond that it should hold against it?

"Come, Hortense," he called again. Without a word she turned and let him help her up the steps, and neither of them looked back as the train moved on.

When the crowd had drifted away I put my hand on Forrest's arm. He didn't seem despairing or crushed, but just dazed, as one who had counted the hosts of Philistia upon the hills.

"She's gone," he told me.

I led him across the platform.

"She went on the train," he insisted.

I started him up the road, for I could hear Janet's violin playing some swirling, rapturous, gypsy thing.

The Aldine house was in all the throes of packing, the rugs in rolls, and the servants busy with the curtains. I followed Forrest on to the music-room, where Janet was just laying down her violin. In his trouble he reached out both hands to his wife, to the feminine creature who had fed him with slavish devotion for eight years. But it was the hand of the musician that opened to receive him in an unnoticing, matter-of-fact way as if his fingers had been a china doorknob. It was not the perfect housekeeper, the subservient wife, who stood there, but the brilliant, glittering, golden thing that Forrest had grasped at and that had turned to

useful metal in his hands. Now again she was remote, undomestic, the woman Forrest had first loved. Her hands slid limply away from his, and she danced over to me through the carpenters' litter. She didn't see that there were mountains of excelsior against the windows, that empty barrels were rolling about like billiard-balls, and that chairs were taking on crusts of burlap.

"My first engagement's next week," she cried with shining eyes.

"Janet, you won't go!" gasped Forrest, like a shipwrecked man taking refuge on a sinking island.

"Where shall I pack the brasses, ma'am?" said a maid at the door.

"Oh, I'll have to go and see about them! What did you say, Forrest? I'll be back when I've told Nellie," and she hurried out.

It must have been a long time since he had called to his wife like that, for she had forgotten the language; months since he had struck the string of her love, for it did not respond.

"Forrest Aldine," I broke out, "you have been an unspeakable fool—you have lost the wonderful woman you had won!"

He looked at me blankly.

"Janet's my wife," he said.

"She was once, but is she now?" I asked. "Haven't you put someone else in her place?"

"Why, no—that was a purely spiritual bond!"

"Was it? Then what sort of a bond is it holds Janet to you? I tell you, Forrest Aldine, if there's anything unspiritual about marriage, about having children and a home, the sooner we go back to savagery the better!"

It was my chance to paint the picture, and I did.

"Wasn't it the immaterial beauties of music that first brought you and Janet together? Seems to me I remember a Forrest Aldine very much coarser, less fine, less spiritual, than the one Janet made you. That wonderful musician was great enough to give up fame and name and every-

thing for you. And you! You've made her so miserable that you've driven her back to music—the only refuge you've left her is a professional career. And as for calling this fancy-dress ball you've been attending all summer a spiritual function—why, there's not a person in the Park except yourself who hasn't seen that you were losing a great woman for a chance to play with a bundle of floating draperies, soft eyes, and clinging hands, and that you've swallowed that spiritual poppycock chicken-food till you've got ethical indigestion! It's exactly what you deserve, to lose them both! One wasn't worth having anyway, but the other—well, we all of us gain the great musician when you lose your wife!"

The geyser of indignation which I had suppressed all summer burst out careless of whether it hurt the man or not. I was quite consciously rolling away those mist clouds of auras and sylphs and naiads and moek golden glories, and leaving the experience of the summer pickled bare. Only when I saw him give back as before a rising horror did the rush of my excitement subside. Then I realized that the bitterness was not past for Janet either, the use and name and fame could not be an enduring opiate when the taste of home happiness was still on her lips, and I looked for some comfort for them both.

"Forrest," I said, "do you think you can tie the spirit to anything but the highest you know? Was that shadowy, unrestrained sentimentalist as great as the woman who could conquer herself? Can't you see now which was the spiritual bond?"

He couldn't speak, but he nodded.

Then I stopped talking in the past tense and tried to make Janet a goal instead of a memory. I didn't dare paint her as a certainty, and I would not have revived his effortless security if I could, but I put my hand on his arm and said:

"You won her once—perhaps you can do it again."



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

DR. J. D. LOGAN



OR many years readers of this magazine have been informed and entertained by J. D. Logan, Ph.D., a writer and educationist who now

wears blue stripes on his sleeve as an indication of his services at the Front. Two years after the war began, Dr. Logan had just finished a series of lectures at Acadia University on the literary history of Canada, and, being in his native Province of Nova Scotia, he responded to the call, and although he was beyond the age for active military work he enlisted as a private in the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders. While in training for the Front, he was appointed brigade historian and keeper of records and seals, and he also edited *The Nova Scotia Highlander*, one of the largest soldiers' weeklies in the world. After going overseas in 1916, he saw active service at the Front—from Vimy to Paschendale. In April, 1918, he was invalided home with a broken knee, caused by being precipitated into a shell-hole. For this reason and also because of being over age, he was at length discharged from the army, and is now engaged in active daily journalism in Halifax, magazine writing and lecturing on

phases of the war. His "From Vimy to Paschendale" has been appearing serially in *The Halifax Herald*.

John Daniel Logan has had a varied and interesting career. Being a true Celt, it has been impossible for him ever to submit to anything humdrum. And being a true scholar, he was not satisfied with the education to be obtained in his native parish of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, where he was born in 1869. As a boy he attended Pictou Academy, and from there went to Dalhousie University, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with highest honours in philosophy, and later the degree of Master of Arts. He won a number of scholarships, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard University in 1896. He was at one time an assistant editor of *The Philosophical Review* and acting Professor of Philosophy and Psychology at Ursinus College, Pennsylvania. His pedagogic record includes also the assistant professorship of philosophy, Harvard University, 1897; the principalship of Hampton Academy, New Hampshire, 1898, and the professorship of English and philosophy, State University of South Dakota, 1898-1902. From this work he engaged in journalism, and has been connected editorially and as a critic with *The Toronto World* and *The Toronto News*, and



Dr. J. D. Logan,
Author, Critic and Educationist

has been a constant contributor to various publications. He has an enviable reputation as a critic of literature, especially the literature of Canada, and of music and the drama. Essays in any of these branches of art he considers with admirable catholicity, supported by scholarly appreciation, with the result that his observations are keen, reflective, analytical and illuminating. He eschews malice, condones many a fault and searches for the good. He is a charter member of the Western Philosophical Association, a life member of the South Dakota Historical Society, and has been vice-president of the Toronto branch of the Gaelic League. He has published numerous books and pamphlets of verse, literary essays and criticism, among them "The Structural Principles of Style", "Pre-ludes, Sonnets, and Other Verses", "The Religious Function of Comedy", "Quantitative Punctuation", "Democracy, Education and the New Dispensation", "The Making of the New Ireland", "Songs of the Makers of Canada and Other Homeland Lyrics", "Insulters of Death", an unusually

strong poem of the war, and he is engaged on a volume of war verse to be entitled "The New Apocalypse, and the Other Poems of Days and Deeds in France", and a volume of war essays to be entitled "Paradoxes of the Great War". Besides all this, Dr. Logan has published many important articles on literature, aesthetics, cosmology, sociology, psychology, physiology and metaphysics.

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A BOOKISH PERSON

THE election of Miss Mary J. L. Black to the presidency of the Ontario Library Association was received enthusiastically by the representatives of the libraries of the province. It is the first time in the seventeen years of the association's existence that a woman has been elected president, and no more popular selection has ever been made. There were several reasons for selecting Miss Black, the chief one being that of merit. She is in the front rank of Canadian librarians and has rendered valuable service in the advancement of the library movement in Ontario."

This extract, clipped from *The Ontario Library Review*, was sent to me a year ago, and it has taken me just twelve months to decide that I cannot improve upon the tribute paid Miss Black by her own inspector. Throughout quite a lengthy, albeit a most interesting, article from his pen, there shines high praise and merited appreciation for the girl who has developed the Fort William Public Library in less than ten years until it stands as a model of service and furnishes an example well worth imitating. Let me tell you what she did, and then I will try to tell you how she did it.

The conditions under which the Fort William Library was established were distinctly unfavourable. The residents evidently thought a library superfluous and the city itself must have regarded it as something like a crime, for the accommodation provided in the beginning was in the base-

ment of the City Hall, across the corridor from the lock-up—one inside cell being ventilated from the corridor. The inference, I take it, was that any old atmosphere would do for books and the people who read them. Another drawback to the location was that this cell was used only when all other police repositories were crowded, and it usually befell that the librarian's hours were enlivened by song.

Bue she happened to have an ear for music, and an eye with splendid vision. Besides, she had a bump of humour as large as her body, and she refused to be discouraged. She worked, and studied her city's needs, meeting them wherever possible, and after three years her efforts were rewarded and the present library was built. A fine structure, well equipped, boasting of an excellent book collection, yet it could have failed as a successful library without a certain forceful personality to drive it forward. To Miss Black is due much more credit for providing this driving quality than will appear in this short sketch. She specialized in extending the service of the library and among other measures introduced by her should be mentioned a telephone reference service, a boon to many busy people who would not use the library in any other way. She has given special attention to night schools. She has thought out the needs of foreigners, always with a view toward the making of a more virile citizenship. In a word, she has given the public what it did not know it wanted, as is proved by the fact that "although the population of Fort William has increased, during the last few years, owing to our extraordinary conditions, the patronage of the library has increased to an amazing degree: 90,000 books were borrowed during the year ending 1917, which shows a circulation of nearly five books per capita—a splendid record, particularly when the quality of the books and other library service is considered." Wasn't it worth while to sit in the basement of the City Hall and



Miss Mary J. L. Black,
the first Woman President of the
Ontario Library Association

listen to such classics as "We won't go Home till Morning" when such a dream has come true?

I asked her once:

"What do you think most essential to insure success to a woman who undertakes what is called '*man's work*'?" and this is what she said:

"She must have strength and willingness to work twice as hard as any man would be asked, and in conjunction with this ability to work, she must also know how to play . . . how to relax as a man relaxes. Very few of us women know how to throw care and worry aside, and until we do learn, our business or professional life will be neither remarkably successful nor lengthy."

She thinks that a woman must possess sincerity and belief in her work and must view it as a calling demanding her best efforts, not that it is necessary for a business woman to take the vows of celibacy along with her office chair, but that she cannot obtain success unless she is prepared to ignore the possibility that her *present work is not a permanent life work!* So many women accept positions merely as a stop-gap between

somewhat dull girlhood and a hoped-for brilliant marriage.

"A woman must be willing to win her success as an efficient *woman* and not as a poor imitation of a man," she remarked once in speaking of the best way toward success. And, further, "she should have confidence in those gifts which are the exclusive possession of her sex—of course, I don't mean for one instant her 'sex attraction', but rather her quick intuition, versatility and honesty—yes, I said honesty, for in spite of popular opinion, I consider women much more honest than men! If, in conjunction with these she can acquire the equally valuable qualities, considered essentially masculine, such as logical thought, and analysis, and impersonal attitude in controversy, then great indeed should be her reward. But never, never ape man!"

Miss Black expresses herself rather forcibly in regard to that "utter abomination"—the masculine woman. In fact, she thinks there is no particular need for the feminine woman—that the less the idea of sex enters into work, the better. It is as a self-respecting individual, standing on her own merit and not as a woman in particular, that a woman wants to win.

A business woman, while possessing homing instincts necessary to healthy, lovable women, should never make her home-work more than her recreation; she should never do light housekeeping and mending with the idea that it is necessary for her to save money that way. If her time is not more valuable when otherwise engaged, then she had better give up all thought of a business career. "I think," confided Miss Black, even before a couple of husbands, "that a business or professional woman deserves nothing but rest and amusement at home. I do think that she should have a real home, though, where she can have as much social

life as possible. Incidentally, I might add that I think no business life warrants a woman's forgetting that she is a social entity and owes a duty to society in general and special favourites in particular."

Miss Black lives her beliefs. In regard to this last expression, she is President of the Fort William Women's Canadian Club and a member of many other societies and patriotic organizations. She is a convincing and talented public speaker, her addresses being characterized by a buoyant, direct and unconventional style, and they abound in that good humour which suggests a broad and genial optimism. Of herself she says: "I was born many moons ago on the first of April. The first girl in a large connection, they all thought I was a joke then, and I have been one ever since. I was educated privately because they took it for granted that I would marry, and now they say 'I'm not the marrying kind', (whatever that means.)" She drifted into library work without having the slightest conception of its possibilities, saying modestly that, like everything else in her successful life, it was Chance. "I found Chance walking my way," she says, "and the first thing I knew, it grabbed me by the elbow and dragged me along willy-nilly into the limelight, as between us we would furnish a pot of gold" . . .

Of course the board and the public, down to the littlest reader, co-operate with her and are proud to do it. They realize, each in his own way, that Miss Black's inspiration was gained from the vision of the library's part in contributing toward the enlargement of individual life and the promotion of higher standards of citizenship. Also that her work contributes in a very real way to a higher patriotism and a profounder social brotherhood.

MADGE MACBETH.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

OUT TO WIN

BY LIEUTENANT CONINGSLEY DAWSON.
Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

IF Lieutenant Dawson could just manage to eliminate some few elements from his books they would reveal themselves the more readily for what they are really worth. He writes takingly and brightly. He is a good describer. He gives with facility the atmosphere of situations. But there is a constant vein of self-satisfied pertness that hints of the snob. One feels that there is a streak in him that really loves the *artificialities* of class distinctions. One wonders what they really think of him where he ties his tie and laeas up his boots.

This latest book of his sets out to describe what America is doing in the war. It reveals the magnitude of many of her undertakings in the oftentimes too unregarded matter of dock-building and railway development and transportation organization. According to Lieutenant Dawson, America has accomplished very great things in France in that department of activity "behind the lines" which is so important and often so comparatively unromantic. Some of the descriptive chapters have the flavour of the Arabian Nights about them. It is possible that many of us did not realize that the American army had already really taken such deep root in the war soil of Europe by virtue of such widespread and matured ramifications.

The book is propagandist literature in a way. It is written, according to

the author, to bring America and Britain closer together by understanding and sympathy. Lieutenant Dawson talks of "my two countries". There is a flavour of his besetting sin in that. Or else a beautiful naïveté.

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HIS SECOND WIFE

BY ERNEST POOLE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHEN the author of this story published "The Harbour" a few years ago he was acclaimed by some reviewers as a great novelist. "His Second Wife", which is his third novel, will not enhance his reputation. It is light in conception, and there is not enough merit in the execution to offset its inherent weakness. It is entertaining enough, however, for an afternoon in a railway train. An American woman, in type like thousands of others (fair, plump, well-dressed, well-kept), receives into her childless home in a New York apartment house her only sister, a beautiful girl who has been reared quietly in a quiet Southern town. The married sister, whose husband is a successful business man with tastes for something above business, undertakes to coach the younger one in the important duties of dressing well, appearing well and doing well. She is herself a marvel of sumptuousness, with no interest in anything that does not cater to the grosser senses. Then suddenly she dies of ptomaine poisoning, and the sister, with no other roof for shelter, finds herself in the house alone with her sister's husband. These two start out by trying to console each other, and in time the memory of the dead

wife and sister begins to fade. The widower finds a new interest in his wife's sister, and after a reasonable time has elapsed he marries her. This woman, then, is his second wife, and the book is the story of her—not a very remarkable story.

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TOWARDS THE GULF

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

AS an interpreter of human motives the author of this book stands perhaps without a peer. His former volume of verse, "Spoon River Anthology", is a marvellous portrayal of the soul of a community, a typical American community, and in this new book his genius is revealed in an even more extended form. We quote one poem in full:

CHRISTMAS AT INDIAN POINT

Who is that calling through the night,
A wail that dies when the wind roars?
We heard it first on Shipley's Hill,
It faded out at Comingoer's.

Along five miles of wintry road
A horseman galloped with a cry,
"Twas two o'clock," said Herman Point-
er,

"When I heard clattering hoofs go by."

"I flung the winder up to listen;
I heard him there on Gordon's Ridge;
I heard the loose boards bump and rattle
When he went over Houghton's Bridge."

Said Roger Ragsdale: "I was doctorin'
A heifer in the barn, and then
My boy says: 'Pap, that's Billy Paris,'
'There,' says my boy, 'it is again.'"

"Says I: 'That kain't be Billy Paris,
We seed 'im at the Christmas Tree.
It's two o'clock,' says I, 'and Billy
I seed go home with Emily.'"

"He is too old for galavantin'
Upon a night like this," says I.
"Well, pap," says he, "I know that frosty,
Good-natured huskiness in that cry."

"It kain't be Billy," says I, swabbin'
The heifer's tongue and mouth with
brine,

"I never thought—it makes me shiver,
And goose flesh up and down the spine."

Said Doggie Traylor: "When I heard it
I towed 'twas Pine Hook's rowdy new-
'uns.
Them Cashner boys was at the school-
house
Drinkin' there at the Christmas doin's."

Said Pete McCue: "I lit a candle
And held it up to the winder pane;
But when I heerd again the holler
'Twere half-way down the Bowman
Lane."

Said Andy Ensley: "First I knowed
I thought he'd thump the door away.
I hopped from bed, and says, 'Who is it?'
'O, Emily,' I heard him say."

"And there stood Billy Paris tremblin',
His face so white, he looked so queer.
'O, Andy'—and his voice went broken,
'Come in,' says I, 'and have a cheer.'"

"Sit by the fire," I kicked the logs up,
"What brings you here?—I would be
told."

Says he: "My hand just . . . happen-
ed near hers,
It teched her hand . . . and it war
cold."

"We got back from the Christmas doin's
And went to bed, and she was sayin',
(The clock struck ten) if it keeps snowin',
To-morrow there'll be splendid sleighin'."

"My hand teched hers, the clock struck
two,
And then I thought I heerd her moan.
It war the wind, I guess, for Emily
War lyin' dead. . . . She's thar
alone."

"I left him then to call my woman
To tell her that her mother died.
When he come back his voice was steady,
The big tears in his eyes was dried."

"He just sot there and quiet like
Talked 'bout the fishin' times they had,
And said for her to die on Christmas
Was somethin' 'bout it made him glad."

"He grew so calm he almost skeered us.
Says he: 'It's a fine Christmas over
there.'"

Says he: "She was the lovingest woman
That ever walked this Vale of Care."

"Says he: 'She allus laughed and sang,
I never heerd her once complain.'
Says he: 'It's not so bad a Christmas
When she can go and have no pain.'"

"Says he: 'The Christmas's good for her.'
Says he: . . . 'Not very good for
me.'
He hid his face then in his muffler
And sobbed and sobbed, 'O, Emily.' "

MOPPING UP

BY LIEUTENANT JACK MUNROE. Toronto: McClelland, Goodechild and Stewart.

THIS is a most graphic and thrilling account of experiences at the Front by one of the original Princess Pats, who was accompanied throughout all his adventures by his faithful collie, the mascot of the regiment, a canine of almost human affection and sagacity. We quote most of the chapter entitled "Northern Lights":

Two shadowy figures stole like ghosts from the shelter of the Patricias' trench out into No Man's Land, at the other side of which stretched the Germans' barbed wire with the trench beyond it. Despite the darkness, all was plain to the eye of my spirit as I muttered in my sleep.

It was one of those errands—foolhardy if you will, but necessitated by the grim game of war—that now led this pair onward to the listening-post.

I recognized them as they crept forward stealthily. Rob was slightly in advance. Immediately behind him was Jim.

Rob was whispering back over his shoulder, soft as a breeze, as they went cautiously on through the inky blackness. "I wish I was back in good old Canada now!"

"There's lots of snow up there these days," answered Jim, as softly.

"Oh, I love the snow! Any place, any spot; from the Hudson Bay to the Great Lakes; from Prince Rupert to the Straits of Canso, would do me to-night. I'm sick of mud!"

A star shell from the German trench lighted the dark sky above them. They huddled in a shell-hole to escape observation. Bullets from friend and foe, constantly exchanged through the night, fell close to them and sent mud spitting in their faces.

Presently there came a lull. The listening-post was only a few yards from the enemy wires.

"It looks like some of those Canadian devils were in front of us again," was heard from the German trench in low, grumbling tones.

Immediately there was afforded the daring Canadians an opportunity they never missed. The flare of a star shell, from a point that made it impossible for the Germans to see them, crouched in the shell-crater, revealed to them a dim form appeared above the Teuton trench, striving with sharp eyes to pierce the gloom and ascertain if there were really intruders present close to the barbed wire.

"Can you see him, Rob?" excitedly whispered Jim, very low.

"Yes. I can just get 'six o'clock' on his knob on the sky-line," replied Rob, meaning that he had drawn a deadly bead on the Hun's head. "Duck when I pull!"

In that very instant he fired.

They dropped into the deep sheltering crater, and hugged the earth.

"You got him!" whispered Jim. "I saw him tumble in. Good old boy! And it's not the first one for you, either!"

"I know I got him!" whispered Rob grimly in reply. They lay quietly for some moments, for star shells were falling thickly. The Huns' suspicions were aroused, and with these blue-white flares, like the livid lights which the poet Dante conjured in the hell of which he wrote, they were searching No Man's Land.

Then:

Bang!

There came a terrific explosion. One of the Germans—through mere chance—had thrown a bomb directly into the crater wherein the two men were hiding.

In Jim's horrified sight, poor Rob rolled to the bottom of the crater.

"Rob!" whispered Jim shrilly, "are you hurt?" There was no answer.

Swiftly Jim was at his side; he bent over him. Blood was trickling from his head and a red stream gushed from his neck with every throb of the pulses.

Setting his teeth, in defiance of the swarming death which menaced the action, Jim leaped upright and rushed out of the crater into the open, setting his face toward the Canadian line, for which he forged in a desperate dash. He had but one thought: he could not carry Rob alone; he must get help; there might be a chance if action were taken quickly.

Star shells were now shooting up by the hundreds around him. The entire German trench was in commotion, evidently fearing that a raid impended.

Shots rattled around Jim, for he was plainly visible to the Teutons. On he went in his headlong rush, and not a bullet struck him. Leaping a ditch here; jumping a crater there, he pressed on till a magical word stopped him, a word of one of his own vigilant comrades:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend!" gasped Jim. "It's Jim!"

"What's the matter?" asked the sentry, recognizing him now and lowering his rifle.

"Tell the sergeant Rob is hurt bad, in the crater to the left of the listening-post. We must get him in!"

Immediately it was done. "Pass the word back for five men to get in a wounded man from crater to left of listening-post!" ordered the sergeant. "Here, Jack!" he cried; "you go, and you, Fred!" And with Jim, who turned back

with them to guide them, he called two other men. He told them to get Rob in as quickly as possible, but they needed no urging.

The party started, stumbling into shell-holes and tripping over uneven ground till they came to the spot. The German line was now in a furore, and they had to stop and hide many times to avoid the Huns' alert sentries. But, partially due to their own caution, but more due to a Higher Power, they arrived at the crater without accident, and without the enemy apparently being aware that they were there.

There was now no sign of life in the limp form of their comrade as they picked him up tenderly. They dragged rather than carried him to their own trenches, for the star shells were still searching No Man's Land, and the need for haste was imperative.

Within the Patricias' trench they laid him down. His clothing was soaked with blood and water. His face was gory, and his neck; and where the skin was not red it was blue-white and cold.

"Pass the word back for the rum!" ordered the sergeant. His voice was shaking. All the regiment had loved Rob.

The rum came quickly. They poured it in the mouth of the dying man. But he was unable to swallow it.

They feared that he was dead. They searched for signs of life. Yes; he was still breathing faintly.

Came a ghostly groan. The fiery liquid in his mouth had revived him somewhat. He opened filming eyes; to stare blankly out over the wide waters that were darker and deeper than those of Nighthawk Lake.

Then, broken and faint, came the mumbings of words, breathed in a thrall of delirium that mercifully softened the agony of his passing. The words of a poet and a patriot; the words of a brooding spirit that had loved its land, and for that land had yielded up the supreme sacrifice:

"CANADA . . . Canada . . .
Canada! My heart . . . my love . . .
Canada!"

Those who stood about him, with bared heads, were deathly still. From the detonating steel of friend and foe, there in the black night, came the orchestration of the soldier's requiem; the rattle of rifle fire, the bursting of bombs; the diapason of the great guns bellowing in the rear.

Came his voice again; strangely strengthened; ringing with an exultant note:

"Oh, God—Great Spirit of Truth—my soul—give it back to Canada—let it rest there—in peace, in purity—under the snow!"

His soul—under the snow! An emanation of the Divine, of the courageous, of the unconquerable; an essence to forever inspire the generations yet unborn; the generations of the lion heart, of victors, of men; the essence of deathless will that comes to quickened dust from its parent soil—under the snow!

The little group stood and watched; among them my Pendragon and Fred, those two who had struck hands with him that day in the forest, this stricken poet of the "Soldiers Three"!

Again came his voice, dulled, drowsy, a little bewildered:

"Where's my hat, Eva?—What's that—coming down the road?"

After a moment, once more he spoke, now in a whisper, so faint that they had to bend their heads to catch the words:

"The lights—The lights!—Green, yellow and red—dancing across the sky—Oh! the—the—Northern Lights!"

His voice ceased, his head fell back; he twitched once, then lay still. His comrades stood motionless, saying no word.

His spirit had fled in quest of the Northern Lights; to the silence and peace and purity of the snows.

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FOE-FARRELL

By "Q" (QUILLER-COUCH). Toronto:

The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IN this book the veteran writer of stories of adventure takes for his theme the effect of hate on two natures. He shows how in one instance hate undermines character and how in the other it causes a beneficial change. The scene shifts often and rapidly, taking the reader to many parts of the world. The plot involves a number of unusually interesting persons.



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